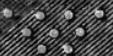


ROUND THE WORLD

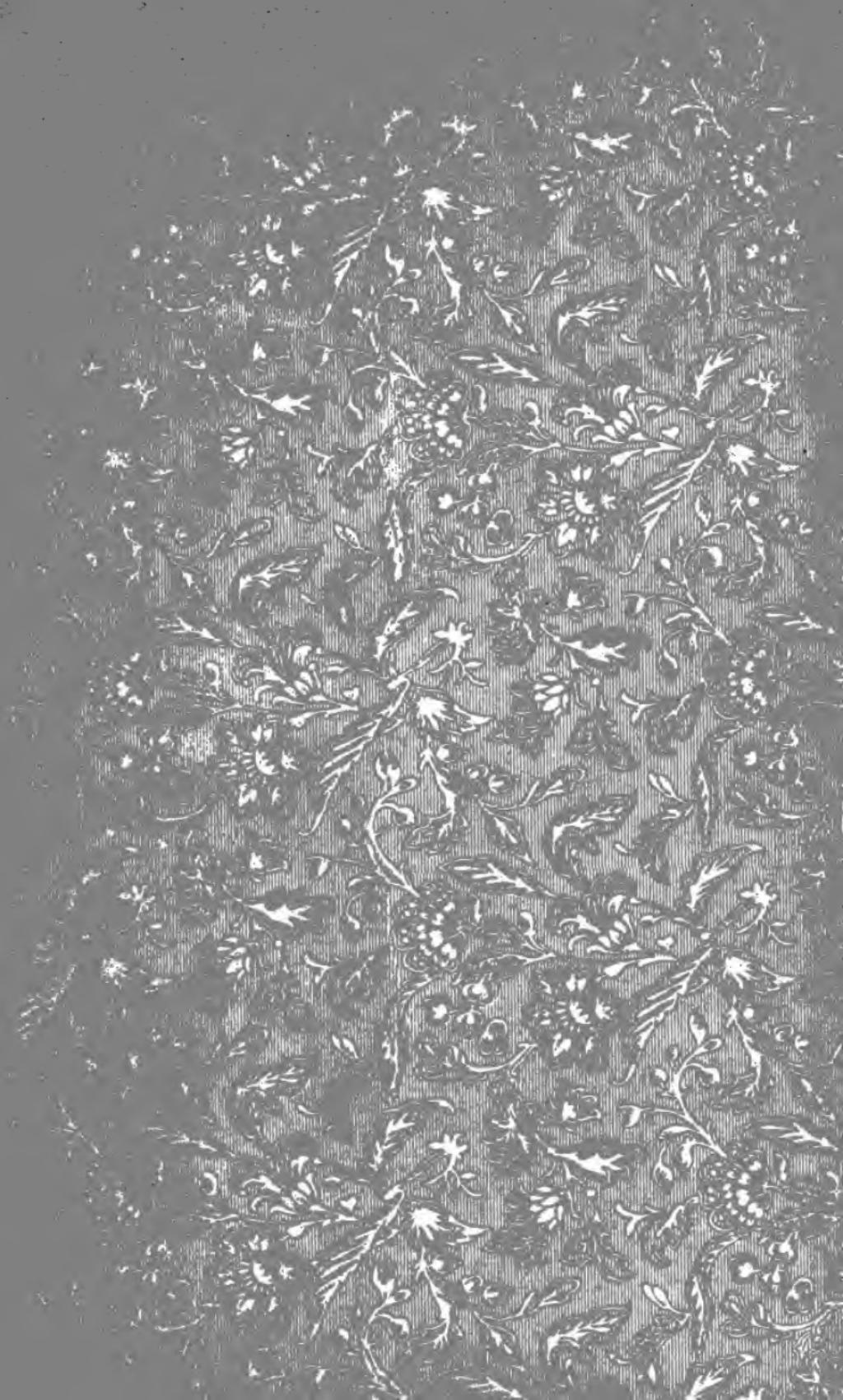


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Yours fraternally
J. S. Inskip

ENGLAND AND THE ORIENT;

OR,

SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND WORK,

DURING

AN EVANGELISTIC TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

FOR THE

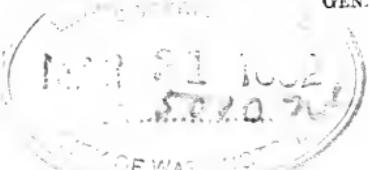
Promotion of Christian Holiness.

BY

MATTIE SISSON V WOOD.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

GEN. xxviii. 15.


NORTH ATTLEBORO MASS.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Rev. J. S. Inskip	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Rev. William McDonald	<i>To face page 29</i>
Rev. J. A. Wood	" " 89

INTRODUCTION.

A FOREIGN evangelistic tour to promote the experience of Christian holiness, had been for some years in the mind of several ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, members of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness. The desire frequently expressed by a number of devoted members of the Wesleyan and Primitive Societies of England, that the interest in holiness which has become so widespread in America during the past twenty years, might become more general in Great Britain, finally ripened into urgent invitations for some who had been successful in leading the people into the experience of holiness to come over and help them.

These invitations from England became known to Rev. Wm. B. Osborn, presiding elder of the Madras District South India Conference, and awakened a strong desire that the evangelistic tour should extend as far as British India. Across the wide expanse of waters came invitations from both the North and South India Conferences to visit India in the interest of the "Central idea of Methodism." Requests for

services were also received from Rome and other points.

Thus gradually expanded the idea of a "round the world tour" for the promotion of Bible holiness. Some whose writings on this subject had made their names familiar to foreign Methodism and to the church in general, received these invitations as a call from God. Before any plans had been definitely formed, Mrs. G. I. Richardson, of Lutherville, Baltimore County, Md., offered a valuable jewel—a ruby set in diamonds—toward defraying the expenses of the tour. This fact was stated in the "Christian Standard," a weekly paper devoted to the cause of holiness, and awakened a responsive chord in the hearts of many of its readers.

A subscription was opened, and hundreds of pure-hearted Christians contributed. Those most deeply interested in foreign missions felt that they could give something without diminishing their regular contributions to the foreign missionary societies; and in so doing they would encourage the hearts of the missionaries in their distant fields, and assist in bringing our mission churches into closer fellowship with those at home.

Those belonging to the Methodist Church believed that in sending forth this little company of evangelists they were carrying out the motto of the men who founded their societies in England and America, "Our field is the world," and the people called Methodists were raised up by God to spread scriptural holiness over all lands.

The month of June, 1880, was decided upon as the time for starting. The company comprised Rev. J. S.

Inskip, president of the National Association and editor of the "Christian Standard," Rev. Wm. McDonald, editor of the "Advocate of Holiness," and author of "New Testament Standard of Piety" and "Scriptural Views of Holiness," and Rev. J. A. Wood, author of "Perfect Love" and "Purity and Maturity." These ministers were accompanied by their wives and by W. A. A. Gardner, a young man who went out with a view to self-supporting missionary labor in India.

All the company were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in regular standing. They did not go to promote any new doctrine, nor to break down denominational lines, but taught Christian holiness according to the standards of Methodism, and sought to lead the church to a higher and deeper religious experience, and to more thorough aggressive labor for the conversion of sinners.

The doctrine, as taught by them, is: That sanctification is that act of divine grace whereby the believer is made holy; it is received by faith, the same as regeneration, is subsequent to conversion, and is the privilege and duty of every Christian; that it is preceded by entire consecration, attested by the divine Spirit, and attended by a godly life.

Passage was engaged on the steamship *Erin*, of the National Line, which sailed from New York for Liverpool June 26, 1880. A farewell meeting was arranged for Tuesday evening, June 22, at Madison-Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City. The Round Lake National Camp-meeting had just closed, and many friends of holiness from various sections of the country, of different denominations, were present. The movement was too independent to be claimed by

any association, and too world-wide to belong exclusively to one denomination.

The company were entertained in New York at the hospitable home of Hon. Chauncey Shaffer, during the days that intervened between Tuesday and Saturday, while completing arrangements for their long absence.

A daily record was kept by one of the party for future reference, and not designed for publication; but, since our return, many friends in England and in this country have expressed the desire that it be made public. Though sight-seeing did not enter even remotely into the object of the tour, it was impossible to go so far and visit so many places without seeing much that would be of interest to the general reader, and especially so to the friends of holiness who gave their money toward the expenses and sustained the mission by their prayers.

This diary, in its present form, is given with the hope that it may stimulate to Christian activity, strengthen faith in the Providence of God, and in his power to save from all sin, and that it may deepen the interest in mission work in foreign lands.

MATTIE SISSON WOOD.

ENGLAND AND THE ORIENT.

CHAPTER I.

FROM AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

EMBARKATION.

STEAMSHIP ERIN, SATURDAY, June 26. Our company went on board ship at 7.30 a. m. The morning was warm and clear. The preceding day had been the hottest of the season; seventy sunstrokes in New York during the day. Notwithstanding the early hour, many relatives and Christian friends were at the ship to see us off, and there were plenty of moist eyes, though all were full of courage and trust.

The bell rung, the last good-bys were uttered, or smothered in sobs, and at 8 o'clock the Erin steamed out of Pier 39, North River, our company standing on the deck and singing, "Coming by-and-by," in response to the cheers and waving handkerchiefs of the loved ones on the wharf.

At 9 o'clock we passed through the Narrows, three steamers following in our wake. The pilot left us off Sandy Hook before noon, and at 2 p. m. Fire Island lighthouse, east of Long Island, disappeared, and we bade our native shores adieu. We now are out of sight of land, upon the Atlantic Ocean. The air is cool and invigorating; the water has changed from a

light green to a deep, indigo blue. Our ship's company consists of fifty-seven saloon and thirty-four steerage passengers, and one hundred officers, crew, and employees. Our iron steamship is four hundred and twenty feet long, has four decks, being forty-eight feet deep, consumes sixty tons of coal per day, and moves through the water at an average speed of eleven miles an hour.

FIRST SUNDAY ON THE DEEP.

JUNE 27. A calm sea and a quiet Sabbath. Captain Andrews, commander of the *Erin*, read the grand old Church of England service at 10.30 A.M., in the saloon. None of her majesty's subjects responded more gladly to the blessings invoked upon Queen Victoria and the royal family than our American party. In the afternoon we sailed through a large school of porpoises, which greatly amused the passengers by their diving, leaping, and swimming. They moved for some time by the side of the ship, in lines, like well-trained soldiers. The captain requested one of our company to preach in the evening, but all were feeling the motion of the steamer too much to comply. It is arranged that we have devotions in the saloon morning and evening. A pleasant service of song followed those last night, which many of the passengers attended.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

MONDAY, June 28. We sleep well, rise at 5 o'clock, and go on deck as soon as the sailors have finished scrubbing it. All the decks are washed every morning and the brass-work polished. It is some cooler than

yesterday, and overcoats and shawls are very comfortable. We are so hungry that the breakfast bell is the sweetest sound heard in the morning, and we wish it rung two hours earlier. There are four meals per day; breakfast at 8.30 A. M., lunch at 12.30, dinner at 5, and tea at 8.30 P. M. The fare is good, and includes a pleasant variety. Dinner is quite an elaborate affair, and is announced by two bells, half an hour apart; time being given to arrange the toilet. Captain Andrews dons his dress coat of navy-blue with gilt cord and buttons. He is a sterling, careful Englishman, rather dry in his remarks, and a little reserved toward our company, though he has given us the honor of sitting at his table. The dinner includes five courses: 1, soup; 2, fish; 3, meats and vegetables of various kinds; 4, puddings and pastry; 5, fruit and nuts.

Observations are taken every day at 12 M., and the log is placed under the clock in the saloon. To-day it reports us five hundred and fifty-two miles from Sandy Hook, in N. lat. $40^{\circ} 33'$, and W. long. $62^{\circ} 00'$. Our watches, which always agree with the clock at breakfast, have a mysterious way of losing nearly a half hour before lunch. We account for it by the fact that we are journeying toward the place where the sun rises, and are reminded that when we reach that land where "the sun no more goes down," time will be no longer.

THE GULF STREAM.

TUESDAY, June 27. The air is soft and balmy. We are in the Gulf Stream, where the water averages sixty-eight degrees, being from twenty to thirty de-

grees warmer than the ocean. It has been known to rise to eighty degrees when the water outside was at the freezing point. The current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and it is many times wider than either river. The surface of the stream is dotted with patches of beautiful golden moss, drifting northward from the Sargasso or Weedy Sea, which lies midway between the Bahama Islands and the Azores. The Gulf Stream is salter than the ocean, and of a richer blue, so that one may know when he is passing into or out of this strange river in the sea, which gives storms to New England, fogs to Newfoundland, and green fields and balmy air to Great Britain.

SUNSET ON THE SEA.

After our late dinner we came on deck and found the ocean as smooth as a sea of glass. It seemed as though the Lord had spoken "Peace, be still," and every wave had gone to sleep. Soon the setting sun transfigured water and sky into a scene of wondrous beauty. The whole vault of heaven assumed a dome-like appearance. The dark blue water was flecked with all the hues of the rainbow, while the reflection of the western sky made a pathway on the sea like unto the streets of the New Jerusalem seen by John in vision on Patmos. The golden, transparent street stopped at the horizon where were the twelve foundations—stratus clouds of emerald, ruby, onyx, amethyst, and other colors, broken by dark masses of vapor which passed in procession to the north. Above them the amber sky was barred with pearly clouds that looked like spiral steps leading to the apex of the

dome above us. Gradually "night let down her curtain" on the scene and pinned it with the Pole star, and we knew that we were yet this side of heaven.

Suddenly a sailor sprung into the rigging, and two others stationed themselves on deck with rockets. A steamship was in sight. It displayed two bright lights, a white one on the main-mast and a red one at the stern, denoting that she belonged to the White Star Line. Our steamer twice repeated her three rockets, two white ones below and a red one above, thus signaling that we were of the National Line. A sweet season of praise and prayer in the saloon closed another delightful day on the ocean.

ICEBERGS.

WEDNESDAY, June 30. To-day has been a perfect contrast of yesterday. There was a stiff breeze this morning which brought the chill of snow. The lady passengers retired to their saloon on the upper deck, and the gentlemen who could endure it to the smoking-room. *Query.*—Why is no place provided for gentlemen who do not use tobacco? Is it right that the best place on deck be given to smokers and gamblers, while Christian men have no shelter unless they go below?

During the afternoon our steamer passed through a dense fog. When dinner was announced, the captain and first officer failed to take their places at table, but remained on the bridge, spy-glasses in hand, watching for unknown dangers. It was so dark we almost needed the candles lighted. The gloomy fog-whistle warned any craft that might be near; but more than from steam or sail vessel, collision was feared with

those silent voyagers from the north that neither respond to horn nor whistle. Captain Andrews had been steering further south than usual to avoid them, but had that morning changed the course of the ship to the northeast.

While at the table the fog partially lifted, and we were suddenly called to the deck by the cry, "An iceberg in sight!" There it was, looking like a great, white marble edifice, reflected against the black sky, only four miles ahead, and almost in the direct track of the *Erin*. As she bore away to the north and passed this dangerous yet beautiful object a mile and a half distant, the sun shone out for a few moments and painted the dark background a rich maroon, illuminated the snow mountain with rosy light, and changed the water beneath it to a translucent green. It was fully six hundred feet in length and two hundred and fifty in height out of the water. Three-fourths of this Arctic visitor must have been beneath the waves; for rods around, it was encircled with points like gate-posts, porticoes, and statuary.

Away to the southward other icebergs were discernible, but when the night and fog again enveloped us, the northern horizon showed only void space. Truly the hand of the Lord had directed the helm, and he who holdeth the winds and the waves in his hand had guarded and guided our path.

SEA-SICKNESS.

FRIDAY, July 2. Yesterday we passed out of the Gulf Stream into rougher water. The ship rolls from side to side, and locomotion is difficult. The guards have been put on the tables to prevent the dishes

sliding into our laps. Most of the passengers have surrendered and joined the invalid corps. I find myself belonging to a very small minority reporting regularly at meal-time.

There are sixty head of fat cattle in stalls on the lower deck, which have stood contentedly chewing their cuds as though under the green trees in their native meadows, but twenty-three of them are now sharing in the sea-sickness, and one has just died and been thrown overboard.

FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

SATURDAY, July 3. Head winds retard the ship. We have been on the sea one week, and have sailed one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven miles. Sea birds have attended us all the way. The petrels skim along in the wake of the ship; they resemble our bobolink, being black and white, though of a reddish-brown under the wings. These little wanderers upon the deep, called by the sailors "Mother Carey's chickens," follow the ships and live upon the crumbs thrown overboard.

We walk from the stern to the bow seven times in a day, and thus enjoy a full mile of healthful exercise. The week has been one of delightful rest and recuperation, though not spent in idleness. Reading, writing, and sewing have employed many of the hours. Our morning and evening social services have been times of refreshing. In our tiny state-rooms we have had many sweet seasons alone with Jesus, and have fairly reveled in the scriptures, and found the Psalms especially rich in allusions to the sea.

Among our fellow-voyagers are some lovely Chris-

tians. There is a little company who always join in our family devotions. Miss Davis, a teacher from Newtonville, Mass., and her associate, Miss Foote, daughter of the Rev. J. B. Foote of the Central New York Conference, Mr. Turten and wife of Cleveland, O., Dr. Currier, an Episcopal minister of Philadelphia, and some others, seem to belong to our company.

There are three "sisters of charity," with two *protégées*, en route for a Catholic school in France, who are intelligent, cultivated, and social. One family from Texas are going to Knoch, in the north of Ireland, hoping the little adopted daughter, who moves about on crutches, may be miraculously healed. This Knoch is a new shrine of the Catholics, where they superstitiously believe the Virgin and some of the saints have appeared and imparted wonderful healing power to the clay about a certain spring. The old priest who has charge of the place, is said by them to have a great pile of abandoned crutches which belonged to those who came halt and went away cured.

An aged Irish lady, who came to America fifty years ago, now going home to Ireland for a visit, creates much amusement by her quaint sayings. Several young ladies are sweet singers, but seemed to enjoy dancing in the saloon last evening quite as well as they did the hymns which they sung an hour before. A young doctor and some young lawyers, naturalized, but not native Americans, are examples of fast young men, fond of wine, cards, tobacco, and frolic. We have found some devoted Christians in the steerage whom we have visited occasionally, and with whom our company held a prayer meeting this evening.

SECOND SUNDAY AT SEA.

JULY 4. Captain Andrews was obliged to remain on the bridge, it being somewhat foggy in the morning. An English major, who has spent most of his time card-playing and wine-drinking, and was prominent in the indecent round dances Friday evening, read the church service, to which the young lady dancers glibly responded. The captain announced at lunch that "Rev. Dr. Inskip" would conduct divine service in the saloon in the evening, and, as there had been some huzzas on deck, he also requested all to desist from any celebration of the Fourth of July until Monday, when he would afford them every facility except the use of gunpowder.

Toward evening the wind subsided, the sea became calm, and the sky clear. Tea was an hour earlier, to be out of the way for the evening service. There was a general attendance of saloon and steerage passengers, beside many of the officers and some of the crew. A Spanish lady presided at the piano. A choir of English Episcopalian sung grandly the dear old hymns, "All hail the power of Jesus' name" and "Jesus, lover of my soul." Mr. McDonald offered prayer, which brought us very close to God. Mr. Inskip took for his text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and preached with much sweetness and fervor a sermon admirably adapted to the occasion and to his mixed audience. Mr. Wood made the closing prayer. A heavenly influence pervaded the saloon, which the rowdy element felt, and was hushed into gentleness and sobriety.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

MONDAY, July 5. Though most part of our fellow voyagers were turning their faces homeward to their native land, the Fourth of July was celebrated on the British steamship *Erin*. Having reverently observed the Lord's day, Captain Andrews remembered his promise, for, on going into the saloon this morning, we found it decorated with bunting. British, Spanish, and French flags and pennons were all about the room, but the post of honor was given to our own beautiful Stars and Stripes. One covered the piano, another hung before the mirror, and a third was linked with the Cross of St. George at the lower end of the saloon.

The exercises commenced at half-past ten o'clock by singing "Nearer, my God, to thee," which might be well styled our national hymn. Rev. Dr. Currier offered prayer. The "Declaration of Independence" was read by Mr. Nordlinger, a young lawyer, with earnestness and fine enunciation. Impromptu speeches were called for. The major, mentioned yesterday, attempted to justify the course pursued by the British government, supplementing his remarks by saying it was the first time he had "met with this document." He admired its rhetoric, but wished to stand up for the defence of Great Britain; that "the grievances enumerated took place in time of war," showing that he was poorly posted in the history of America prior to 1776. A few faintly cheered his speech.

Rev. J. S. Inskip rose, and was greeted with cheers. He commenced by saying he was surprised that a person of the evident culture of the friend who had just spoken should never have read the "Declaration of

Independence." He had supposed that every man of ordinary intelligence and education the world over was familiar with this matchless paper. The speaker then showed that the ravages along our coast, the destruction of our industries, and the massacre of our citizens were not incidents of the war, but predisposing causes; that George III. trampled on the great fundamental principles of the Magna Charta in his aggressions on the American Colonies. His remarks, which were of some length and full of telling points, were loudly applauded. They were followed by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen."

A Fourth of July dinner followed, with turkey, mince-pie, a large ham ornamented with the American eagle, pies and cakes frosted with the words "America and England forever," etc. The captain made an after-dinner speech full of plain, Anglo-Saxon common sense. A short prayer service and the singing of some of our American hymns closed our celebration of the Fourth.

A MOCK TRIAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

TUESDAY, July 6. Frequent showers, the appearance of sea-gulls, and more ships in view, betoken a near approach to the coast of Ireland.

The pleasure-lovers have been busy all day making arrangements for a mock trial in the saloon this evening. They have summoned as witnesses all who would participate in it. Knowing that such things rarely end well, we refused to take any part, but went into the saloon for a short time during the progress of the trial. At first all went smoothly, but soon some witty

testimony hitting rather hard, we saw frowns taking the place of smiles and sarcasm for repartee, so we withdrew to our state-rooms. The affair closed shortly before midnight with a row, in which hard words were succeeded by indications of a fight. Pistols were presented with threats, and murder might have been the result had not Brother Inskip, whose state-room was on that side of the ship, arisen and persuaded the combatants to retire.

THE COAST OF IRELAND.

WEDNESDAY, July 7. At seven o'clock this morning we heard the joyful cry of "Land ahead!" and, hastening on deck, were quickly followed by our aged Irish lady. Before us was the outline of a promontory called Crow Head, at the entrance to Bantry Bay, the southwestern point of Ireland. The dear old lady was so excited that she moved up and down the deck waving her long arm, and saying, "Surely, an' it is the auld country, swate Ireland!" We rejoiced with her, some of our company shouting "Hurrah for the Emerald Isle!" Had we been absent from our country for half a century, no doubt we should have been as much excited and as enthusiastic as our fellow passenger.

After feasting her eyes on the headlands as one after another came in sight, she disappeared below for a short time. When next we saw her, she was arrayed in a rich costume of brown satin and velvet; her bonnet adorned with jet and flowers, rather youthful for her age, though not more resplendent than her beaming, expectant face. When we near the New Jerusalem, may our souls be found clothed in moral loveliness,

and our countenances aglow with anticipation of seeing "the king in his beauty."

All day we skirted the southern coast of Ireland. How delightful the cliffs and bays, the green fields and gray hills looked after ten days with nothing but sea and sky! The ocean has lost its blueness and become as green as near the shores of our own America. Some of the round towers built to repel the Spanish Armada are still standing, and we occasionally caught glimpses of an old baronial castle. The country looked fertile with its hedges and potato patches, though there seemed a dearth of large trees or forest land; and the clusters of mud huts, denominated villages, illy consorted with the otherwise beautiful landscape. At 4 p.m. the wheel stopped for the first time since discharging our pilot off Sandy Hook, and the ship dropped anchor in the roadstead, where a lighter from Queenstown took nearly half our passengers and our mail.

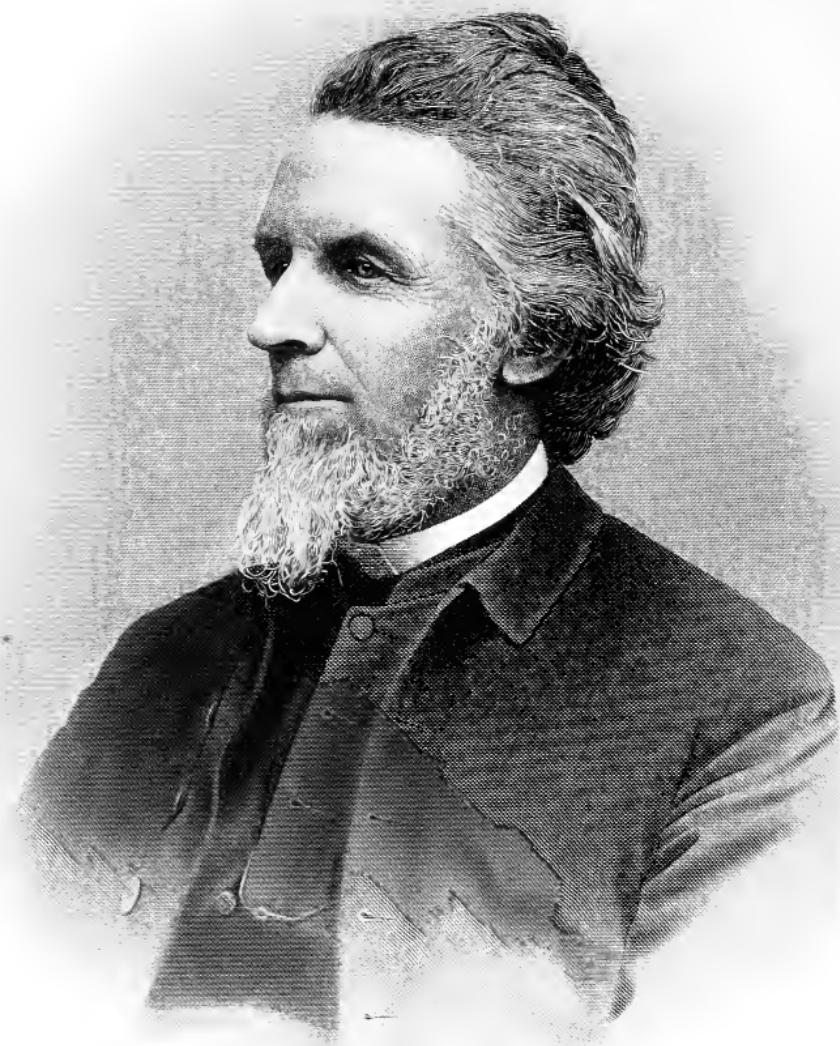
THE IRISH SEA.

THURSDAY, July 8. We steamed up St. George's Channel during the night, rounded Holyhead early this morning, and entered the rough Irish Sea. The motion of the ship was very uncomfortable in this short, chopped sea. An unpleasant drizzle prevented our enjoying the scenery of the Welsh coast or obtaining a view of cloud-capped Snowdon. The wind and tide were against us, and it was three o'clock when we reached the mouth of the Mersey, three quarters of an hour too late to pass the bar. After waiting six hours, the tedium relieved by watching the antics of hundreds of sea-gulls that circled about our ship, the tide rose, and at 10.30 p.m. we anchored within the Mersey in sight of the long rows of gas-lights in Birkenhead.

ON LAND AGAIN.

FRIDAY, July 9. During the night our ship moved into one of the stone docks that for ten miles line the harbor of Liverpool, and commenced unloading freight. It was a noisy, sleepless night. The creaking of the windlass, the thud of bags of grain and boxes of cheese, the shouts of the men, and the tramp of feet over our heads, made it the most unpleasant night of our voyage. But, God be praised, we are here safe and well, have not been sick an hour, and feel stronger than when we left home. At eight o'clock the custom-house officials announced that passengers might land. Our baggage was not opened, and the only question asked was, "Have you any tobacco or whiskey?" to which we unhesitatingly answered "No."

We took a cab, and were carried to Lime Street station in time for the eleven o'clock train for London by the Northwestern Railway. It was good to be on *terra firma* again, though everything indicated that we were in a strange land. The smoky hue of the buildings, the great lumbering vans drawn by enormous draught-horses, the policemen wearing helmets and short-waisted coats, the heavy appearance of everything, even to the dress of the women, and the slow movements of the laboring men going to their daily work, were unlike the brisk, bright aspect of an American city.



Yours truly,
W. McDonald.

CHAPTER II.

ONE HUNDRED DAYS IN ENGLAND.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 9. English railroads are very different from those in America. The cars—or coaches, as they are termed—are divided crosswise into small compartments, which have no communication with each other, but are entered directly from the platform, and are numbered first, second, and third class, according to paint and upholstering. The seats are arranged as in an omnibus, for ten persons to sit facing each other, half of whom are compelled to ride backward. Before the train starts, the doors are locked, and, no matter who may be our traveling companions, we are without any chance of communicating with the “guard” (who answers to our conductor), while the train is in motion. The road-bed is very level, with few curves or grades, but deep cuts and tunnels in abundance. It is ballasted with stone, and the track inclosed on each side with hedges, which very largely supply the place of fences in England. The highways always cross the track by substantial brick bridges, and walking on the track is punishable by law.

Our ride takes us through the centre of England. We are delighted with the variety and beauty of the landscape; vales and hills, all under the highest cultivation; no rocky or waste land, but fields of wheat

and barley, meadows dotted with scarlet poppies, and rich pastures, in which fine sheep and cattle are luxuriating. Every foot of land is utilized. Even the embankments along the railroad track, usually sloping down *to* instead of *from* the track, are evenly sodded, sown with barley, or planted with potatoes and cabbages. The season is a month later here than in Massachusetts, and vegetation appears like early June at home. We passed some large towns, but none of note except Rugby, famous for its grammar school, founded during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and presided over for many years by the celebrated Dr. Arnold.

We traveled two hundred miles, from Liverpool to London, in four hours. On our arrival at Euston station (depots are called stations here), two ministerial-looking gentlemen standing on the platform came to the door of our compartment, and said, "Are these our American friends?" They were Rev. Benjamin Senior, pastor of Surrey Chapel, and Rev. George Warner, a prominent evangelist and writer, of the Primitive Methodist Church. Our company were the guests of these gentlemen during our stay in London.

AN ENGLISH TEA MEETING.

SATURDAY, July 10. A tea meeting was appointed in the vestry of Surrey Chapel, to welcome the American evangelists. About one hundred people sat down to the tables. These tea meetings are an English institution. The supper is very plain; only tea, bread and butter, ready spread, and some cake. The religious meeting which always follows the tea is the best part of the feast.

Dr. Colin M'Kechnie, president of the Primitive

Methodist Conference, presided. The Methodists of this country have no bishops, but choose a president yearly, at each conference. In a brief and appropriate speech Dr. M'Kechnie welcomed the American brethren in the name of the Primitive Methodists of England, saying that in doing this his duty was his delight. Admiral E. G. Fishbourne, of the Church of England, spoke some hearty words, for the laity, that gave assurance of one soldier that would not quail, however fierce the fight for God and full salvation. Dr. Smyth, of Maidstone, Episcopalian, said that the great need of the *Church* was a faithful presentation of Christian holiness. Dr. Asa Mahan, formerly President of Oberlin College, and now associate editor of "Divine Life," made us feel at home as we looked on his venerable form, and felt that his warm, tender utterances came from an American who welcomed the visitors as fellow helpers to the truth. Mr. Senior, pastor of Surrey Chapel, promised the most cordial co-operation. He is a young man of faith and zeal, who took the handful of people gathered into the old Chapel after Newman Hall and his large congregation abandoned it, and has built up quite a church, with a flourishing Sunday school.

No words were spoken to-night that came from a warmer heart than those of Rev. George Warner, a big, brave, fiery Englishman, who throws his whole soul into the work, and loves holiness better than reputation, position, or money. Revs. Messrs. Inskip, McDonald, and Wood each responded briefly, modestly, and in words characteristic of their personal individuality. Mrs. Inskip presided at her little organ, and led in singing some of our new American tunes.

SURREY CHAPEL.

SUNDAY, July 11. Old Surrey Chapel, at the corner of Blackfriars road and Charlotte street,—not far from the Thames,—is, as Dr. Berridge quaintly stated, “in the middle of the devil’s territory in London.” The yellow bricks of this round Dissenting meeting-house have become gray in the smut and fog, and the interior has the same dull appearance, though it has windows enough to answer for a green-house, that have neither blinds nor curtains to exclude the light. The eccentric but devoted Rowland Hill laid its cornerstone ninety-nine years ago, and for fifty years ministered in its lofty pulpit. Underneath this pulpit his body now reposes, while back of it is a tablet to his memory, with his bust in bold relief, looking out over the straight, high-back pews. If the platform were larger, the place would look like some dingy old theatre.

Here the Holiness mission commenced its labors this morning. The trams (street cars) and omnibuses, both two stories, and loaded inside and out, rattled past continually over the stony streets, while every ten minutes the whiz, and rush, and screech of the elevated rail-cars in the rear of the Chapel deafened the ears of preacher and hearers. Around the Chapel, the streets were full of people patronizing the market stalls along the sidewalk, or stopping at the butcher and green-grocer shops, which were in full blast until twelve o’clock on the Lord’s day. Mr. Inskip preached in the morning, Mr. McDonald in the afternoon, and Mr. Wood at night. The congregation was moderate until evening, when it was quite large. About forty

persons rose, desiring pardon or purity. The after meeting in the Sunday school room was crowded. Several were consciously saved, among them a young Wesleyan preacher. The services for the week are to be each day at 2.30, 6, and 7, P.M. The six o'clock service is for prayer, inquiry, and testimony.

When we left the Chapel, the whiskey and beer shops were brilliantly lighted. These liquor-sellers are familiarly called "publicans" by everybody here, even by the drinkers themselves. They are rightly named, for they take tribute of their own countrymen to enrich the kingdom of Satan, the enemy of mankind.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

MONDAY, July 12. This morning we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, on Ludgate Hill, in the centre of London. This immense structure, in the form of a Latin cross, covers two acres, and could seat 25,000 people. It is 500 feet long, and 250 wide, and the dome is the most conspicuous object in London, being 404 feet from the ground to the top of the cross. Its great bell weighs 11,470 lbs., and its four clock-dials are each 57 feet in circumference. It was built of white marble, but has become black as soot in many places by standing 170 years in London smoke.

In front of the Cathedral is Bird's statue of Queen Anne, surrounded by figures representing England, France, Ireland, and America. The interior is of cold, gray stone, unrelieved by painting or mosaic, but adorned with statues of England's departed generals, scholars, and divines. On them all rests the dust of years, and a good house-cleaning seemed greatly needed before we could admire the grace and truthfulness of these

wonderful pieces of statuary. Here stand Wolfe and Burgoyne, Cornwallis and Abercrombie, Nelson and Lawrence, Wellington and Sir John Moore, Bishops Heber and South, and Middleton, the first bishop to India, surrounded by converted Hindoos. Nelson lies in a coffin made from the mast of one of his French prizes. The bronze sarcophagus of Wellington is in a large chamber hung with mortuary decorations, and containing a representation in marble of his funeral-car as it passed through the streets of London. The whole structure is a monument to the genius of Christopher Wren, the architect, and cost £1,511,202, or \$7,500,000, which was raised by a tax on coal.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TUESDAY, July 13. Crossing Westminster bridge, the most beautiful of the twelve great bridges which span the Thames (Temz), and passing the tall clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament, the cluster of buildings known as Westminster Abbey stood before us. There is a strange, weird beauty about this Gothic pile unlike anything we have ever seen. There is but one Westminster Abbey in all the world. The exterior would furnish study for days; the heavy buttresses, pointed arches, varied decorations, the turrets and pinnacles, the crumbling statuary and broken ornamentation, possess a grandeur inexpressible. There is a singular combination of lightness and strength, of grandeur and grace, in this monumental structure that for nine centuries has embodied the religious thought of the Church of England.

Admission to this vast mausoleum is free, except to some reserved parts. Entering the great west door,

we walked up the nave, one hundred and sixty-six feet in length. The subdued light shone through lofty stained-glass windows; twenty circular pillars with richly adorned capitals upheld the elegant pointed arches beneath the gallery, and, continuing upward, supported the network of oaken rafters one hundred feet above us. Brasses and grave-stones, inscribed with names of the departed, composed the pavement beneath our feet; tombs and statues to scores of England's heroes, statesmen, and nobles, crowded the aisles. Directly before us stands the tomb of Sir Isaac Newton. Up this great nave kings and queens have come to receive the crown, princes to the solemn marriage ceremony; and hundreds of funeral processions have paused where we now stand.

Turning to the right we enter the south transept, called "Poet's Corner." Here we are surrounded by the tombs and monuments of Chaucer, Dryden, Spencer, Milton, Gray, Campbell, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Addison, Macaulay, Handel, Dickens, and many, many more who gave birth or assisted to build up our English classical literature. Here, to use the words of Addison, are "poets who have no monuments and monuments which have no poets," for some whose tablets adorn these walls are sleeping in distant graves, and there are nameless graves even in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most remarkable inscriptions in the south transept is to the memory of Thomas Parr, born A. D. 1483, lived during the reign of ten sovereigns, and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two years. Crossing an exquisite mosaic pavement, composed of porphyry, jasper, alabaster, and various

marbles, set in geometric figures, we entered the north transept, where Pitt, Wilberforce, Palmerston, and many whom England is pleased to honor, are buried.

Giving a fee to a man in a long black gown and skull cap, he conducts us into the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and points to two great oak chairs. In the one with the stone seat all of the sovereigns of England, from Edward IV. to Victoria, have received the crown. The other chair was made for the double coronation of William and Mary. To describe the nine chapels which compose the east end of Westminster Abbey would be impossible. In them are buried more than twenty of England's dead kings and queens, and they are crowded with the graves and monuments of royal families. Over some are still hanging faded and tattered canopies of silk and gold. Occasionally we came to arches and doors whose style of architecture showed they were the remains of a still more ancient edifice. Other devices spoke of the time when this museum of departed glory was occupied by monks and acolytes, when the perfume of censers smoked the dim arches, and penances and prayers, austerity and bigotry, reigned supreme.

More than four hundred monuments adorn this great edifice, whose extreme length is five hundred and thirty feet, and which includes within its irregular walls thirteen chapels, beside cloisters, chambers, galleries, and crypts. The finger of time is defacing its choicest sculptures, its columns are crumbling, the names are growing dim on its tablets, but it is a grand old memorial, linking the past with the present. A weight of oppressive solemnity pressed upon us as we explored its dim recesses, and made us feel as though

walking through the fifth chapter of Genesis, where every paragraph ends with "and he died;" but as we emerged into God's beautiful sunlight, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" reverted to memory:—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

WEDNESDAY, July 14. If there is one spot in London dearer than any other, one shrine which Methodists desire most to visit, that place is City Road Chapel, and that shrine the grave of John Wesley. Taking cabs, our American party went together over Blackfriars bridge, up Ludgate hill, through Newgate street, with the old frowning prison on one side, and the church of St. Sepulchre on the other. In this church sleeps John Smith, the "Father of Virginia," and John Rogers, the Smithfield martyr, was once its vicar. Crossing Smithfield market-place, where the fires of persecution consumed so many Protestants, and turning to the right, we came to Finsbury Square. Two blocks more, and Bunhill Fields was to our left, and City Road Chapel on our right. We could not be mistaken, for near the entrance to the long, narrow yard stood a plain, modest obelisk of white marble, on which we read, "*Sacred to the memory of Susannah Wesley.*" Opening the tall iron gate, we walked up the yard, in which are several tombstones, surrounded by flowers.

The Chapel is a plain brick building, standing back from the street. It was much injured by fire a few

months ago, but has undergone thorough repair, and, though the outer walls are smoky, like everything in London, the interior is neat, fresh, and pleasing. The quaint and beautiful ceiling, adorned with silver cherubs and golden acanthus leaves, has been restored as it was when Mr. Wesley looked admiringly up to it. The tablets to the memory of the founders of Methodism have been cleaned and restored to their original places on the walls. Those occupying the position of honor within the pulpit alcove, are John and Charles Wesley, "William De-la-Fletchere," Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Samuel Waddy, Thomas Coke, and Jabez Bunting. The old pulpit has been removed, but the platform is the one on which Mr. Wesley stood and preached those matchless sermons which are models of pulpit directness, faithfulness, and power. Mr. Wesley laid the corner-stone of this Chapel April 21, 1777, and preached from the text, "According to this time, it shall be said, What hath God wrought?" — Num. xxiii. 23. His grave is in the rear of the Chapel, occupying the centre of a little plot of ground crowded thickly with the graves of early Methodists. Adam Clarke lies beside him, and one low iron fence encloses both box-like tombs. Above that of Mr. Wesley is a small shaft. An English ivy twines around these graves, and violets, forget-me-nots, laurels, and roses beautify the little inclosure.

We were kindly permitted to enter the parsonage adjoining, and see the room in which Mr. Wesley breathed his last. It is a small apartment in the second story, 10 by 12 feet, lighted by a single window. His portrait, life size, hangs over the mantel. It is

without gown and wig, the thin, soft, brown hair falling in ripples on the shoulders of the plain, straight coat. A tiny closet adjacent, called his study, was large enough for a small table, and his chair, in which each of us sat for a moment. In his secretary is the great teapot of blue and white china used in his tea meetings. It is oval, $13\frac{1}{2}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. On one side is inscribed:—

“Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here, as everywhere, adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.”

On the reverse:—

“We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesu’s blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The ‘Bread of Life’ sent down from heaven.”

Before leaving the room all knelt while Brother Inskip led in a simple, touching prayer. We left the place feeling that we had made a deeper consecration, and had received a fuller anointing in that room where the great and good Wesley exclaimed, “The best of all, God is with us,” and died in holy triumph.

BUNHILL FIELDS.

We next visited Bunhill Fields, the resting-place of thousands of Dissenters. Here is the grave of the mother of the Wesleys, and, not far from it, the tomb of Isaac Watts, the sweet singer whose hymns will never die. On the opposite side of the walk is the ark-shaped tomb of John Bunyan, with his form in marble reposing upon the lid. On one side of the tomb, in bas-relief, Christian is toiling up the hill

Difficulty, bowed beneath the heavy burden on his back ; on the other, he stands erect at the foot of the cross, his burden rolling down the hill behind him. Near by sleep Fox, the founder of the Friends, John Owen, DeFoe, Joseph Hughes, the originator of Bible societies, Nasmyth, who inaugurated city missions, and a great number whose names are on high. What a shout will ascend when these saints whose bodies are now resting in the rear of City-Road Chapel and in Bunhill Fields, shall return with Christ, and the trumpet shall sound that bids them rise from their graves to meet their Lord in the air.

PROGRESS OF THE MEETING AT SURREY CHAPEL.

SATURDAY, July 17. The attendance at the afternoon services has not been large, though it has increased from day to day. Ministers, visitors to the city, and ladies, among the most useful and intelligent workers in this great moral vineyard, belonging to different denominations, have come hungry for full salvation, believed, and entered into rest. The six o'clock meetings have been seasons of refreshing. They have been conducted by the members of the company in turn, the ladies taking their share in the work.

The evening services have been largely attended by all classes, and full of interest, several poor drunkards being converted. There has not been a service during the week in which some have not been saved. The brethren attended the Primitive Quarterly Conference this evening, and Mrs. Inskip took charge of the meeting. Twenty-five persons testified for Christ, and the altar service was one of power, many seeking converting or sanctifying grace, among them two policemen.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LONDON.

JULY 18. The congregations have been much larger to-day than last Sabbath. This morning a singing band started out from old Surrey Chapel carrying a bell. Taking a circuit of several squares, they would stop at a corner, sing "Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?" ring the bell, and announce "preaching by the American Holiness Mission at Surrey Chapel this morning;" go a little further, stop and sing again, until they came back to the Chapel, quite a crowd accompanying them to the services. At the close of Mr. Inskip's sermon a motley crowd gathered about the pulpit. Some poor men, with torn coats and battered faces, seeking pardon, knelt beside Christians who had found godliness profitable for all things, and were now seeking to be made pure in heart. We knelt by a poor, old woman, who looked as though she had not seen soap and water for a long time, the tears making white furrows down her blackened cheeks, and who said she had not been inside a church since she used to come to Surrey Chapel when Mr. Hill was living, almost fifty years ago. She had evidently led a hard life, her bleared eyes showing the effect of long use of beer, and her dress looking as if she had slept in the gutter. A handkerchief was given to wipe away her tears, and prayer offered in her behalf. A bow of promise spanned the cloud, and she went out trusting in Christ for pardon and renovation.

Mr. Wood preached to a large congregation in the afternoon. Many were members of the "Salvation Army" who flocked to the anxious seats eagerly seeking holiness as indispensable to fit them for their work

in the slums of London. Mr. McDonald had a still larger congregation at the evening service. The old Chapel lost its dinginess in the gaslight with nearly two thousand eager faces below, and in the circular gallery, intent upon every word of the speaker. It was a night of salvation. The meetings are to continue at the same hours—afternoon, twilight, and evening—as last week.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

TUESDAY, July 20. This morning, Rev. Mr. Senior gave the American ladies a delightful ride through some of the most beautiful streets and parks of London. Turning to the left after crossing Blackfriars bridge, we rode along the Thames embankment, pausing to view Cleopatra's Needle, an ancient obelisk brought with great expense and difficulty from its original site near the temple of On, in Lower Egypt. Probably it was standing when Joseph married the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. The Khedive of Egypt presented this obelisk to the British government, and a wrought iron, cylindrical vessel was built around it as it lay in the sand, and a canal dug to float it to the sea. The vessel, with its freight of 180 tons of solid stone, came near foundering during a storm in the Bay of Biscay, and was abandoned; but, after sixty hours, was picked up by another English steamer, and finally towed in safety to London.

It is a solid block of red granite, polished, and carved with three rows of hieroglyphics on each side, and is $98\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, 7 feet 10 inches in width at the base, tapering to four feet in width, and terminates in a pyramidion. The atmosphere of London has

already defaced the inscriptions on the north side, and a coating of heavy varnish has been applied to preserve it. Archaeologists have deciphered a part of the inscriptions, and found that it was one of six obelisks, erected during the reign of Thothmes III., the Pharaoh who raised Joseph to honor. It also bears the name of Rameses II., who oppressed the children of Israel. Compared with this old monument London is a modern city.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Our next stop was at Westminster Palace, or the Houses of Parliament. They are an immense group of marble buildings, covering eight acres along the Thames, and are profusely ornamented with towers and statuary. The dial of the tall clock tower has a minute-hand eleven feet in length. There are over a thousand rooms within these walls, and two miles of vestibule and corridor.

We entered the vestibule of the House of Lords, in which are life-size statues of the kings of England, commencing with James I. On the broad flight of steps at the upper end, we were introduced to Lord Benjamin as American ladies. He is called "the American lord," having formerly practised law in Canada. He politely invited us to follow him into the Chamber of Lords, where they were holding court, the Lord High Chancellor in the chair. All the lords were arrayed in long black gowns, and gray wigs, tasseled, puffed, and frizzed. The black or auburn hair of the younger men hung beneath the wig in the most comical manner. The hall is not so large or well lighted as the Senate Chamber in Washington,

but is lavishly embellished with oaken carvings, and gaily hung with crimson and gold. There are no seats for spectators except for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and for the nobility. It was honor enough to bestow upon common people, and republican ladies, to permit them to stand and look upon English lords.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Thence we rode past Westminster Abbey, and alighted before Buckingham Palace, the city residence of Queen Victoria, a great, plain, stone building. If the armorial bearings were removed from the roof and gate-posts, and a tall smoke-stack added, its exterior would not be very unlike many cotton factories in New England. We had no permit from the Lord Chamberlain to enter. Tall soldiers, in red coats, paced back and forth before the entrance, though the Queen was at Windsor Castle.

HYDE PARK, AND ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Our carriage entered Hyde Park at an unfashionable hour. Few were riding over its smooth drives, and only some children trying their ponies on "Rotten Row," a soft road for equestrians, around a small lake. We missed the beautiful bridges, the variety of scenery, the shrubbery and flowers of Central Park, New York; but the grass and trees were magnificent. England has a right to be proud of her oaks and beeches, and they are as carefully guarded as her monuments.

At Kensington Gardens, adjacent to Hyde Park, is the Albert Memorial, the most beautiful monument, probably, in the world. The lower corners of the

rectangular platform are ornamented with groups of statuary, that represent Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Art. Half way up the wide marble steps on the four sides, are four more groups,—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Surmounting the platform is a colossal, gilt bronze figure of Albert, the Prince Consort, sitting in a gothic portico, elaborately adorned with pictures in mosaic of the Queen and Royal family. The base of the portico is of white Italian marble, on which are carved in life-size bas-relief nearly one hundred figures, representing bards and sages, historians and artists, from King David writing the Psalms, to Morse with the telegraph, and Handel with his musical compositions.

TOWER OF LONDON.

FRIDAY, July 23. This morning was devoted to visiting "The Tower." After going over London bridge, we soon reached a formidable series of fortifications on a gentle elevation, close to the north bank of the Thames. The Tower proper is the "White Tower" built by William the Conqueror, standing in the centre of an irregular parallelogram, inclosed by twelve other towers. These are encompassed by a moat, and the whole surrounded by a massive outer wall with six towers. After paying a shilling admittance fee, a warder, in the costume of Henry VII.—braided frock, wide white ruff, knee-breeches, long hose, and enormous shoe-buckles—conducted us to the points of greatest interest.

We entered at the Middle Tower, which guards the main bridge across the moat, and passed the Bloody Tower, with its heavy gates and portcullis of rusty

spears, pausing long enough to look under the stairs where the two sons of Edward IV. were buried after being smothered by order of their uncle, Richard III. The Horse Armory, adjoining the White Tower, is a great military museum, filled with figures clothed in armor of various periods, from the leather scales of the Normans to the elaborate steel armor inlaid with gold of Henry VIII.; chain mail worn by the crusaders, and plate armor of the seventeenth century. One suit of armor, made for Henry VIII. when only eighteen years of age, weighs ninety-two pounds. Here are equestrian figures, with horse and rider covered with plates of steel; ancient implements of war; armor from India, Burmah, China, and Africa; cannon captured at Waterloo; the cloak in which Gen. Wolfe died, and guns taken by him at the battle of Quebec.

The White Tower is a splendid specimen of Norman architecture, with walls fifteen feet thick. The first floor contains a strange collection of weapons, and instruments of torture which make one shudder; the block and axe used in beheading state prisoners, and the ugly, black mask worn by the headsman. Here are shields of elaborate workmanship, bows and arrows used by the ancient Britons, blunderbusses and fowling-pieces, and specimens of fire-arms used by English soldiers from the reign of James II. to the present time. An equestrian figure of Queen Bess, robed in crimson and ermine, occupies a conspicuous position, and gives the name of Queen Elizabeth's Armory to this apartment. On the north side we went into a cell built in the thickness of the wall, where tradition states that Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned.

In the second story of the White Tower, reached

by winding stone stairs, is St. John's Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture to be found in the country. Massive stone columns, with diverse capitals united by arches of stone, uphold a roof of the same material, all retaining the marks of the tool, and united by thick joints of mortar. In this stone chapel many royal marriages have been solemnized. The upper story of the White Tower, under the lead roof, is used for an arsenal, and contains an immense store of arms of recent manufacture. The ingenuity of the warders has been taxed in arranging pistols and bayonets, and the various parts of the guns, in quaint and beautiful devices. Here were passion-flowers and crown-imperial, and even a river, with water-lilies floating upon it, made of these murderous weapons.

The walls of some apartments in the Beauchamp Tower are covered by rudely carved inscriptions made by prisoners. We read : "The more suffering in this world the more glory with Christ in the next world;" "A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant;" "That which is sown in tears is reaped in joy." Ascending a narrow, tortuous flight of stone steps we came to the room where the youthful Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned, and thence down into the courtyard to the spot where she was beheaded: From what a long, bloody night England has emerged to her present fair, calm noon! Passing a lot of cannon, captured on many battle-fields or taken in naval combat, Mr. Wood asked the custodian to show him some taken from Captain John Paul Jones. He facetiously replied, "We never make much account of being whipped by our children."

Leaving the scenes of blood and symbols of war, we went to the Jewel Tower to inspect the ornaments and regalia of royalty. In a great cage of burnished steel and plate-glass were gold and jewels, valued at £3,000,000, or \$15,000,000. The crown of her majesty Queen Victoria is a cap of purple velvet with bands of silver, surmounted by a ball and cross, resplendent with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. In the centre of the cross is a large sapphire, on the front of the crown an enormous heart-shaped ruby, and on the band a representation of the great Koh-i-noor diamond which is kept elsewhere. The crown of the Prince of Wales is of crimson velvet and pure gold, unadorned with gems. There are several other crowns, including the one made for the small head of Anne Boleyn. The Royal Sceptre and the Rod of Equity, placed in the right and left hands of the sovereign at coronation, are of beaten gold set with precious stones. In addition to these are other sceptres and crosiers, St. Edward's staff, the pointless sword of Mercy and two swords of Justice borne before the king or queen on the way to coronation; the anointing vessel and spoon, and the gold sacramental plate, used on the same august occasion. Kings and queens formerly resided within the Tower, and it was customary to proceed thence to Westminster to receive the crown.

Returning from these strange scenes, we entered into the services of the afternoon with renewed interest. Never did the promises of the precious Bible glisten as when the text was announced, "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart," and it was stated that over three thousand two hundred promises bespangle the word

of God. More jewels than belong to the crown of England are ours by inheritance, and a crown of life by-and-by.

“I’d rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord’s alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne.”

LAST SUNDAY AT SURREY CHAPEL.

JULY 25. At ten o’clock there was an outdoor service in the chapel yard. The little organ was brought out, and Mrs. Inskip, Willie McDonald, and Mr. Gardner sung from the “Songs of Canaan.” A strange crowd of people gathered around the inclosure; men with pipes in their mouths or loaded with baskets of edibles, women bareheaded, holding mugs of beer in their hands or cabbages in their aprons, paused to listen to the sweet hymns, and remained during Rev. George Warner’s discourse. His capacious lungs, warm, sympathetic heart, and ready wit admirably fit him for street preaching. Standing on a box, gesticulating with his umbrella, he talked for half an hour of the love of Christ to guilty men and of the freeness of salvation, interspersing his remarks with anecdotes that helped to fasten the truth.

The congregations were very large all day, and the gracious power of the Holy Ghost rested upon the preachers. The anxious seats were crowded, and eternity alone will disclose the results of this day’s work for God and humanity. Among the converts in the evening were five abandoned girls (on our return from India we learned that they had joined class, obtained respectable employment, and were living for

Christ). It was impossible to close the meeting until a late hour. Over, and over again, the vast congregation sang the old English doxology.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY.

MONDAY, July 26. The beautiful halls of Madame Tussaud, a Swiss artist, are located on Baker Street, near Regent Park and the Zoological Gardens, and easily reached by under-ground railroad. Admission, one shilling. In this finest collection of wax figures in the world one is introduced to the kings and queens of Europe, the royal family of England, her dead sovereigns, dead and living nobles, statesmen, generals, artists and divines. Some are sitting, some standing, and some reclining. There is a naturalness in the pose of each which makes the scene wonderfully life-like, and some of the figures are movable. Our Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, and Grant seem at home among the crowned heads. John Wesley sits in a high chair on a platform, with arms extended, as if ready to say, "Little children, love one another."

The Napoleon Gallery is worthy a visit. Here are statues of the first Napoleon, Josephine in her imperial costume, Madame Mère and the brothers of the great general, Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, the Prince Imperial, Marshal Ney, and many more. The old military carriage used by Napoleon, his camp equipage, clothing worn at St. Helena; flags and paintings, and relics innumerable are crowded into this room.

The "Chamber of Horrors" contains a strange collection, which we did not care to pause long to inspect: the figures of fifty murderers, a model of the French Bastile and the guillotine, and also the original instru-

ment, knife and all, that decapitated Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen and twenty-two thousand persons during the bloody days of the French revolution. Near it hangs the great iron key to the principal door of the Bastile.

LAST SERVICE IN LONDON.

MONDAY EVENING. The close of the forty-two services in Surrey Chapel resembled a love-feast at a National Camp-meeting. More than a hundred persons testified to having found pardon or purity during the progress of the meeting. Primitive and Wesleyan preachers, captains and soldiers of the "Salvation Army," Baptists, Friends, Congregationalists, Plymouth Brethren, members of the Church of England, reclaimed drunkards and prostitutes, young and old, rich and poor, spoke of the love of Jesus burning in their souls.

Dr. M'Kechnie said: "I feel as though I could not have this meeting close without speaking of the great good that has resulted from these services. On our first meeting I felt my soul mingle with these brethren. I wish to testify that these meetings have been a great blessing to myself. I have been enabled to take a firmer hold on God than ever before. My heart is at one in the great work in which they are engaged, and at one in the chief points which they present as essential to this experience; sacrificing self, laying all upon the altar, a full surrender, faith, and abiding in Christ. God has been pleased to place me at the head of one of the branches of his church, and I want to say that you will find the great body of our connection in sympathy with you. This meeting has been a great, a

glorious success. The Lord go with you; He will go with you around the world proclaiming holiness as possible for every one that believeth."

These words were spoken with such earnestness and emotion as thrilled the audience and awoke frequent response. Though the hour was late, Mr. Inskip, ever on the watch for souls, once more, before he and his fellow-laborers closed their work at Surrey Chapel, invited those forward who desired pardon or purity. Again the front forms were crowded, and some very interesting cases of conversion and of sanctification took place. At half-past ten o'clock, amid the shout of new-born souls, the glad smiles on faces that beamed with new-found rest in Christ, and the benedictions of hundreds of warm-hearted Christians, closed our first meeting in England.

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

TUESDAY, July 27. At 12 m. our company took the cars at St. Pancras Station, by the Midland Road, for Derbyshire, to rest two or three days before commencing the next meeting.

We have seen enough of London to know it is very large, as large as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington united. It is built entirely of brick and stone, there being no wooden houses in England. The buildings look as though they were designed to stand forever, but neither brick, stone, nor marble will endure many centuries in this moist climate, and new buildings soon lose their freshness in the smoke and fog. The city abounds in parks and monuments. The streets, though narrow and irregular, are well paved and clean, and are crowded

with an amusing variety of vehicles drawn by horses great and small, mules, ponies and donkeys. Although London covers one hundred and fifty square miles, its omnibuses, cabs, hansoms, tramways, and railroads make it the easiest city in the world to traverse. One can go through it, over it, or under it, in any direction, at very cheap fare. London is as far north as Labrador, but, owing to the climatic effects of the Gulf Stream, its average temperature is the same as New York. The latter city has greater extremes of heat and cold, and the death-rate of London is less than that of New York notwithstanding its hard water, sluggish Thames, and drizzle and fog.

MATLOCK BANK, DERBYSHIRE.

THURSDAY, July 29. We arrived at this picturesque retreat at four o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, and are resting a few days at the Jackson House, a plain country hotel and sanitarium. The view from its square tower and wide balconies is beautiful, Matlock being in the centre of England, and the scenery some of the finest in the country.

Bounding our view to the north and east are two mountains, about a thousand feet high. Both are cultivated to the very top, and divided into small fields by well-trimmed hedges. On the summit of one is a long, rambling stone castle, with large, square towers at each end of the main building, and smaller ones at the extremes of the two wings, giving it the appearance of a fortress guarding the beautiful Matlock Dale. There is a slight valley between the mountain and a great cliff called "High Tor," which is the glory of Matlock. It lifts a bold, semicircular front of

naked limestone to a height of more than 400 feet above the rushing, bubbling Derwent. On the opposite side of the river is another steep cliff, called the "Heights of Abraham." This is set with small stone dwellings, and tiny gardens, that look as if dug into the precipitous bank. Its top is covered with pines, and beyond it rises Masson Hill, from whence the valley of the Derwent may be seen for many miles. The appearance of these cliffs, and the rapid river, broken by cascades, indicate that in the ages long ago, before man dwelt upon the earth, a mightier hand, with a more powerful rod than that of Moses, smote the great limestone rock; it cleft asunder, and the clear, sparkling Derwent has rushed through the rift ever since.

Our hillside is called "Matlock Bank," and is covered as thickly with dwellings as an apple-tree with blossoms in May. These houses are of stone, with a variety of roofing. Some have red tiles, some roofed with slate, others with slabs of stone, but the majority are thatch, a foot thick, and often so old that green grass and flowers are growing on them.

MALTON.

FRIDAY, July 30. After resting two days at Matlock, in the romantic Peak district of Derbyshire, during which it rained constantly, we proceeded to Malton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where we have accepted an invitation to hold a meeting in the Wesleyan Chapel.

This is a closely-built English market town of about 15,000 inhabitants, and is supposed to be the ancient Camelodunum, a military station of the Romans.

Several malt houses give employment to a large proportion of the population, hence the name Malton, or Malt-town. The streets are narrow and clean. Though it is located on the banks of the Derwent, there is little fog, and the atmosphere is far more invigorating than in London. The suburbs of the town are fine. Beautiful stone villas dot the hillside or terrace, each house being surrounded by smoothly-shaven lawns and well-kept flower-gardens, enclosed by hedges of thorn and holly. Back of the terrace are green fields and a pleasant, rolling country.

FIRST SUNDAY IN MALTON.

AUGUST 1. The Wesleyan Chapel, though eighty-seven years old, is as fresh and beautiful as if dedicated last year; the style, however, is antiquated. The people shut themselves in high pews, the pulpit is perched twelve feet above, and yet lacks as many feet of reaching the altitude of the upper tier of seats in the broad, semicircular gallery. Half the audience are above and half below the preacher. The organ and choir are back of and above the pulpit. Long, narrow, winding stairs ascend on either side of the chancel, to the pulpit and choir.

Mr. Inskip looked dubiously at the stairs this morning, but if he stood on the low platform within the chancel rail, he would, at best, be heard and not seen by the upper half of his audience. Courageously ascending the fourteen steps, and opening the door, he stood within the high pulpit, only his head and shoulders visible, the broad shoulders nearly touching either side, looking like a Christian martyr in a pillory, a picture of cheerful resignation. His sermon from

1 Thess. v. 23, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly," was followed by an invitation to come to the altar, when a good number of Yorkshire Christians showed they were not afraid of going forward for prayers. The discourses of his associates in the afternoon and evening were on the same theme, and many sought definitely for a clean heart.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK IN MALTON.

MONDAY, August 9. There have been three services each day. The morning and afternoon meetings have been reasonably attended, while the evening services have been crowded with an attentive, quiet, and tearful audience.

Mr. Inskip preached with unusual solidity and power on Tuesday evening. The Lord owned the word of His servant, and nearly or quite one hundred persons sought Christ as their Redeemer or Sanctifier. At the first invitation, the altar was so crowded that all who were in the enjoyment of heart purity were requested to leave the chancel-rail, to give room to those seeking the experience. After a season of surrender and prayer, forty rose, testifying to full redemption. Such solemnity rested upon the large congregation, that the brethren were constrained, instead of pronouncing the benediction, to invite those who had not been forward, but felt their need of a Saviour, to come to the altar. Again it was crowded, now mostly with convicted sinners, and for a half-hour the tide of salvation swept around that chancel in wonderful power.

Wednesday was a blessed day; at every service the Lord was present to wound and to heal. Thursday afternoon Mr. Wood preached from 1 John i. 9: "If

we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The breath of the risen Lord was upon the people. We could almost hear his voice saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Many of God's dear children then and there received the baptism. At the evening service Mr. McDonald took for his text, "Put on thy strength, O Zion," and preached one of his most searching sermons. The superintendent of the circuit, Mr. Edman, was constantly on the watch for souls. His ministerial associates were blessed themselves, and seconded every effort to press the people to a definite experience.

Saturday being market day, there was no service this morning, but the afternoon meeting was unusually large, notwithstanding a cold, heavy rain, which drove the market people from their stalls and shops to the meeting. Many were saved. One local preacher, a builder, came thirty miles to buy material for his business, saw hand-bills about town relating to a holiness meeting led by some men from America, and came in to find Mr. McDonald giving an exposition of the first chapter of 1 John. He once enjoyed and preached full salvation, but became engrossed in business and lost the experience. He availed himself of the opportunity to renew his consecration, and received Christ as his sanctifier. His experience thrilled the audience as he bade them good-by and left before the close of the service to take the train for home, there to "stand up," as he said, "for sanctification, Hallelujah!"

We miss Mrs. Inskip from the meetings, as she is suffering from bronchitis, a very common disease in England, being induced by the moist climate and sud-

den changes. On Sunday the rain did not prevent the house being filled and crammed. In the evening at least five hundred persons rose desiring the experience of heart-purity, but it was impossible to invite any to the altar until those who were not seekers were dismissed ; then those who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness came forward. The chancel was surrounded by penitent sinners of all ages, from the hoary head to the lad of twelve years, and the benches that had been brought in and ten pews were filled with seekers of purity. We think it safe to say that at least one hundred were converted or sanctified during the day. The company being much worn with their labors, services are to be held only afternoon and evening during this week.

CASTLE HOWARD.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 11. We were invited this morning to visit Castle Howard, six miles distant. The Howard family, to which the Earl of Carlisle belongs, ranks among the nobility of England next to the royal household. Castle Howard has long been a favorite resort of nobility, and is considered one of the finest aristocratic residences in England. It is in the centre of an estate of sixteen thousand acres ; and the park surrounding the castle contains several hundred acres, enclosed by a heavy wall overhung with ivy and woodbine.

The drive through the park was beautiful. A herd of three hundred deer was feeding on the plain to the right of the carriage road, while to the left reposed a lake two miles in circumference. Along the shore was a large drove of Yorkshire cattle. For half a mile the

road passed between double rows of majestic beech trees, whose branches formed an arch over our heads. At the top of the hill is an obelisk of gray stone sixty-five feet in height, erected by Charles Howard, third Earl of Carlisle, to commemorate the old castle which stood on this spot and the completion of the present castle in 1713. Passing onward to the left of the monument, Castle Howard came into full view. We drove up to the western entrance. The south wing is a large chapel with stained-glass windows, and the north wing for the use of the servants, containing kitchen, laundry, etc. The main building is two stories high and surmounted by a dome. Ascending the broad steps, our ring was answered by the steward, a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, lordly enough in appearance to be the earl himself. He was very polite to our American party, and took us through twenty rooms on the first floor, describing, explaining, and patiently answering the questions which Yankees know how to propound. The family was absent. The present earl is a lunatic, and, instead of enjoying his estate, is confined in an asylum. His brother, Lord Howard, occupies the castle when not in London.

We were first ushered into the large rotunda under the dome. The sides of the room were of marble. Busts of ancient Roman governors lined the walls. Over the broad fire-place was a painting of Vulcan, by Titian. The concavity of the dome was adorned by a picture representing the "Fall of Fate." Turning to the left, we passed cabinets filled with porcelain, glass, and plate. We had never seen such a display of porcelain save at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Some large vases would repay an hour of study,

but we hastened on through room after room adorned with paintings from Rubens, Titian, Reynolds, and many others, for these rooms are said to contain some of the finest paintings in England.

In a beautiful breakfast-room which fronts the east, and whose walls are covered with rose-colored satin, are two pictures, which for nicety and detail excel any that we have seen on these subjects, "The Nativity" and the "Adoration of the Wise Men." The latter is four hundred years old, and yet the colors are as fresh and the tints as perfect as though they were just laid on. Beside the mantel hangs a pair of pheasants so perfect in execution that it seems as though a breath of air would blow the loose feathers about the apartment.

The walls in the next room are hung with white silk brocade, and the whole furnishing is of exquisite beauty, the chairs and sofas being inlaid with pearl. The drawing-room was hung with blue moiré antique. Carpet, vases, and furniture matched in color. In this room was the rarest painting of the whole collection. It was the work of Annibale Carracci, an Italian artist, and cost thirty thousand pounds sterling (\$150,000). How shall I describe this picture, which brought tears to our eyes, and before which we would gladly have tarried for hours? It is called "The Three Marys." In the foreground lies the body of the crucified Saviour, every muscle relaxed, the arms hanging limp by his side. Mary, the mother of Jesus, supports his head in her arms, but, while gazing on that face that had been the sunshine of her life for three and thirty years, now pallid in death, the sword pierces through her soul, and her eyes close over un-

shed tears in helpless agony. St. Ann, the reputed mother of the Virgin, appears with hands outstretched to take her daughter to her bosom, and soothe her sorrow, as in the days of childhood. There is a look of tenderness on the aged face, a commingling of sadness and joy; sympathy, such as only a mother can feel for her child, and yet, as though her thoughts bridged the three days, and were even now rejoicing in the resurrection morning, soon to dawn. Mary Magdalene kneels at the feet of the Lord, and her streaming eyes speak volumes of the love that burns in her soul. Her hands are raised in adoration, while the half-parted lips seem to say, "My Lord and my God." Mary, the mother of James and John, looks up at St. Ann in strange surprise, as if asking, "Wherefore art thou come? When the rocks rent, a few hours ago, camest thou from thy tomb? Oh, tell me what shall be the end of all these things?" The hands of each of this sad, loving group are so perfect, that we instinctively felt that we could and must touch them, and almost expected to see them move. We turned from the picture when the steward closed the case in which it is kept, feeling that we had been carried back eighteen hundred and fifty years, and placed on Calvary at the saddest twilight hour in the history of the world.

The walls of the next room were hung with tapestry, real silk needle-work on canvas, the four sides of the parlor representing the four seasons. The windows in all these rooms were long and low, opening on a wide veranda, before which lay a beautiful lawn, soft and smooth as velvet, a large fountain in the centre, garden seats, beds of choice flowers, and clusters of

rare foliage plants, disposed in grace and beauty, so that it was difficult to tell which were the lovelier, the beauties within or those without. The south side of the main building contained the billiard-room and the ball-room, the floor of the latter being so highly polished that it was like standing on ice.

The library contained many thousands of volumes, bound in morocco and gold, and was scattered through the rooms, in large and small cases of English oak. The garden on the south side of the castle was, if possible, more beautiful than that at the east, and was arranged in entirely different style. A large wild boar, carved in granite, looked just ready to spring from his flowery covert. The mausoleum of the Howards occupies an eminence at a little distance from the castle. It is built in the Roman style of architecture, and looks more like a fine observatory than a place for sepulture. We are pleased to learn that the park is freely opened for picnic parties and excursions of the common people.

CLOSING SERVICE AT MALTON.

The services at Malton closed with a love-feast this evening. We counted eighty short, sweet, clear testimonies, and seventy persons rose who had not time to speak of the blessing that had come to their souls during the twenty-eight services held by the Americans. The Good Templars gave them a vote of thanks for the stand they had taken on the beer question, and sent a request for them to remain two days longer, and push the battle, in the interest of the temperance cause. This they would gladly have done, had they not needed to husband their strength for the next

meeting, at Leeds. To speak against beer-drinking in Malton required the courage of a Putnam in entering the den of the wolf; but holiness makes men fearless of everything but sin.

LEEDS.

SATURDAY, August 14. Bidding a large number of friends good-by at the railroad station yesterday, we left Malton for Leeds, distant fifty-two miles. We passed York, with its granite walls, ruined abbey, and stately minster, and, arriving in Leeds, were welcomed by Mr. Woolley, of the Wesleyan Church, and Mr. Beckworth, of the *Primitives*, who conducted us to Beecroft's Park Square Hotel, a well-conducted temperance house, where we are made to feel very much at home.

Leeds is the largest town in Yorkshire, having a population of 325,000, but it is not a city. In English parlance, a cathedral and a bishop constitute a city, and not an incorporated town, governed by mayor and common council. There are only twenty-seven cities in England and Wales. This town is on the river Aire, a branch of the Humber, in the West Riding, which is the centre of the woollen manufactures of the county. It is well built, with wide streets, many fine churches, a magnificent city hall, and the best public school buildings we have seen in England. It would be a beautiful place were it not for the smoke, which hangs like a pall over it from Monday morning till Saturday night, and blackens its costly buildings, making everything look as though approaching the blackness of darkness forever.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LEEDS.

AUGUST 16. The Americans were welcomed by a tea meeting Saturday evening, and yesterday commenced a series of meetings in Belle Vue Primitive Methodist Chapel. [All dissenting churches are called chapels, the word *church* being appropriated by the Church of England.] This Chapel is new, modern, and delightfully located on a hill, outside the smoke and noise. Like all Methodist churches in this country, it is one of several which constitute a circuit, under the care of a superintendent and one or more assistants, who are regular, ordained itinerant preachers, but having under them a number of local preachers, who supply the pulpits of large and small chapels, at regular intervals. The local preachers of England are a very numerous and efficient body of men, who do a great amount of work without salary, and are of all ages, from the boy of sixteen to the gray-haired veteran.

The meeting opened well,—a fine congregation, many hungering for full salvation, and ready to comply with the invitation to seek it now. Rev. Dansy Sheen, the Superintendent, was ill with bronchitis, but Rev. Mr. Parkin, his associate, and Mr. Beckworth, a counsellor of the town, and a prominent business man, active in church and temperance work, were present to assist in the meetings.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

WEDNESDAY, August 18. Through the kindness of Mrs. Beckworth, we enjoyed a ride of three miles, and a visit to the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, one of the

largest and most picturesque remains of mediæval architecture, delightfully situated in an expanse of rich meadow and pasture, with the beautiful Aire flowing along the rear of the grounds, to furnish trout for Fridays and fast-days to the old Cistercian monks who, from A. D. 1147 to 1540, feasted and fasted, wrote and studied within these old gray walls, now roofless and overhung with ivy. A tall tree is growing in the centre of the kitchen, flowers and shrubbery occupy the chapter-house, where Bibles and manuscripts were copied, and everything speaks of kindly nature covering up the ruins of time. If all the Cistercian monks possessed the spirit of St. Bernard, we would drop a tear to their memory before leaving the burying-ground within the Abbey walls. Few of these worshippers of Mary could say, in the sweet words of Bernard of Clairveux :—

“ Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.”

CLOSING SERVICES AT BELLE VUE CHAPEL.

SUNDAY, August 22. There were two services each day during the past week, a noon prayer-meeting in the rooms of the Young Men’s Christian Association, and preaching at Belle Vue Chapel at night. The large congregations, and the interest of last Sabbath, were maintained through the week with deepening spirituality in the church, and awakening among the unconverted. Many Congregationalists, Baptists, and Wesleyans found that perfect love which casteth out fear.

To-day has been a blessed day in Zion. The after meetings have been crowded with those who were anxious for salvation. Boys and girls, young men and maidens, and those who had long resisted the strivings of the Spirit, yielded their hearts to God. Though the service commenced at six o'clock this evening, it could not be closed before ten, and even then some remained, unwilling to depart until the peace of Christ pervaded their restless spirits. Among them was a Unitarian lady, whose pleadings with her long-despised Saviour were not in vain. She rose from the chancel when nearly all the lights had been extinguished, murmuring, "He made 'his soul an offering for sin.' I see it, I see it; I never saw it before."

ST. PETER'S WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

MONDAY, Aug. 23. Our meetings have been transferred from the beautiful but crowded Belle Vue Chapel to this great old chapel which has seating capacity for twenty-five hundred persons. The pews are large enough for bed-rooms, and have a receptacle for books, with lock and key, that would hold a fair-sized wardrobe. There are hooks in the pews to hang up the hats, and seats on two sides. The rostrum, or pulpit platform, is ample to hold a small conference. It is a grand place for a revival, not only because of its size, but for its historical associations. Almost on this very spot, in August, 1769, one hundred and eleven years ago, Joseph Pilmour and Richard Boardman were appointed by the conference here convened the first Methodist missionaries to America.

The meeting this evening commenced where it ended last night, full of spirit and power. The old

organ pealed forth the notes of full salvation (this organ, when the present chapel was completed in 1834, was the third in size in the kingdom). The choir had been baptized with the Holy Ghost at Belle Vue, and oh, how English Methodists thus inspired can sing! The great circular gallery echoed with:—

“Tell the world, all the world,
There is cleansing in the Saviour’s blood.”

PROGRESS OF THE WORK IN LEEDS.

MONDAY, Aug. 30. Saturday afternoon was very rainy, but Mrs. Inskip and Mrs. McDonald held a large and interesting mothers’ meeting. God blessed it to the salvation of some who were mothers only in name, ale and beer having rendered their children worse than motherless. Several young ladies sought heart-purity, and all ages, from the aged grandmother to the little daughter, were brought into closer communion with Jesus.

Sunday was a day long to be remembered for the manifestation of the glory of God in the salvation of all classes. Rev. Mr. Walmsley, the superintendent of the circuit, received a mighty baptism, and called for the singing band to meet him at a distance from the chapel a half hour before the evening service. When we reached the gate of the chapel yard at 6 p.m., we saw this devoted Wesleyan minister at the head of a band of working Christians coming toward the house of worship, singing, “There is a fountain filled with blood.” A mixed multitude followed them into the chapel. Every seat was filled even to the sixth tier in the gallery.

This (Monday) evening a strong detachment of the

Salvation Army sung through the streets in the same manner, and brought in a good number. When we went to the chancel we found it and the front pews crowded with all classes. Distinctions of class, so strong in England, were for the time forgotten. Kneeling there, seeking converting or sanctifying grace, were young and promising preachers, ladies of wealth and culture, women with tattered aprons and coarse shawls flung over tangled hair, men who were steeped in whiskey and beer, the butcher in his frock, and the enthusiastic members of the Salvation Army, all apprehending the outpouring of the Spirit, and scores going out new creatures in Christ Jesus. Such a night of saving power St. Peter's had probably never seen.

A VISIT TO YORK.

TUESDAY, Aug. 31. We spent the last morning in the summer of 1880 in visiting the ancient, walled city of York, founded when David was King of Israel, and in A. D. 71 made the capital of the then Roman province of Britain. Here the Emperor Severus died in the year 211, and here Constantine the Great was born sixty-one years later. An hour's ride by rail (thirty-three miles) brought us to the walls of the city, built of granite, thirty feet in height (at some points much more), in a perfect state of preservation. They are bastioned on the outside, battlemented at the top, with a walk on the inside about eight feet from the top of the battlements.

Passing through one of the gateways of the wall a short walk brings us to Lendal bridge over the river Ouse. At the corner of the bridge is a large, old stone tower; looking up the river we see the esplanade at

our left, and catch a glimpse of the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey; at our right is the ancient Guildhall and the old church of St. Martin's le Grand. Down the river is Clifford's Tower, built by William the Conqueror. Crossing the bridge and proceeding up the hill, we enter the grounds of the Philosophical Society, and, first, inspect the gray ruins of the Hospital of St. Leonard. In its low chambers are a great number of stone coffins, urns, and tablets.

Remains of the old Roman wall, higher and grayer than the present wall, connect the hospital with the Multangular Tower, another Roman relic whose ten sides are more or less preserved; and, emerging through an aperture in the wall we come to the Museum. In it is a large collection of historical and geological specimens, among them some fossils of the ostrich found near the shores of the North Sea. Here we see ancient British coffins hollowed out of trunks of trees, quite like Indian canoes, and a palm leaf twelve feet in diameter. We next proceed to the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, founded A.D. 1056. The principal ruins are those of the Abbey church built of white marble; only the north wall with its eight windows and a small portion of the east wall are still standing; the bases of the large columns mark out the nave of the immense building, and portions of the beautiful foliated capitals lie about the grounds. Proceeding down the garden towards the river we enter the Roman Museum. Here we find tessellated pavements, household articles of glass, brass, and pottery; ornaments in gold and silver, and a great number of stone coffins, in some of which were casts in plaster, showing that after wrapping the body in a

winding sheet and placing it in the stone coffin, lime and water were poured in to fill it up. We saw a large coil of beautiful brown hair taken from one of these lime-covered remains. The jet pins were in it as when the young Roman beauty was laid away sixteen hundred years ago. Here also were remnants of Saxon architecture, Saxon and Roman monuments, and household gods. How strange it seemed to wander among these remnants of buried races! What labor and strength were required to carve out of solid stone a receptacle for a human body, but hundreds of these huge coffins have been dug up in and around York.

Leaving the beautiful gardens attached to the Museum, we hastened to the Minster, which is built in the form of a cross, 519 feet long, 140 broad and its transepts 249 feet extending north and south. The west front has a tower at each end, 201 feet in height. From the corners of the towers just below the finials, life size figures of dogs, wolves and wild boars, project horizontally into the air, as if ready to pounce upon the passer-by. The entrance is adorned in bas-relief with sixteen scenes in the life of the Saviour. No pews in all this 250 feet of nave, but piled against the north wall are hundreds of rush-bottom chairs, which have done service in the great concerts that have been held here, when from four to five thousand persons have been present. At the south end of the nave we are arrested by a screen 60 feet long and 23 feet high, divided into fifteen compartments; occupied by full size figures of English Kings, commencing with William of Normandy, and ending with Henry VI. Above the screen is the great organ with 4540 pipes,

the longest of which is thirty-two feet. Whilst we are gazing at it, music soft and sweet falls upon our ears, it grows louder and deeper, then hushed and tender. We pass around to the left, and enter the choir just at the time for morning service. The choir is furnished with pews similar to our churches, and the carvings are very beautiful, representing branches of thorn with leaves and berries.

We did not hear the chime of twelve bells in the southwest tower, or wait quite long enough for great "Peter," weighing twenty-one thousand five hundred pounds, in the northwest tower, to give his twelve strokes for midday. It is getting late, and we must return to Leeds for the afternoon service of the Holiness Mission, so we fail to visit many points of interest, but take a short walk on the walls, descend, and pass through Micklegate Bar, the southern entrance to the ancient York. Being the chief gate, it was used during the wars of the Roses as the place for exhibiting the heads of decapitated traitors.

What scenes of carnage and of cruelty have been witnessed in and around this now quiet inland city. How many times it has been besieged by hostile armies, and its smoothly-paved streets washed in the blood of its citizens. We hardly know whether it has suffered more from besieging armies or from internal strifes. Roman and Briton first contended for its possession; Caracalla, at the death of Severus, his father, here murdered twenty thousand of his brother's army, and then with his own hand slew Geta in his mother's arms, A.D. 212. After the Romans abandoned Britain, in 448, the Scots reduced York to a heap of ruins. The Saxons rebuilt it, but were expelled by King Arthur,

who was slain by his kinsmen, and the Saxons again prevailed. In 867 the Danes, after murdering every man or boy met in the streets, fired the city. In 1066 the King of Norway took the city by storm, but was expelled by Harold, who in turn lost his life and crown by William the Conqueror. The north of England refused to submit to the Norman, and York became the rendezvous of the patriot army ; but, after a siege of six months, famine compelled it to surrender. York again ran in blood in 1189, when not less than fifteen hundred Jews fell victims to persecution in this city. Time would fail to tell of the battles and sieges in the long contests of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. But the past is a matter of history, and York in its neatness and quiet affluence stands a monument of the struggles through which England has passed to make possible Victoria's peaceful reign.

CLOSING SERVICES IN LEEDS.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2. Mrs. Inskip conducted another large and interesting ladies' meeting this afternoon. Her direct style of presenting truth and kind, persuasive manner is always blest by definite results, and more than a hundred ladies knelt in prayer, seeking pardon or purity. The forty-second service at Leeds closed at St. Peter's this evening with many eloquent testimonies to the power of Christ to save and bless men in all conditions in life. Rev. Mr. Walmsley's address to his local preachers, class-leaders, stewards, and Sunday-school teachers, was deeply affecting as he called upon them to co-operate with him in teaching, preaching, exemplifying, and witnessing to the reality of Christian holiness, asking, "Will you do it?" and

their strong, decided “Yes, yes!” resounded through the great chapel.

THE POOR OF ENGLAND AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

In the United States the lines of demarcation between the different classes of society are not distinctly marked. They shade gradually one into the other, and, aside from our foreign population, we have no large distinctive poor class. There are plenty of poor people in America, but they or their children may become rich. In England there is a large class who appear low down in the scale morally, socially, and intellectually, being distinct from the great, enterprising middle class in style of dress, in dialect, in features, and in manner of life; who seem to have little ambition to better their condition, and it is difficult to bring them under religious influences. Much has been done to encourage cleanliness and taste among them. In many places “cottage fairs” are held, when all the cottages are visited, and those who make the best bread, have the neatest kitchen, the prettiest flowers, and the cleanest children, receive prizes. Mission schools and mission preaching places and temperance societies have been organized, but these agencies have touched, comparatively, but few. They are a power because of their number, and their undisciplined but dogged fearlessness makes them a terror when roused in opposition to any measure. In some instances they have compelled Parliament to repeal, or have prevented it from passing, bills obnoxious to them.

The Wesleyan movement reached a large number,

and lifted them into a higher strata of society, and so Methodism became identified mostly with the middle class. Then God raised up the Primitives to work among the lower class, gradually left by the Wesleyans. Religion lifts all it touches, and the Primitive Methodist Church, in its turn, has become largely a church of the middle class. Now God has called out the "Salvation Army," and their peculiar mode of warfare is stirring the masses in this lower strata as they have not been stirred since the days of Wesley.

The motto of the "Army" is, "Be clean and useful." They teach holiness clearly and explicitly; and to be entirely sanctified is an indispensable qualification for an efficient "soldier." All who are converted are expected to join the effective ranks. While only their officers give themselves to this work to the exclusion of secular duties, all are to be ready when their daily or weekly task is done to sing or pray in the streets, the market-places, on the quays, or anywhere a crowd can be collected. Some of their hymns may be doggerel, but the masses can understand them. Thousands have been saved through these unlearned men and women, many of whom plead eloquently for Christ and salvation. Much of their preaching has the power of the Holy Ghost in it. They are as regularly organized as an army, and every man and woman is expected to do his or her duty. Their "captains," both men and women, are selected as capable and courageous. Mr. Booth is the "general" who directs the movements of the "Army," and army it literally is, for it numbers many thousands, and is destined to be much greater. May they never settle down into quiet respectability, contented to be saved themselves and to keep saved;

but may they continue their aggressive warfare until this whole great lower strata of society is leavened. Nothing but the religion of Jesus Christ can elevate and save the poor of England. The Lord bless the Salvation Army.

HULL.

SATURDAY, Sept. 4. A pleasant ride of fifty-one miles by rail brought us last evening to Hull, a neat, ship-building town, near the confluence of the rivers Ouse, Trent, and Hull with the Humber, an arm of the North Sea. It is the fourth seaport in England, ranking next to Bristol, after London and Liverpool, and has a population of 240,000. Dissenting chapels are numerous, and many of them very fine. There was the usual tea meeting this evening, to introduce us to the preachers and people, held in the vestry of Bourne Chapel, on Anlaby Road, the longest, widest, and straightest street we have seen in England. The chapel is the largest, and one of the finest belonging to the Primitive Methodists, with seating capacity for two thousand persons.

AN ENGLISH CEMETERY.

TUESDAY, Sept. 7. There is very little of historical interest in Hull except the remains of the ancient gates of the town. It has two very fine monuments, one to William, Prince of Orange, and the other to William Wilberforce, who was a native, and for many years member of Parliament from Hull. This morning we paid our first visit to an English cemetery. They are much smaller than in America, where land is easily obtained. Most of the land in England is owned by a few hundred individuals, and descends

from father to eldest son, from generation to generation. In some places, land has been thrown into the market, and freeholds for building may be obtained, but usually the homes of even the wealthier middle class are erected on land leased for ninety-nine years.

This cemetery is laid out very prettily, with trees and shrubbery, walks and flower-beds, but no drives within the gate. The tall, slender cypress is the favorite tree for the adornment of cemeteries, and by them a cemetery may be distinguished at a distance. The family lots are seldom more than six by ten feet, inclosed by a granite wall a foot high, with a tall headstone or monument toward the east. Within this wall a large grave is dug fifteen feet deep and cemented. Whenever a member of the family dies, this grave is opened, and the bodies put in, one on top of the other, until they nearly approach the surface, which is covered with grass and flowers. We saw the grave of Rev. Mr. Clowes, who, with Rev. Hugh Bourne, was dismissed by the Wesleyans for holding camp-meetings, and thus they became the founders of the Primitive Methodist Church, which now numbers 190,000 members.

THE FIRST WEEK IN HULL.

SATURDAY, Sept. 11. Last Sunday was the warmest day of the season, quite like an American July day. The attendance was very large in the morning, larger still in the afternoon, and at evening the great chapel was packed in every part. Two persons were converted, and several sanctified, at the close of the morning sermon. The chancel rail was occupied with those who sought purity at the close of the afternoon

preaching, and in the evening, all the space around the large altar was filled with persons seeking conversion or cleansing.

The afternoon and evening services during the week have been attended by all classes, with blessed results. This afternoon, Mrs. Inskip conducted a large and interesting meeting for women and children, and this evening there was a very precious love-feast, at which thirty-five ministers and laymen, beside a few ladies, testified clearly and explicitly to having received "the blessing of purity" during the week. These were but a small number compared to those who rose ready to testify, had time permitted.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

THURSDAY, Sept. 16. We took a walk to the Botanical Gardens this morning. They cover several acres, and are arranged for open air concerts. There is less variety of shrubbery and flowering plants than in similar gardens in the United States, but beds of pansies, heliotrope, mignonette, and other sweet and delicate flowers, are the finest we have ever seen. Their fragrance fills the air. The rockeries and ferneries are exquisitely lovely, this moist climate being well adapted to them. The conservatories are filled with beautiful varieties of azaleas, jasmine, begonias, calceolarias, and fuchsias. Geraniums do not flourish as at home, and dahlias are ordinary, but the asters are grand.

CLOSE OF THE MEETING IN HULL.

FRIDAY, Sept. 17. By previous arrangement, the second week of the meeting was to be held in the

large chapel on Great Thornton Street. This was filled Sunday morning and afternoon; at the evening service, only those who came early could gain admittance. It was a day of saving power. The people sung, they shouted, they rejoiced, they wept. Some clung to the communion rail, and would not go till saved. Though on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday a cold, drenching storm raged, the interest of the people was not dampened. At every service the house was well filled, and each evening more came than could be seated. As Bourne Chapel would accommodate five hundred more, it was found necessary to return there for the closing services. Thursday afternoon, over one hundred persons sought pardon or heart-purity. Many were wonderfully saved.

A local preacher, eighty years old, said: "For fifty-five years, I have been trying to grow pure; this afternoon I stepped into the fountain, and am at once made clean." A clergyman of the Established Church, a man of fine presence and intellectual strength, rose from the chancel rail, and testified that he had grown speculative, drifted into Unitarian sentiments, and become skeptical; but he had been taught that afternoon that God was his Father, Christ his Saviour, and the Holy Ghost his sanctifier.

It would be difficult to convey any idea of the closely-packed audience at the valedictory service on Thursday evening,—hundreds strove vainly to force an entrance by either the doors at the front or rear,—the close, tearful attention given Mr. McDonald, the great crowd of penitents that thronged the chancel rail and pews for a long way back from the altar, or the mighty, soul-saving power that filled the house.

The people lingered, as if loath to part. The senior preacher, Rev. George Lamb, spoke sweet words of thanksgiving to God, and commendation of the American brethren. Mr. Robinson, the superintendent of the circuit, said : "When these dear brethren arranged to come among us, I hoped to receive much good. I have felt my own heart made clean, and drawn out in love to God and the souls of men. The stones would cry out if I did not witness to full sanctification. I can never be grateful enough for what God has done for me and mine. I have kept a pretty thorough account of the various services, and think it safe to say that fully one thousand souls have been most blessedly saved at these services, either converted, restored from a backslidden state, entirely sanctified, or greatly quickened in their religious life. I have been learning by the direct, incisive style of these brethren how to preach, and I know how to conduct a revival better than ever before. Brother Inskip's way of inviting the people to the altar, '*Come on, come on, come on!*' will ring in my ears when you are far away in India. Now I want to propose a vote of thanks, to be given in true English style, and let our American brethren see how you can do it."

After the motion had been put and seconded, the clapping of more than two thousand hands made a response that could be heard, as well as seen. When Mr. Robinson said that it was proposed to invite Messrs. Inskip, McDonald, and Wood to visit us again on their return from India, the clapping and amens were tremendous.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29.—Middlesbrough is in the north of England, near the mouth of the river Tees and only a few miles from the North Sea, or “German Ocean.” The town, though only about fifty years old, has a population of 70,000, and is the centre of extensive iron and steel works. It is very level and the country around it is flooded with water from recent heavy rains. Our meetings here are to be held with the Wesleyans. The superintendent of this circuit, Mr. Swannell, is a cousin of Mr. Inskip on his mother’s side, and his associate Mr. Pearson, was a Wesleyan missionary in Calcutta and Lucknow for several years. Upon reaching the station, so many friends welcomed us, whom we had seen at the meeting in Leeds, that we felt immediately at home.

The meeting opened Sunday, the 19th, and has continued ten days. Two large chapels have been at the disposal of the brethren. It was arranged to hold the services during the first week in Centenary Chapel in the market-place. This pleasant and commodious house was crowded at every service, and so many had to go away that Wednesday evening it was decided to transfer the meeting to Wesley Chapel. The last service at Centenary was a time of melting power. Nearly one hundred persons pressed their way through the throng to the communion rail and front pews, and realized the presence and saving power of the Lord Jesus; while up in the choir, in the gallery, and throughout the house, men and women testified that the cleansing blood had reached them. Wesley Chapel had previously been opened daily for a noon

service of one hour. The attendance, not large at the beginning, increased each day until hundreds gathered for the midday hour of prayer. Ministers of various denominations, business men, school teachers and professional men, laborers, and even the poor drunkard found this short hour one of refreshment and salvation. A Presbyterian lady who came to the altar said, "I am a member of the church, but have been battling with the wickedness of my heart half of the time, for thirty years, and I know only God's almighty power can save me." An aged "publican" rose from the altar saying, "I have been a poor drunken sinner for forty-six years, but Christ has saved me just now."

Thursday evening being very stormy, we anticipated that the great Wesley Chapel would be but sparsely occupied. Instead, it was filled above and below, and the meeting if possible, took on fresh impetus and power.

On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Inskip being disabled by a return of bronchitis, Mrs. McDonald and the writer held a meeting for women and children in the two large Sunday-school rooms. It was a blessed season. Nineteen young persons gave their testimony to having found Christ as their Saviour at that service, and a number of ladies were blessedly sanctified.

Last Sabbath, the day of Pentecost had fully come. Such a day we have not seen in England. The morning sermon from the text, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine," was preached in the power of the Holy Ghost. The crowded state of the aisles rendered it inexpedient to attempt to invite the people forward. The whole house was made an altar, hundreds rose asking prayer, then bowed where

they were, to dedicate themselves to God. At three o'clock the house was again packed for an experience meeting. This was the largest service of the kind we had ever attended in a church, and reminded us of a National Camp-meeting love-feast in the United States. The evening service was announced to commence at 6.30 p.m. Those persons who arrived before six o'clock were able to secure seats. After that hour every foot of standing-room was occupied in the galleries, stairs, aisles, doorways, porch, and a large overflow meeting occupied the school rooms. When the congregation was dismissed at the close of the sermon, the after-meeting was little less crowded, but those in earnest for sanctification pressed forward and we counted two hundred and forty-seven penitents.

Monday and Tuesday strangers stopped us on the streets to talk about their souls. The proprietors of the iron and steel works declared that it was holiness, *holiness*, HOLINESS among the men in their employ and "Holiness on the Tees Side" was the caption of the leading editorial in one of the secular papers. An engineer stated in one of the services, that he obtained a clean heart "while driving his locomotive." The closing service, Tuesday evening, was a time of love, sweetness and power. Men and women stood for two hours, not a frown upon their faces, but joy that strengthened the body and made weariness impossible, for the scene of Sunday night was repeated. When the invitation was given for those to rise who wished to seek the Lord, one man said, "I have been standing an hour and a half, but I will hold up my hand; pray for me that I may be saved."

The farewell words of the superintendent of the

circuit, Rev. Mr. Swannell, were uttered with a tenderness and pathos that will linger like precious ointment, in the memory of the American brethren. Mr. Swannell had warmly seconded every effort, and his prayers for the penitents at the altar reverberated, "the blood, the blood, Lord, apply the blood." Rev. Mr. Pearson, associate minister, said that he had received great good, that he had been blessed in heart and mind, that having watched the movement, and conversed with many who had been converted or brought into a higher experience, he knew that what might seem but excitement to the superficial observer of the altar services, was deep and solid, having been preceded by hours and days of self-examination and prayer. Most beautifully he commended each of the three ministers and their wives to the protection of God who is alike on sea and land, and craved that life and health may be preserved, and many sheaves gathered among the inhabitants of India, where he had labored in his early ministry.

SOUTHPORT.

FRIDAY, Oct. 1. Our ride was a long one across the kingdom, from the North Sea to Southport on the Irish Sea, whither Mr. and Mrs. Inskip had preceded us, the health of the latter not having improved in the dampness of the low land of Middlesbrough. A few services were held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel here with some good results, but Southport is not a favorable place for holding a meeting. It is more of a pleasure resort and sanitarium than anything else. Notwithstanding the long stretch of beach, the shady avenues and boulevards, the great hotels and fine pri-

vate mansions, the neatness and beauty of its gardens and bazaars, one feels all the time as though in a hospital.

Wherever we go invalids confront us; men and women with respirators across their mouths, feeble folk slowly promenading the wide sidewalks or wheeled in perambulating chairs, sick boys and girls riding on donkeys along the sands; the stubborn little animals refusing to move unless forced to do so by the heavy cudgels of stout donkey women in short skirts and big hoods. The beautiful, the grotesque, and the pathetic are all combined in this watering-place. The subject of conversation and the order of the day, from morning till night, is water—in showers, in steam, in packs, and bandages; water hot and cold, water for every ill to which flesh is heir; water, and nothing but water. The place seems wholly given to invalidism, and one longs to see a crowd hurrying along as though they had some life in them, and something to do beside applying water and nursing their ailments.

LIVERPOOL.

SATURDAY, Oct. 2. We came to Liverpool to-day, and shall remain here until we sail for India. The steamship *Hispania* arrived from Bombay last evening, and we made her a visit this morning, having engaged passage by her to Bombay. The steamer is the newest and largest of the Anchor Line in the Indian service, and has returned in safety from her first voyage to the Orient. She is thirty-five hundred tons burden, is built to carry a great amount of freight, and will accommodate forty passengers, all first-class. The regular rate for passage from Liverpool to Bombay is

£52 10s., or \$260, but there being so large a company of us, we have secured tickets for \$237 each. Our state-rooms or cabins are large and light, and on the larboard side of the ship, which will make them cooler when passing through the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. The Hispania will proceed to Glasgow to unload, and return here about the sixteenth. Meanwhile a meeting will be held in Everton Chapel, Liverpool, belonging to the Primitives.

This is a great, wide-awake town, only recently made a city, though next to London in population and commercial importance. It is on the north bank of the Mersey, while Birkenhead occupies the opposite shore. The docks of Liverpool are on a stupendous scale,—said to be the finest in the world,—the wet and dry docks covering two hundred and thirty acres, and the quays extending ten miles. The city has some wide streets; these are called *roads* (the term *avenue* being seldom used in England); but many are short and narrow, and others run diagonally, or up very steep hills. The public buildings are imposing, the statuary in its squares is grand, and its five parks have cost an immense sum of money.

MEETINGS AT EVERTON CHAPEL.

SUNDAY, Oct. 17. Everton is in the north of Liverpool, on a hill. The chapel, which will seat one thousand people, has been filled at every service, and sometimes crowded to suffocation. Mr. Travis, superintendent, took the lead in seeking the experience of entire sanctification, and his church followed, the official members being among the first to join their pastor at the chancel. The Wesleyan and other

denominations have participated in the services, and churches in all parts of this city have reaped some fruit of this ingathering of precious souls. The Sabbath-school scholars and teachers crowded the altar of prayer, and we heard it estimated by some best acquainted with the people, that not less than five hundred persons professed conversion during the fifteen days of the meeting. Mr. Gardner held two deeply interesting meetings for young men, in which many were saved.

LAST DAY IN ENGLAND.

MONDAY, Oct. 18. It is now one hundred and one days since we landed in England, and we have held two hundred and eight public services in seven large towns, and witnessed the conversion and sanctification of several thousand souls, while many more have been refreshed and strengthened in their religious life. God has been with us in grace and love, and favored our company with usual health, with the exception of a bronchial trouble which has disabled Mrs. Inskip for a short time toward the close of our work. We have been able to respond to but few of the many invitations received, and have promised to return to England, from India, in the spring, and resume our work here for a time.

The climate of England in the summer is agreeable, the heat is seldom oppressive, and the nights so cool that blankets are required throughout the season. When we first arrived in this country, we were surprised at the length of the days; the sun rose before four o'clock in the morning and did not set until past eight, and the twilight lingered until ten o'clock at

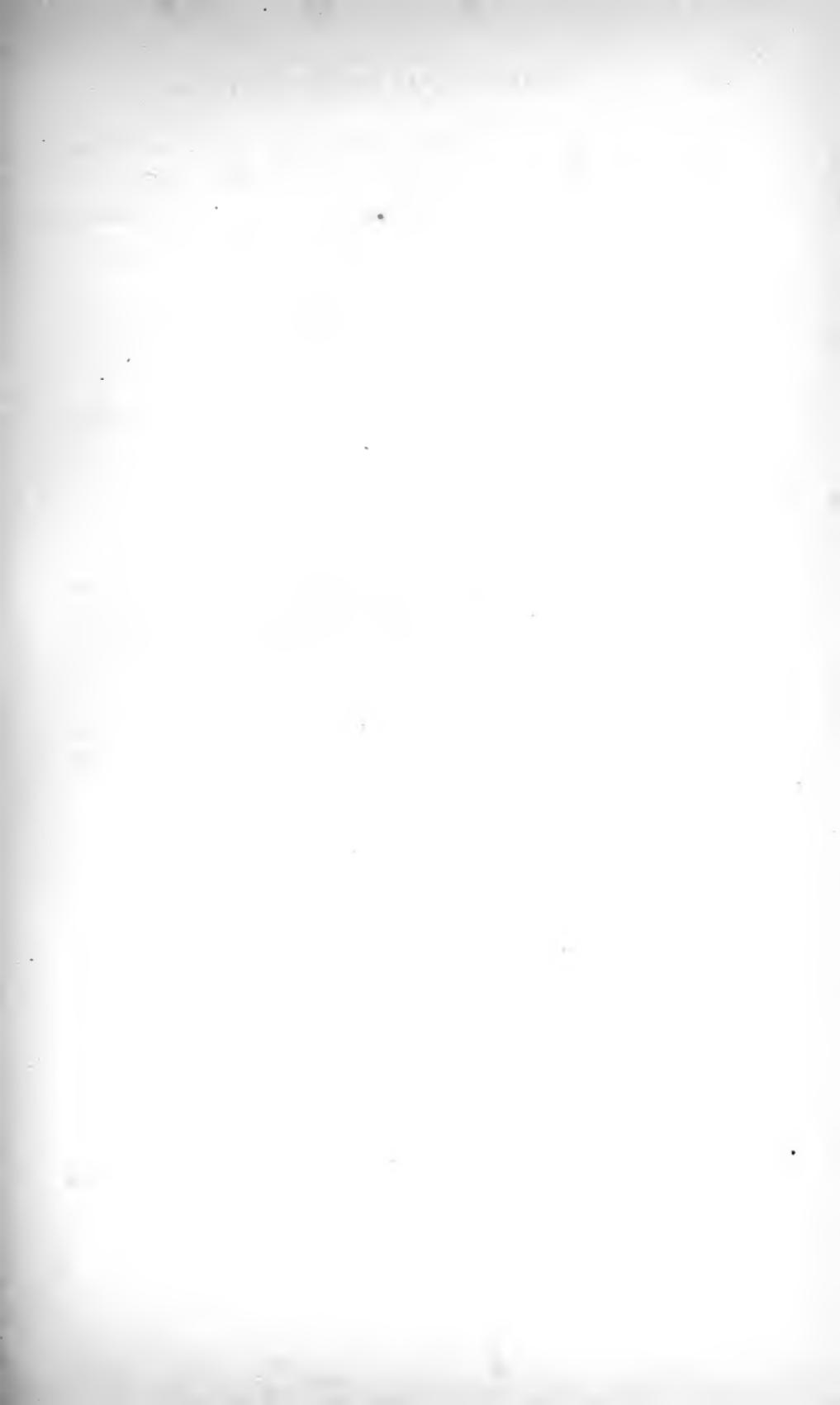
night. This was not strange when we remembered that England is, as already stated, on a parallel of latitude as far north as Labrador. Now, in October, the programme is changed, and the days resemble December in the United States, short and cold. We have had no snow, but cold rain-storms and high, raw winds. The leaves on the trees do not assume the brilliant colors of our autumn foliage, but October is emphatically the time of "the sere and yellow leaf."

Probably few Americans have enjoyed so good opportunities for studying the religious and home life of the English people. We have been entertained, usually, by the people among whom we have labored, and it has been our privilege to share the hospitality of thirty families, and call upon many more. In many respects we have been delighted with the type of piety we have found among the middle class, with whom we have been principally associated. The English people are slow to move, but when once thoroughly aroused, are warm, zealous, and enthusiastic. They are much like our New England people, with less pride of intellect.

The husband is the head of the house, and is called "the master" by the servants, and by his wife, as well. It sounded strangely to our republican ears, for in America, the command of the Saviour to call no man *master*,—"for one is your Master, even Christ,"—is carried out most literally. The husband, also, sometimes speaks of his wife as "the mistress." Family government has not been reversed,—the children governing their parents,—as is too frequently the case in American homes. Children are usually quiet, modest, and obedient, and we have seen few spoiled chil-

dren in England. Though our meetings have been crowded with young people, we have never seen any whispering, laughing, flirting, or frivolous and disrespectful conduct, but all ages, old and young, reverence the house of God.

The English have a somewhat blunt manner of speaking, using few superfluous words for the sake of politeness, though in the spirit of real politeness,— deference for others, and sacrifice of self,— they are not deficient. They are slow to adopt improvements, for we find things in daily use that were discarded years ago on the other side of the Atlantic. Labor is cheap, therefore labor-saving machines are less used, and work is often done the hardest way. Bay windows are common, and window gardening and lace curtains make the homes pleasant and attractive, notwithstanding the detached character of the rooms,— one room seldom opening into another. The unvarying kindness and hospitality of the people have made us feel at home among them, wherever we have been.





Engd by A.H. Ritchie N.A.

Yours & Christ's
J. A. Wood

CHAPTER III.

FOUR WEEKS ON THE SEA.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

TUESDAY, Oct. 19. Yesterday afternoon we bade good-bye to our kind host, and took the ferry-boat for Birkenhead, where the Hispania was lying in Morpeth dock. As the steamer was not announced to sail until seven o'clock, it was deemed best to stop at Woodside Hotel, near the quay. Fifteen of our friends from Liverpool came over and took tea with us, bringing with them many things for our comfort during the long voyage. Soon after tea we all went on ship-board, where we found many more friends, waiting for another shake of the hand.

The Hispania, however, did not sail until this morning, and we passed a quiet night, lying in the dock. At ten o'clock, the last boxes of Manchester prints were put on board, and our iron steamer, with her five thousand tons of freight, was towed through the great gate by a steam-tug, which accompanied her down the river to take back the pilot and agent. Rev. J. Travis and Mr. Jennings stood on the quay, waving farewell.

PASSENGERS ON THE HISPANIA.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20. A cold, stiff breeze prevents our sitting out on deck, but there is a circular deck-house of iron and glass, at the head of the stairs,

where we can sit and watch the waves. The Hispania has averaged eleven knots an hour, and has left St. George's Channel, passed Land's End, and is now out of sight of land, steaming toward the Bay of Biscay. The saloon is warmed by steam, and, though small, is light and comfortable. The Hispania moves very steadily through the water, and her machinery makes less jar than that of the Erin. Perhaps this is because the saloon and cabins are on the upper deck.

The passenger list is larger than the steamer can easily accommodate, there being twenty gentlemen, sixteen ladies, and five children, beside their nurses. One of the latter is a Hindoo ayah (*ire*). She is short, and round as a barrel, has a little head, covered with glossy, black hair, and a swarthy skin; dresses in thin clothing, with only a sack, skirt, and chuddar. Her little brown feet are bare, while ours are protected by heavy boots and woolen hose; if jewelry would keep her warm, she would not lack for comfort, as she has four rings in each ear, a jewel in her nose, several chains about her neck, and bracelets on her arms. She has the charge of three beautiful little boys, who are going with their mainma to meet their papa in India. They seem quite at home on the ship, with their hobby-horses and building-blocks.

The larger part of our passengers are connected with the Indian military or civil service. There is a theatrical company, of eight men and women, going out to perform in a variety theatre for five months. If they can go so far to amuse people for a short time, and make a little money, is it strange or unwise for a company of Christians to go there to visit and encourage missionaries, and hold a few meetings for the

cause of Christ, in the interest of precious souls? The text in my "Daily Food" this morning is, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Three young ladies are going out, one as a medical missionary, and the others for zenana teaching among the Hindoos. They are sent by the "Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society,"—the oldest association for the evangelization of Indian women, which has now missionaries at fourteen stations, including Bombay.

A STORM IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 23. Soon after midnight, or early Thursday morning, a severe storm commenced, and for two days and three nights "no small tempest lay upon us." A storm at sea is awfully grand, yet, strange to say, it is not promotive of sentiments that appreciate the sublime. Our brain is in a whirl with a frontal, bursting headache, the appetite is gone, a deathly nausea succeeds. The first feeling is one of resignation to the inevitable; the second, we are sure we will never live through it; the third, we wish we could die, but we cannot. We roll back and forth in our cramped berths, and become so sore that we wish they were narrow enough to hold us steady. The ship rolls so far to one side we nearly tumble out, though the fender is a foot high.

Our heavy trunk comes "kerchunk" against our berth, but as suddenly goes bang against the opposite side of the cabin. Everything on the floor is endowed with motion; valises, boxes, and boots, make astonishing speed. We have learned to count the time between the waves. It is nearly time for another

to strike the ship broadside; we are waiting for her to roll and shiver as the water breaks over her, but she has changed her course, and, instead, down, *down* goes her bow into the trough of the sea. We hear a creaking and snapping, and wonder if she has broken in two. An iron steamship, however, doesn't break so easily. Up comes the bow and down goes the stern, and no amount of pillows will bring our heads on a level with our feet.

The stewards are trying to set the tables; we wish they wouldn't. What does any one care for food in a storm! *Crash! crash!* a lot of dishes have gone to smash. The smell of onions penetrates the cabins, and is far from appetizing. We rise and go up into the deck-house, and find it filled with a pale, forlorn assemblage. We look out on the seething, roaring, tumbling ocean. The great waves are at combat. They pile up in fury; they come together, and the sea, which is no longer blue, but the darkest, dullest gray, is covered with foam. Now a platoon of waves have united, and are coming down upon the ship. For a moment all is darkness, as they break over the hurricane-deck, immersing the deck-house in the briny water. Our lips taste salt, the air smells of salt, and the windows are incrusted with salt. The rain increases, the waters from above unite with those beneath; the wind moans and whirs and screeches through the rigging; but there is never a storm that is not succeeded by a calm. Our heavily-laden ship rode the waves most grandly, and not a spar was lost nor a bolt loosened, though she made only one hundred and twenty-seven miles in twenty-four hours during the fiercest of the gale.

SATURDAY. The wind is hushed, the great waves have subsided, and the sun shines warm and bright. All enjoy sitting on deck, only we are in a great cradle that rocks tremendously. There is a swell after a storm that keeps the vessel rolling, and, if we do not look out, over go our chairs, as did that of a six-foot-four-inch major a few moments ago, causing him to measure his length on the deck most gracefully. We have been forward to see how the sheep and pigs have survived the storm. The sheep are humble-minded, and, lying flat as they can, rock with the ship. The pigs, true to their nature never to yield, if the vessel rolls in one direction are fully set to walk in the other, and away they go sprawling in a heap, which makes the sickest man on board laugh. The turkeys and chickens look rather doleful, but the geese and ducks flourish wherever there is plenty of water.

THE COAST OF PORTUGAL.

SUNDAY, Oct. 24. The rolling of the ship ceased at evening, the night was comparatively quiet, and we slept well. At nine o'clock this morning we came in sight of the southwestern coast of Portugal. At ten the bell rung, and the passengers assembled in the saloon, where Mr. Inskip read a portion of the Episcopal service and delivered a short sermon full of comforting truth. Mr. Wood, in prayer, gratefully acknowledged God's providential goodness and care.

We returned to the deck and enjoyed a delightful view of the rock-bound, precipitous coast of Portugal, indented with caves by the action of the waves. Cape St. Vincent, with its lighthouse and an old nunnery on the very extremity of the promontory, looks like the

bleakest and most barren place which asceticism could select. In front of the steep cliff is a rock as large as a church looming up out of the water like a giant sentinel guarding the poor nuns from an attack of Neptune. A little to the east is Cape Sagus, with a signal station above its rounded front and a large fortress and white barracks in the rear. The fields beyond the cliffs are green, the foliage looks like spring-time, and we see white cottages and a small town. The air is soft as May, hundreds of porpoises are jumping and diving to the right of the steamer, while the sea-gulls are flying in great flocks between us and the shore.

GIBRALTAR.

MONDAY, Oct. 25. At seven o'clock this morning the Hispania dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of Gibraltar, 1260 miles from Liverpool. The process of coaling soon commenced; and two hundred tons were brought on board in baskets holding one hundred-weight each, from a great coal-hulk anchored beside our ship. The sun rose clear, the day became warm, yet not oppressive. Several boats came alongside the steamer, loaded with fruit or waiting to take passengers ashore for one shilling (twenty-five cents) each. We descended into the "Jean Carpello," and were rowed across the placid bay to the quaint town. British frigates and gunboats, a mail steamer, and merchant ships from Glasgow, Hull, Canton, and Italy lay in the harbor. Spanish sail-boats, and row-boats from Morocco and Algiers flitted about us.

The harbor and town are on the west side of the Rock. Our boatman landed us on some granite steps

that seemed only an opening in the batteries which skirt the water's edge. Cannon and soldiers confronted us on all sides. Going through a great stone viaduct, we came into an open space where a guard of Highlanders in short white hose with plaided tops, kilts, and white hats, passed us as we turned to the right and entered the fine covered market. Spaniards, Portuguese and Moors vied with each other in urging us to purchase their fruits, and surely so tempting an array seldom greeted our eyes. Grapes, white, red, and purple, in enormous clusters, apples, oranges, green lemons, pomegranates, figs, green and dried, nuts of various kinds, dates, prickly-pears and some fruit for which we knew no name, were piled in lavish profusion. We purchased grapes at $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. (five cents) a pound, and oranges for 4d. a dozen. Walking up one of the streets, monks and slipshod friars, and people of many nationalities blocked the sidewalks which were scarcely three feet wide; while the narrow roadway with difficulty allowed the heavily laden donkeys to pass each other. These animals were loaded with kegs of wine, bundles of wood, panniers of fruit and vegetables, etc. Nearly all the houses are plastered on the outside (stuccoed) and painted cream color. They are usually three stories in height and have wooden outside blinds to the windows, like those at home, except that the lower half of the blind projects outward like an awning, thus admitting air and giving a good view of the street below while they exclude the sun. The shops, which are very small, are well supplied with goods of English, Spanish, and Moorish manufacture. Loaves of bread made in the shape of cigars and satchels, handle included, looked as if the

desideratum was to obtain the greatest possible amount of crust.

Taking a cabriolet for an hour, price four shillings, we drove through the gate in the wall which divides the promontory, passed the beautiful residence of the governor, the cathedral and convent, and battery after battery to the Alameda Gardens, where palms, palmettos, acacias, century plants and many strange shrubs grew beside our dahlias, geraniums and heliotrope. The most conspicuous object is a tall monument surmounted by a bronze bust of the illustrious Elliott, who, for three years withstood the besieging allied armies of France and Spain. Great Britain has held this impregnable stronghold since the peace of Utrecht in A.D. 1713. Toward the lower end of the peninsula are many strong fortifications and some lovely private gardens where red, white and pink oleanders grow of mammoth size. Scores of graceful pepper trees overhang the road. These trees resemble the weeping willow though the leaf is finer, and the large clusters of tiny red berries give promise of an abundant harvest of black pepper. There was not time to climb the Rock and explore nearly three miles of galleries hewn in the solid stone and pierced by port-holes every twelve yards, from which we could see the cannon protruding and commanding every point in the capacious harbor, five miles in circumference. The narrowest part of the Strait is nine miles across, therefore the seven hundred guns of Gibraltar will not command the entrance to the Mediterranean except by protecting a large fleet which can rendezvous in this secure harbor.

Having returned to the Hispania and taken some

breakfast, we went on deck and through our glass surveyed the Rock of Gibraltar, the town, the isthmus, beyond which we could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and, on the opposite side of the harbor, the Spanish towns of San Roque and Algeciras. The latter lies close to the edge of the water and from it walking along the sandy beach were many heavily loaded donkeys and mules. On the summit of a hill opposite Gibraltar is the round tower, Almirante, where Queen Isabella found refuge under the protection of British cannon, from her disaffected subjects. The coast of Spain slopes gradually to the water without rock or stone visible, in marked contrast with the rock-bound coast of Portugal which we passed yesterday. We can but imperfectly describe this wonderful Rock, which is nearly three miles long, three-fourths of a mile wide, and 1600 feet high. The low sandy isthmus which joins the Rock of Gibraltar to the mainland of Spain is not more than half a mile wide and one and a half long. This is neutral ground and is almost without buildings. The Rock is irregular in its outline, being highest toward the isthmus, longest toward the bay, and lowest and narrowest toward the Strait and Africa. One long street extends the whole length of the Rock, and another parallel to it, near the bay. Half way up the highest part is Moro Castle, and the summit is crowned by a round tower. The top of the Rock is barren and cragged, with only a signal station midway between the northern and southern extremities. The most vegetation is on the southwest. The north and east sides are barren and nearly perpendicular. The harbor is rendered more secure by two stone breakwaters

called the Old and the New Mole, each being nearly a fourth of a mile in length. After a stop of seven hours the Hispania proceeded on her way. We had a good view of Cape Ceuta, on the African coast, when we left the harbor. This Cape and Gibraltar formed the "Pillars of Hercules" which bounded western navigation to the ancients.

THE COASTS OF SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

TUESDAY, Oct. 26. Yesterday afternoon we had a good view of the southern coast of Spain. The Sierra Nevada mountains, clothed with forests and verdure, slope gradually to the low beach. White buildings dot the landscape. The sunset last evening was fine, but by eight o'clock a dense fog enveloped everything. The steamer slackened speed, the fog-whistle sounded warning, and was answered by another at no great distance. The wheel stopped, and we waited in the darkness until the moon rose, when we proceeded on our way. This morning the sky was without a cloud. The shores of Spain faded from view at ten o'clock, but those of Morocco were visible all day. We crossed the meridian of Greenwich at sunset, and are now in east longitude. There is a pleasant breeze, a soft, sweet atmosphere, and the stars appear unusually brilliant. The "dipper" is so near the horizon that the handle touches the sea.

ALGERIA, AND BAY OF TUNIS.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27. Our steamer passed the town of Algiers at six o'clock this morning. The sea was rough for two hours, but after breakfast it became calm, the sky cloudless, the sun warm, but the heat

tempered by a gentle breeze. We were so near the coast at noon that we could see a large building in a sheltered valley, and that the hills were well wooded. Land birds flew about the deck, and picked up crumbs. The little creatures were tired out by their long flight, and our passengers caught several of them. There were some swallows, some with red throats, looking like a small species of robin, and others resembled the lark, having a tuft on the head, and long, slender tail-feathers. A large fish-hawk flew around and above the ship, and then lighted on the rigging, and roosted there for the night.

THURSDAY, Oct. 28. A quiet night, and a bright, cool morning, with a stiff breeze. At eight o'clock we passed to the north of a little hilly, uninhabited island, three miles long and one mile broad, named Galita. The steamer passed Cape Farina, the western boundary of the Bay of Tunis, at 3 P.M. This bay is a broad expanse of water; it required two and a half hours to sail from Cape Farina to Cape Bon, the most northern point in Africa. On the western shore is the site of Carthage, the rival of Rome. Of that ancient city, twenty-three miles in circuit, only a broken aqueduct and some small portions of the wall remain. Within the entrance to the bay, and not far from Cape Bon, are two great stratified rocks, covered with thin soil and green moss, called Zambria and Zambretta. We were interested in watching the phases which Zambria, the larger rock, 1,324 feet high, presented, as we approached, then passed, and it receded from our view with all the glory of a sunset on the Mediterranean for a background. The dark, irregular rock, outlined against a glowing sky, a number of gulls flying

about, and a little sail vessel near it, made a fit scene for a painter. The lighthouse near the extremity of Cape Bon, 1,270 feet above the sea, has a red, revolving light, which every few minutes sends a gleam across the waves. With this red light we bid adieu to Africa until we reach Port Said.

MALTA AND GOZO.

FRIDAY, Oct. 29. Another fine day, the air cool and invigorating. A soft haze, enveloping the landscape, prevented our seeing the island of Sicily, but we had for two hours a good view of Gozo and Malta. We passed nearer to Gozo, and could see its churches, villages, and windmills. Malta lies to the southeast, separated from Gozo by a narrow channel, in which is the small island of Comino. Near the western end of Malta is a large, square convent, and, midway of the island, a dome, one of the largest in the world. Near the eastern extremity is Valetta, which could be plainly seen through our glass.

Captain Laird brought out his charts and explained them, showing the position of St. Paul's Bay, on the northern coast. We took our Bibles, and read the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts, tracing on the map the perilous voyage of St. Paul, and found that he was shipwrecked on Melita or Malta, at the same season of the year, and almost the same day of the month, as this on which we are now pursuing our way. How very differently our splendid iron steamship is built, and how much more commodious than the one in which he sailed, though we have on board, all told, not one half of "two hundred three score and fifteen souls."

Malta and Gozo are practically one island, about twenty-five miles in length. They are noted for their fruits, and for the manufacture of filagree ornaments and Maltese laces. The harbor of Valetta is strongly fortified, and is held by Great Britain as an important naval station. The captain's chart states that Malta has two cities and twenty-two villages; that the land is very fertile, producing oranges, lemons, olives, grapes, and cotton, while the western portion abounds in odoriferous plants. Gozo has a fine quarry of alabaster.

ADRIA AND CRETE.

SATURDAY, Oct. 30. We are now in what St. Paul called Adria, where he was driven up and down for fourteen days and nights, and neither sun, nor land, nor stars appeared. Though the sea is the roughest that we have encountered since last Saturday and the sun partially veiled by clouds, there are glimpses of clear blue sky. The ship is sailing five degrees per day allowing fifty-two miles to the degree, and we are now in the same latitude with Newbern, North Carolina. Though out of sight of land since yesterday at noon, the birds remain with us, lodging in the rigging, and are very tame.

SUNDAY, Oct. 31. This has been a quiet, pleasant Sabbath. Divine service at 10.30 A.M. in the saloon was generally attended by the passengers, the captain, first and second officers, purser, surgeon, and other employees of the ship. Mrs. Inskip presided at her organ and led the singing, assisted by Mr. Gardner, the congregation joining in the choruses. Mr. Inskip read a part of the Church service and gave a short sermon. Mr. McDonald offered prayer. There was a

general praise service on the deck in the afternoon and another at evening. "Abide with me" and the Te Deum never sounded sweeter than when they rung out over the Mediterranean. The only land seen during the day was the little island of Cluda, under which Paul sailed. We failed to see Candia, the atmosphere not being perfectly clear. Brilliant heat lightning illuminated the northern sky at intervals during the evening.

MONDAY, Nov. 1. Our ship fare is very good. There are five meals per day, 1st, coffee and biscuit in our cabins at sunrise; 2d, breakfast at 8.30 a.m.; 3d, tiffin at 12.30; 4th, dinner at 5.30; and 5th, tea at 8.30 in the evening. We ought not to starve. There is a well selected library belonging to the ship. From a book of choice sayings we glean this of La Harpe, "We always weaken what we exaggerate." It is our prayer that we may be exactly truthful, or if we err it may be in giving the happiest shading to every unpleasant circumstance and the best possible construction to every person's motives. The theatrical company are busily conning their parts to be ready to perform when they reach Bombay. All are writing letters to mail at Port Said to-morrow.

PORt SAID, EGYPT.

TUESDAY, Nov. 2. About three o'clock this morning we were awakened by a peculiar sound of the screw which indicated that we were approaching land. Half an hour later Capt. Laird came through the hall shouting, "Half past three, moored at Port Said. Letters! Letters!" Nothing is ever more welcome than letters from home, that have traveled securely

for thousands of miles, been handled by strangers speaking unknown tongues, yet one rarely missing its destination. Upon deck a babel of sounds and many strange sights greeted us by the approaching dawn. Two hundred yards from the stern of the Hispania lay a large steamer on fire ; her upper deck partially submerged, her masts void of rigging, and her smoke-stack toppled over. She was the "Clan Rinnel" of Glasgow, from India, loaded with cotton and sugar. The fire suddenly burst out while she was taking in coal, but probably had been smouldering in the hold for days. God be praised she did not burn while on the sea.

Between us and the wharf were a dozen fishing-boats with one sail and a long slender yard set very much aslant, causing the little fleet to look as though a hurricane had swept over it. Going forward we found the process of coaling had commenced. Six great scows loaded with coal were moored alongside the Hispania, and bituminous coals, burning in iron baskets, hung over the water to light the scene. Men with baskets were walking up and down two rows of planks that joined the lower deck to the coal-boats, one set bringing them loaded, another returning them empty to be filled by a third set in the boats. There were two hundred and forty men, all moving with the regularity of clock-work, most of whom were Egyptians, nearly nude, with slender forms and features precisely like those seen in mummies. Occasionally we could distinguish the broader face and heavier limbs of an Arab.

The instant the sun appeared above the horizon these Arabs ceased their work, and with faces turned toward

the east, bowed in prayer. Whether on the coal-scows, the fishing-boats or the wharf, every Mohammedan paid his devotions to Allah. Immediately before us stood a fine specimen of an oriental. He took the kerchief that bound his fez and spread it on the coal, then touched his forehead, extended his arms supplicatingly, and pressed his hand to his heart, all the time praying in low solemn tones; knelt, and bowed until his forehead touched the kerchief on the coal. This whole ceremony he repeated four times, and then resumed his work.

Little boats were already alongside, the boatmen anxious to row the passengers ashore, furnish a guide, and return them to the ship for one shilling, the shore being only one hundred and fifty yards distant. Our guide was a Christian Arabian, who had been educated at the Boys' Mission School in Joppa, established by Mary Baldwin, a devoted American lady, for the education and evangelization of Jewish and Arab youth. We were conducted through the streets to the post-office, market, and shops. The town is as level as a floor, having been built on a platform made of the débris excavated from the canal. The Pasha passed us, a fine-looking man, with light skin and European dress, except the fez, or red cap, which every subject of the Turkish government is expected to wear.

Tables of the money-changers stood in the streets. They were about three feet long by two feet wide, the top divided into small compartments, in which were gold, silver, and copper coins, of various names and denominations, protected by a glass lid. The shopkeepers were French, Maltese, Jews, and Italians. We saw but two women, one in a café, her face veiled by

a narrow strip of black cotton just below the eyes, bound by strings to the back of the head, and hanging down in front over nose, mouth, chin, and breast. The other was a young girl wrapped in dingy white, one eye alone visible. Little boys, wearing a single garment of blue cotton, followed us wherever we went, crying, "I goo boy. Backsheesh, *backsheesh!*!" Decrepit old men piteously whined, "Backsheesh," and stout fellows on the wharf chaffered for back-sheesh.

Returning to the Hispania, we found the after-deck in possession of a crowd of peddlers, and an old Egyptian juggler, with his eggs, cups, and balls. A boat, with a pretty white awning, containing a fair-haired young man, approached the ship. Springing lightly on deck, the stranger greeted our company by name, and said he had been watching for the arrival of the Hispania, to shake hands with the American ministers who were going to India and around the world to help spread Christian holiness. This was Rev. J. Whytock, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, who, independently and alone, is doing what he can to scatter a little seed in this moral waste. He is the only Protestant minister in Port Said, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

At eleven o'clock the Hispania steamed out of the harbor into the Suez Canal. From the lighthouse at Port Said to the town of Suez is 87 miles; 66 of this is actual canal, and 21 miles pass through four lakes. These lakes required some excavating, except about 8 miles in Great Bitter Lake. The canal is 320 feet.

wide throughout its entire length, with the exception of some deep cuttings, where it is but 195 feet wide. The channel has a uniform depth of 26 feet in a bed 72 feet broad. At the gares, or stations, it is wider, so as to allow large steamers to pass each other. No locks are needed in the canal, there being a difference of only three inches in the level of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and the tides ebb and flow through the canal, from sea to sea. This great work, which cost \$130,000,000, is an enduring monument to Mons. Ferdinand De Lesseps, the French engineer who carried it forward to a successful completion, and thus shortened the sea route from England to India 7,500 miles.

Scores of white pelicans, wading for fish in a narrow lagoon to the left, was the first thing we noticed after entering the canal. On the eastern shore, the mirage gave the deceptive appearance of water to the desert stretching before us, which water receded continually as we approached it. Beyond the banks of the canal, on the Egyptian side, is Lake Menzaleh, which receives the overflow of the Nile. Stalking in this lake, or sitting along the beach, were thousands of white flamingoes, with blood-red heads, while flocks of ducks dotted its surface.

At a quarter past three o'clock we passed El Kantara, the reputed place where Joseph crossed from Palestine into Egypt, with Mary and the infant Jesus. The old road from Syria crosses at this point, and a ferry is maintained by the canal commissioners for the transportation of caravans. One was waiting for our steamer to pass, consisting of about twenty Ishmaelites, six camels, a herd of black goats, and several dogs.

The ferry is a floating bridge, or large flat-bottomed boat, which crosses the canal by chains wound and unwound upon large drums, operated by a small steam-engine. Here we see ancient and modern civilization brought into strange proximity.

Signals at the gares announce whether the canal is clear. If the ball and pennon are hanging down, the ship must stop and tie up to stakes along the bank, for other steamers to pass. At half-past four o'clock we waited for the "Kassed Kern," an armed steam-launch of the Khedive of Egypt. Her flag was a crescent and star in white, on a red field. The father of the present Khedive drafted 100,000 men, and Greece furnished 25,000 navvies for the work of excavating this canal, which cost the lives of more than a thousand of these poor creatures. It is said that the Arabs and Egyptians carried the sand and stones from the channel up the steep banks on their heads. The French engineers tried in vain to introduce wheelbarrows among them. They filled the wheelbarrows as they had previously filled their baskets, lifted them to their heads, and thus climbed the bank, sometimes forty feet high, and dumped them.

THE DESERT OF SHUR.

Vessels are not allowed to proceed on the canal after dusk, as it would be difficult to see the buoys which mark the channel. The canal is far from *straight*, though it is so narrow that the captain feels he is in a *strait* channel, where there is danger of running aground any moment. Between Lakes Abu Ballah and Timseh the canal is as crooked as the letter S, the channel being narrow and deep, and passing

through ledges of gray limestone. Soon after the sun went down over the land of the Pharaohs, the Hispania and "City of Mecca"—another steamer following us—stopped at a gare, and tied up for the night. It was queer to see two large steamships tethered like oxen or horses to posts, lest they get away in the darkness. On each side of the canal the Desert of Shur stretched away as far as our vision could reach, a great barren plain, broken by knolls and ridges, and covered with gravel and yellow sand. An occasional sage shrub, with its gnarled branches and ashy green foliage, made the desert only the more desolate. Some twenty-five of the passengers went ashore, but brought back only a handful of sand, and some branches of the sage, the odor of which was so offensive that it was soon thrown overboard. The stillness was profound. The night was so cool that the discarded blankets were brought out, and everybody slept. Even the sailors all went to sleep, only a watch being maintained on deck.

FROM LAKE TIMSEH TO SUEZ.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3. While Venus was shining in the eastern sky, before the rising of the sun, the great ropes that tied the bow and stern of the Hispania were loosed, and she started on her snail-paced course of five knots an hour, the maximum of speed allowed in the canal. At ten o'clock we entered Lake Timseh, a beautiful sheet of water, and stopped to change pilots. The pretty town of Ismailia, embowered in trees, lies on the western shore of the lake. The water of the Nile is conveyed by canal to this place, and from here sent in pipes up and down the canal to

all the gares. Every gare is an oasis of beauty. Date palms, tamarisks, oleanders, and grapevines surround the home of the gare-tender, and a fine vegetable garden furnishes him a table in the desert. This shows that only plenty of fresh water is needed to transform these desolate plains into fruitful fields. A railroad connects Ismailia with Cairo and Alexandria, and a few hours' ride would take us to the pyramids.

At half past eleven we entered the Great Bitter Lake, the largest body of water through which the canal passes. It took two hours to cross it, though the speed of the Hispania was increased to twelve knots per hour. The Bitter Lakes were mere depressions in the desert containing some moisture in which sedge and rushes were growing until the canal connected them with the Red Sea. On the eastern shore of the lake we counted fifteen heavily loaded camels and six Arabs going towards Palestine. Before reaching Suez the Canal widens and is filled with steam-dredges and fishing-boats, for it abounds with fine fish, and our cook procured some about the size of a shad, which made a pleasant addition to our breakfast this morning.

The town of Suez came in sight before sunset. It lies at the base of a mountain four thousand feet above the level of the sea, preventing it from ever receiving any west wind and making it one of the hottest towns on the earth. It is a thousand years old, and has twelve mosques and a Greek church, but no Protestant place of worship. The landing is some over a mile below the town, which is on higher ground, and no way of reaching it except by donkeys, along a narrow causeway. From Suez there is a railroad to Alexandria, and letters may be mailed here.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.

At eight o'clock in the evening by the light of the new moon we saw the reputed place where the rod of Moses was lifted up and the sea divided and became a wall on the right hand and on the left, while the children of Israel passed over on dry ground in the midst of the sea (Ex. xiv. 16, 21, 22). The place answers to the Bible description. It is about ten miles below Suez, and the western arm of the Red Sea at this point is not far from eight miles wide. Two steep, barren mountain ranges not less than three thousand five hundred feet high, enclose a narrow valley terminating in a little bay, and the water is from ten to forty feet deep. Josephus' narration of the escape of Israel coincides with this place: "Now when the Egyptians had overtaken the Hebrews, they prepared to fight them, and by their multitude they drove them into a narrow place, for the number that pursued after them was six hundred chariots, with fifty thousand horsemen and two hundred thousand footmen, all armed. They also seized on the passages by which they imagined the Hebrews might fly, shutting them up between inaccessible precipices and the sea; for there was on each side a ridge of mountains that terminated at the sea, which were impassable by reason of their roughness, and obstructed their flight."

On the eastern shore, a little lower down, are some fountains and palm trees, called by the Arabs "Ayun Muza," the wells of Moses, where it is probable Israel encamped when Miriam took her timbrel and praised the Lord who had overthrown the hosts of Pharaoh in the sea (Ex. xv. 20, 21). God seems to have preserved

the topography of this region from earthquake shock and drifting sands, that it might remain a monument to corroborate the scriptural account of the Exodus.

GULF OF SUEZ AND MOUNT SINAI.

THURSDAY, Nov. 4. The Gulf of Suez is so narrow that the sandy plains and barren mountains on each side can be plainly seen. There is not a trace of vegetation anywhere; all is utter desolation, not a bird in the air, not even a little moss upon the rocks, whether they be gray lava, yellow sandstone, or white, chalky coral formations. Coral reefs and coral islands abound in this Gulf and in the Red Sea. The gulf of Suez, one hundred and seventy miles long, forms the southwestern boundary of the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Gulf of Akabah ninety-seven miles long the southeastern boundary of the same. The Hispania passed Horeb and Sinai, twin peaks of one mountain, seven thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea at three o'clock, but two or three ranges of the Jebel Muza were visible nearly all the morning, some of the peaks being six thousand feet high. Shortly fore noon we passed through Jubal Strait, the termination of the Gulf of Suez. Jubal Island, five miles long, barren and mountainous, lies in the strait, near the Egyptian shore.

A SÉANCE ON THE SEA.

This evening eight of our passengers brought a common pine table on deck and foolishly engaged in a spiritual séance. After sitting demurely with their hands crossing each other on the table for nearly an hour, some of them declared the table felt like moving. They

rose, still keeping their hands on the table, and bowing as though a blessing was about to be invoked, the table gave a whirl and then stopped, like a sulky child, and stamped one leg. As spirits that infest tables require very gentle treatment, Miss Medium softly asked, "Do you wish to communicate?" Answer, Stamp, stamp, stamp. To all the succeeding stamps or knocks she assigned letters of the alphabet; so many knocks and a pause denoting the letter. This spiritual telegraphy did not travel as quick as thought, and in the midst of an important communication the table took a fit of the sulks. The shoulders of the tall major ached and the fingers of the ladies smarted, but sulky spirits must be coaxed. The medium said, "Do you wish to walk again?" Answered by whirling to the right four times, the eight individuals hurrying through on double quick. By this time the table showed a decided weakness in two of its legs, which caused it to assume the position of an inclined plane. Just at this critical juncture Whiz! whiz! went something into the heavens from below, scattering a great shower of sparks over them. At the same moment that side of the ship was illuminated by a pale-blue, sulphurous flame. Another instant and the horror-stricken table manipulators were dispersed by a series of hoarse, braying groans, which seemed to issue from beneath the table that lay in ruins on the deck. The sequel proved that the captain and first officer, not pleased with such a performance, had taken it off by a signal-rocket, Greek-fire, and a fog-horn.

THE RED SEA.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5. We have just crossed the Tropic of Cancer and are in the middle of the Red Sea, in the Torrid Zone. Captain Laird's charts state that "this sea is, next to the Persian Gulf, the hottest portion of the earth's surface. In July the thermometer has been known not to go below 98° for three successive days and nights." The thermometer now ranges from 79° to 87° on the deck, though it is protected by a double awning and canvas stretched along the side toward the sun. A breeze springs up in the afternoon, but the temperature of the cabins is 92°. The saloon is rendered comfortable at meals by punkahs suspended above the tables and kept in motion by a rope in the hands of one of the waiters, who stands above at the open skylight.

The water of the Red Sea is as blue as the Mediterranean, except near the coral rocks and shoals, where it assumes a clear green, and by this the mariner knows when he is at a safe depth. Much of the sea is a thousand fathoms deep, but it is a dangerous sea to navigate, particularly at night, there being only three lighthouses its entire length. It is subject to sudden squalls and dense haze in the southern portion, though there is seldom any rain. We see no reason for calling it the *red* sea, unless it be because of the strange aspect of the heavens at sunset, the whole western sky looking like fire mingled with blood. No rivers flow into this sea, though it is twelve hundred miles in length, from Suez to the Strait of Babel Mandeb, and two hundred and five miles wide, so we are out of sight of land much of the time. At four P.M. we are

opposite Jeddah, the port nearest Mecca, to which shrine from twenty thousand to forty thousand Mohammedan pilgrims annually repair to observe the rites instituted by Mohammed when he made his last visit to his birthplace, shortly before his death. His followers believe the observance of these rites in this sacred place ensures their salvation, and those pilgrims who die on the way receive a sure passport to endless felicity.

FLYING FISH.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6. Thousands of flying fish skim the surface of the waves, appearing in flocks, and looking like sea birds. The sailors caught some, which made good pan fish for eating. They are about the size of small herring, but rather more slender. The wings are semi-transparent, about four inches in length, and set one-third of the distance from the head to the tail. Smaller wings or flappers extend downward from the centre of the body. With these the little live craft is propelled, the wings answering for sails and the tail for a rudder. At times they rise out of the water and fly for several hundred yards, and then disappear in the sea.

A NIGHT OF DANGER.

MONDAY, Nov. 8. Yesterday the wind was high, and the sea rough; the great waves came rolling on as though ready to engulf the ship, but she plunged her iron prow into the angry billows, and sent them flying over her in clouds of spray. The closing hymn, at the evening service,—

“ Teach me to fear the grave as little as my bed,”

was exceedingly appropriate, for the night was the most dangerous one during our voyage. The wind blew a gale, the waves broke over the ship, and she pitched terribly. About midnight, when passing several large rocks called the "Twelve Apostles," the steamer gave a lurch, and it seemed as if she would never right again. The wind roared, the canvas awnings flapped, the ship creaked, and there was danger of being driven on the rocks, but we committed all to God, and trusting the text for the day,— "Fear not; I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine; when thou passest through the rivers, I will be with thee, and through the waters, they shall not overflow thee,"— we did not pass wholly a sleepless night.

JUBAL ZOOCRE, AND MOCHA.

At eight o'clock we passed the volcanic island, Jubal Zoocre, one of the Hanish group, and the largest in the Red Sea. The eastern side is mountainous, and has several extinct volcanoes. The western is fertile, and antelopes graze on its slopes. Some palms grow near the northern extremity, and not far from them, on the rocky point, lies a steamship, which went ashore a year and a half ago. She is well up out of the water, and looks as though she might be floated off. Midway of the island is another wreck, that of the "Duke of Lancaster," a large, four-masted steamer, which went on the reef last July. Only her masts and smoke-stack are above the waves. The Hispania, on her previous voyage, passed her the day before she was wrecked. The island was enveloped in haze at the time, which, in this latitude, is sometimes as dense as

a London fog, and her captain missed his reckoning. Her passengers were all saved, but lost their luggage.

At one o'clock we are opposite Mocha, noted for its coffee. It was formerly a town of 25,000 inhabitants, but now has a resident population of little more than 1,500. The city is built on a sandy plain, close to the water, and has a small harbor, rendered secure by coral reefs, but not deep enough for large vessels to enter. It looks like a closely-built town of white houses, plentifully sprinkled with minarets, the most conspicuous object being a large mosque. The coffee plantations extend back from the town for forty-two miles, and it is said that not far from ten thousand tons are exported annually.

THE STRAIT OF BABEL-MANDEB.

The Strait of Babel-Mandeb (the gate of affliction) is seventeen miles wide, but the island of Perim lies across the strait, and divides it into two channels. We sailed through the eastern passage at sunset. This passage is about five miles wide, between Perim island and a long, rocky point, named like the strait. Perim, five miles long and one and three quarters wide, belongs to Great Britain, and has a fortification and lighthouse on the highest point, toward the cape. The island has no inhabitants except the garrison of Sepoys, commanded by two white officers, who are to be pitied, for it is a desolate place; they are, however, relieved once in six months, spending half the year at home. On Cape Babel-Mandeb is a large French block-house, uninhabited, the garrison having been murdered by Arabs, and the position abandoned.

The history of these two fortresses is briefly this:

About the time of the opening of the Suez Canal, a French frigate anchored in the harbor of Aden, much to the surprise of the English garrison. The Frenchmen were invited ashore, feasted sumptuously, and, when merry with wine, divulged their project to take possession of Perim. Having accepted the urgent invitation of their hospitable entertainers, they remained another day, drinking and feasting. In the mean time, the English commandant despatched a gunboat to Perim. When the French arrived, they found the British standard waving, and a company of soldiers with cannon guarding the island. The result of being thus outwitted was the erection of the block-house on the opposite point. Moral: Let wine alone, attend to the business in hand, and keep a close mouth.

ADEN.

TUESDAY, Nov. 9. Just at daybreak, the Hispania entered the harbor of Aden, on the southern coast of Arabia, 1,308 miles from Suez, to take on sixty tons of coal. This great barren rock is larger than Gibraltar, the peninsula being five miles in length and 1,776 feet in altitude. It came into possession of Great Britain in A.D. 1839. There is not a tree or shrub, not a flower or blade of grass to be seen anywhere. The harbor, the barracks, dwellings of the officers, and the fortifications are on the western side. On a level spot near the water, about two hundred tents are pitched for sleeping-places at night. Though very hot all the year, Aden is not unhealthful, as it is absolutely free from malaria. Good cool water is obtained from ancient tanks hewn in the rock, and communicating with subterranean springs. Our steward

replenished his stores here by a supply of artificially-made ice, and some oysters, chickens, ducks, and African sheep. These sheep have short, white hair instead of wool, and black heads and feet. The Arab town, on the eastern side of the peninsula, is said to be one of the most villainous and unsafe places in Arabia.

THE SAMAULIAN NEGROES.

Almost as soon as the Hispania dropped anchor a number of Samaulian lads from the African coast on the opposite side of the Gulf of Aden, came in sharp pointed canoes hollowed out of palm trees, and swarmed around, and over the deck of the ship. When sixpence or a franc was thrown into the water, half a dozen dove for it, and one soon appeared with it in his hand or between his teeth. They seemed as much at home in the water as out of it; would sit in the water and turn somersaults, or climb as nimbly as a monkey to the awning above the hurricane deck, jump into the water a distance of forty feet, swim under the ship, though she drew twenty-four feet of water, and come up on the other side. They turned their canoes bottom upward and swam under them, only their hands visible clasping the bottom of the canoe; then turned them over, climbed in and bailed them out by quick splashes with their hands. Some of these lads were handsome, having regular features, sparkling eyes, white, even teeth, and not very black skin. Several of them had their crisp, black hair changed to auburn by the use of lime: being Mohammedans, they like to imitate their prophet who had a red beard. They brought a variety of articles for sale;

shells, white and red coral, carved wooden spoons, canes of antelope horn, ostrich eggs, gaily colored baskets, and live monkeys with long black hair. At ten o'clock we left the harbor and started for Bombay, one thousand six hundred and sixty-four miles across the Indian Ocean and Arabian Sea.

THE INDIAN OCEAN.

FRIDAY, Nov. 12. Since leaving Aden no land has been in sight, nor shall we see any until we near Bombay. The northeast monsoon has set in and will give us head-winds all the way. This monsoon blows on the Indian Ocean for half the year and the southwest monsoon the other half. The days move on rather monotonously. We seldom see a sail or steamer and no birds, but occasionally a whale or school of porpoises. One morning several whales were spouting to the north of the ship, and so near that we could see them lift their great, bulky, black bodies more than half out of the water. The most numerous objects seen outside the ship are the sea-horses and jelly-fish. The sea-horse is a beautiful little creature that holds its head as erect as a trotting horse; the fins on the back of the head look like a horse's mane, but the body terminates in a fish, a few inches long. We have seen thousands of them. The jelly-fishes are so abundant that the ocean at times appears thick with them sparkling in the sunny water. They are of different sizes and various colors, some being milk white, some of a beautiful rose color, others again as yellow as an orange, while a few are of a delicate violet hue.

The Indian Ocean is the richest and strangest in its Fauna of any body of water on the globe. Could we

explore its depths the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical landscape would not unfold so great a variety of form, and delicacy and splendor of color, as grow in this garden of the sea which is strangely composed of animals instead of plants. Prof. Maury in his "Geography of the Sea" says that, "Whatever is beautiful, wondrous or uncommon in the great classes of fish and echinoderms, jelly-fishes, and polypes, and the mollusks of all kinds, is crowded into the warm crystal waters of this tropical ocean."

THE ARABIAN SEA.

MONDAY, Nov. 15. Yesterday was one of the finest days we have had during our voyage. The sea was very calm, the air comfortably warm, and nearly all felt well. Mr. McDonald had almost every one on board ship, who could understand English, to listen to his excellent discourse; which was pointed, appropriate, and well illustrated by incidents, and produced a marked impression, as we learned from several of the audience.

We have quite a world of nationalities on board, English, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Americans, East Indians and Lascars. Most of the great branches of Protestantism, Catholicism, Mohammedanism, and Paganism are represented. But we are soon to part; the log reports us only one day's sail from Bombay. All are in a state of anticipation, wives are going to meet husbands and children to meet fathers from whom they have been separated for months or years. Some look forward to new service for Christ, and others to success in amusing the thoughtless who live only for this world, and the majority to a life of ease

or ennui in maintaining British supremacy in the land of the Mogul and the Rajah, and as they would say demonstrating the superiority of Christianity over Paganism. These officers and ladies are certainly kind, affable and educated ; but these qualities united to love for pleasure, the world, and wine, and separated from true piety, can never convert the Parsees, Hindoos and Mohammedans from their venerable superstitions to the worship and service of the true God and Christ our Saviour.

HARBOR OF BOMBAY.

TUESDAY, Nov. 16. At seven o'clock this morning, away to the east was the outline of some of the highest points of the Ghauts mountains, our first view of India. At a quarter past nine Captain Laird said, "Bombay in sight." In this clear atmosphere we could readily distinguish the tall lighthouse in the harbor, the custom-house, and long rows of government buildings. Our usual ten o'clock hour of prayer arrived, and, leaving the exciting scene of approaching a strange land, we went into the saloon and read together Psalms xc., xci., and returned thanks to God for our safe voyage of 6,221 miles. After singing the long-metre doxology and shaking hands with Captain Laird and those passengers who had so many times united with us in devotions we returned to the deck.

Before us was the city, plainly visible from Malabar hill on the north to Colaba at the southern end of the island, for Bombay, like New York, is on an island. In a few moments the pilot came on board, and at half-past ten A.M. the Hispania anchored in the harbor of Bombay. Tug-boats and launches and a variety of

craft came about the ship. A government steam-launch, larger and finer than the rest, approached, but before it crossed the ship's stern we saw the noble form of Rev. Wm. B. Osborn, and a shout of praise and welcome surprised all on board. Soon Rev. Messrs. Osborn, Fox, Shreves, and Row, and a custom-house officer, also a Methodist, had us by the hand. These friends had been out in the harbor for the last thirty-six hours, watching for the *Hispania*, as a telegram from Aden indicated that she might arrive Sunday evening. Mr. Osborn's energy quickly transferred us to the launch and our luggage to a boat accompanying it, and at ten minutes to twelve all our company stepped on shore at Apollo Bunder (pier) after a voyage of just twenty-eight days from Liverpool.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE MONTHS IN INDIA.

METHODIST COFFEE-ROOMS.

APOLLO BUNDER is in that section of Bombay called "The Fort." Here British rule was first inaugurated in western India, the Island of Bombay having been given as a marriage portion by the King of Portugal to his daughter Catharine, wife of Charles II., in the year 1662. Near the centre of this section is a large stone building with walls three feet thick, which formed a part of the old fortifications, and was long used for a court-house and soldiers' barracks. In this old building the Methodists of Bombay have established a "Temperance Coffee-House and Reading-Room," with board and lodging at cheap rates, under the superintendence of Rev. W. J. Gladwin and wife. In the great cool hall of these "coffee-rooms" a Bible class is held twice a week and prayer and praise services almost every evening. The broad entrance is made attractive by pots of tropical plants, and the whitewashed walls are beautified by illuminated texts and pictures. Soldiers, midshipmen, and common sailors are provided freely with paper and ink to write home, and find in Mrs. Gladwin and Mrs. Briggs, the matron, kind motherly counselors in a strange land. The reading-room has a small library, and is fur-

nished with English and American papers, secular and religious.

Here we are to be entertained during our stay in this city. Our room in the third story is twenty-four feet each way, the length, breadth, and height being equal. While it is comfortable below, it is hot above, so near the roof, with the sun reflected from a great black ice-house opposite our windows. Bombay, lying so low, and within the tropics, has no cool season, but the heat is moderated in the latter part of the day by a refreshing sea-breeze. The mornings are oppressive, and we perspire profusely. We are warned not to expose our heads to a ray of the sun unless protected by "Indian solar topees" (hats of bark covered with muslin) or by white-covered umbrellas.

THE STREETS OF BOMBAY.

The sun sets here not far from six o'clock all the year round, and the twilight is pleasant for riding. Bombay has an English population of six thousand and a native one of six hundred and forty thousand, therefore we see a strange commingling of European and Oriental life.

The streets are macadamized and lighted by gas, Horse-cars run on some of the principal thoroughfares; the public buildings are large and fine, and there are some blocks of stores and offices that would compare favorably with many on Broadway, New York. In front of these are the only sidewalks to be found in India, unless there be some in Calcutta. The streets are so full of people that the "ghari walla" (driver) is constantly crying out, "Ooh, ooh, ooh," for them to make way.

Passing the Elphinstone Circle, a round park filled with luxuriant tropical vegetation and surrounded by buildings with concave fronts, we enter a native street. The houses are four and five stories high, and look as if a slight jar would send them tumbling into the road. The lower story is occupied by shops about nine feet square. On the clay floor (there are no board floors in the east) are seated from six to ten men around a little lamp engaged in various handicraft, as making shoes, working on clay, iron, and brass utensils for domestic purposes. These workmen are nearly nude, and their dark, ashy skin and lank bodies exhibit the sad effect of long slavery to caste and superstition.

Occasionally we look through into an inner room, where we see a niche in the thick wall, decked with tinsel and flowers, and the small household idol standing with a lamp burning before it. We pass a Hindoo temple, whose stuccoed walls are covered with little images of men, beasts, birds, creeping things, and strange combinations of all four, and learn by the jarring, brassy roll and thump of the "tom-tom" that the priests of Siva and Kali are wakening the gods to receive their evening oblations. Further on is a Mohammedan mosque, the entire front, with its tall minarets brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of very small lamps. We make way for a wedding procession, consisting of a score of women, wrapped in chuddars of crimson muslin, heavily loaded with jewelry, and bearing lamps. The bride is carried in a gaily decorated chair, carefully screened by curtains bordered with gold, and preceded by several musicians, with gongs and cymbals. Returning along the Esplanade,

we pass the beautiful marble statue, by Noble, of Victoria on her throne, and see hundreds of natives sitting on the ground in groups, playing cards by dim lanterns, the Hindoos and Parsees being great gamblers.

On our return to the Coffee-Rooms, we found about fifty members of the Methodist churches, who, with several of the ministers and local preachers, had come to welcome us. Some were full-blooded Europeans, though born in India, but the majority were Eurasians, and a few, native Christians. Their expressions of gratification with our visit, and their anticipations of blessed results from our mission, make us feel very humble and dependent upon God, who alone can make us useful in this strange land.

SCENES FROM MY WINDOW.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17. It is interesting to sit at the window and watch the passing crowd. Though it is only seven o'clock, everybody seems astir. The bhisti, with his goat-skin water-bottle slung across his back, is sprinkling the street. A drove of buffalo cows passes, followed by the milkmaid, with a brass "lota" on her head. These strange-looking cows are very large, with shining black skins, destitute of hair; their milk is bluish, and the butter made from it is as white and tasteless as lard. There goes a woman with a great, flat basket full of fresh fish on her head, and, back of her, is a bread-man, carrying his loaves in the same manner. Almost everything, from a glass bottle to a sofa, is carried on the head. There is a man with a lounge, and a woman follows him with five large dining-chairs, tied together and carried in the same

elevated position. An Englishman must be moving, for mattresses, baskets of china, and finally a square piano, carried on the heads of four coolies, go by. A squad of British soldiers files by, dressed in white, from helmeted hat to shoes. A Parsee banker is going to his office in his barouche, drawn by a span of fine English horses. He lies back in lordly ease; two turbaned coachmen sit on the high seat, and two footmen stand behind. We can always tell a Parsee by his stiff, black hat, shaped like a truncated sugar-loaf. There comes a gaily painted native wagon, with fancy awnings of crimson and gilt, drawn by two little red bulls, which trot as fast as ponies, the driver sitting on the tongue of the cart. In it are some Brahmin ladies, closely veiled, but we can see their arms covered with bracelets and armlets.

Another basket of fish, and a crow suddenly swoops down and carries off one, unknown to the woman who has it on her head. The crows are everywhere, as numerous as English sparrows on Boston Common, and their "Caw, caw, caw" is heard from morning till night. One is on the other window-sill at this moment, looking askance at the remains of my "Chota hazri," or *little breakfast*, which is brought to the sleeping-rooms at sunrise; "hazri," or breakfast, will not be ready until half past nine o'clock. A number of boys are playing in the street quite merrily, though their little brown bodies are perfectly nude, save a string around the waist, to which a small shell is attached, to keep off the "evil eye." The children of the lower castes wear no clothing until four or five years old, and many of the men have little more,—simply a turban, and from one to three yards of mus-

lin about the loins. It is really amusing to watch the motley crowd upon the street, of many nationalities and costumes. The horse-cars are filled with a like variety, only the natives are all of the higher castes, and neatly clothed. There comes a big box-cart, drawn by two large, milk-white oxen, with humps on the back. It is one of the government garbage-carts, and whatever the English government does in this country is well done; roads, bridges, post-offices, and government buildings attest this. These strange sights weary the brain, the hot sun comes in, and we close the window.

CRAWFORD MARKET.

THURSDAY, Nov. 18. We have not seen in America or England so fine a retail market as the one visited this morning. Crawford Market is built of brick, with stone trimmings, and has a roof of iron and glass over the whole area, except in the centre, where there is a large court, with trees and flowers kept fresh and cool by a fountain which sends its spray into the heated atmosphere. Entering the market at half-past six o'clock, we found it filled with people, though there were but few Europeans making purchases, and none among the hundreds of dealers in fruits, flowers, vegetables, shoes, meats, groceries, and fancy articles which crowd this great inclosure. The counters are wide and low; the dealers sit on them cross-legged in the centre of their produce, and dispose of it without rising to their feet. These Hindoos present a beautiful picture, with their enormous red turbans and clean white garments, sitting in the midst of piles of oranges, custard apples, pumlows large as citron melons, enor-

mous clusters of plantains, pine-apples, pomegranates, papaias, and cocoanuts.

The display of vegetables is no less strange and various; those, however, peculiar to England and America are quite inferior; for instance, a potato the size of a hen's egg is considered large in India. The grocery department is well supplied, as it need be, in a city of more than half a million of people that has properly no grocery stores. The sugars are nearly all of native production, and poorly refined, but the tall stalks of sugar-cane for sale are as full of sweet juice as a Vermont maple in spring time. Long counters of tobacco and betel-leaves show that these sickening chewing weeds have numerous devotees. The flowers are the strangest, cheapest, and most beautiful of all this exhibition; tuberoses, jasmine, lantana, and myrtle perfume the air. Women sit stringing chaplets of jasmine and chrysanthemums to deck the idols, and piles of marigolds are ready for votive offerings. The meats, poultry, and eggs are on the other side of the garden, and are presided over by Mohammedans, as the Hindoos are mostly vegetarians, being forbidden by their religion to take animal life, and are unclean if they touch dead bodies of any kind.

GRANT ROAD METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

FRIDAY, Nov. 19. The English-speaking Methodists have three organized societies in Bombay, with three places of worship,—Mazagon, Dean Hall, and Grant Road. The first two assemble in hired halls, but the latter has a beautiful new Gothic church, finely situated in a section where there are many Europeans, Eurasians, and wealthy English-speaking natives. It

is of brick, painted cream-color, modest, being without tower or spire, roomy and comfortable even in this hot climate. The floor is covered with palm-leaf matting, the pews have cane seats, and the long windows opening like doors, allow a free circulation of air through the closed blinds.

The church was filled this evening with a fine congregation, representing the Methodist and other Christian denominations of the city, convened to welcome their American visitors. Rev. George Bowen, the senior member of the South India Conference, presided; Rev. I. F. Row, the pastor, gave Mr. Inskip and his associates the freedom of his church, and they in turn defined their position and work. The spirit of the meeting was warm, hopeful, and encouraging. Its informal character gave liberty to any who wished to speak, and it became apparent that the ministers present were in accord with the doctrine and in sympathy with the experience and life of holiness; and also among the laity were those of several denominations who would welcome the experience of cleansing power, and abiding union with Christ.

MALABAR HILL.

SATURDAY, Nov. 20. This afternoon Maj. Oldham, of the Church of England, invited us to a ride, and to visit his home near Malabar Hill. Bombay is built on several islands united to each other and the main land by causeways, and is very level, except at Malabar Hill, the northwestern extremity and most fashionable part of the city. A dwelling, standing apart from others, and surrounded by a compound or garden, is called a bungalow. The houses on this hill are of this

class, and are occupied by government officers and wealthy natives, mostly by the Parsees or fire worshipers. A good bungalow on this hill will rent for from three to four hundred dollars per month, as it is so situated as to catch the sea-breeze, and commands a fine view of the city, harbor, and Arabian Sea. At the extreme point is the governor's residence, surrounded by offices and barracks, and beautified by hedges and tropical vines. The hill is lighted with gas to its furthest point, and supplied with aqueduct water (as is the whole city), and must be a delightful residence for those who have plenty of rupees. There is one drawback, however; on the hill is a large inclosure which deserves particular notice.

THE PARSEES AND THE TOWER OF SILENCE.

Among the people seen in the street and at public gatherings none are so noticeable as the Parsees for their fine, intelligent faces, neat and tasteful costume, and gentlemanly manner. Their complexion is nearly as light as the European and their features as regular. They are the descendants of the ancient Persians, and were driven from their country in the seventh century by the Arabs. There are seventy thousand Parsees in the Bombay Presidency, many of whom are very wealthy. They are the hotel-keepers, liquor-dealers, merchants, bankers, builders, and capitalists of Bombay, and have no paupers or beggars among them. Nearly all the men speak English fluently, and both their sons and daughters are educated. One of them, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, was knighted by the British government, and his name and benevolence are perpetuated by a large and useful hospital which he pro-

jected and endowed. Other Parsees have done much to improve the city and endow its educational institutions.

Their sacred book is the "Zend Avesta," the writings of Zoroaster, who is supposed to have lived when Cyrus was king of Persia. They believe in one supreme being, represented to man by the elements,—fire, earth, air, and water,—and are called fire worshipers because they claim that the Shekinah or divine presence dwells in the sacred fire in their temples. This sacred fire Zoroaster claimed to have received from heaven, and they brought it with them from Persia, and have never suffered it to be extinguished. Their temples are modeled after the ancient temple at Jerusalem, having a court for the people, a holy place, and a holy of holies. Much of their worship was evidently borrowed from the Jews during "the seventy years' captivity in Babylon." The Parsees accept portions of the moral law, but reject the atonement, and comparatively few have embraced Christianity.

They have a horrid way of disposing of their dead. On the summit of Malabar Hill is a park, including seventy acres, surrounded by a high wall, and in this inclosure, which is beautified by many tall palms and other trees, are five round, stone towers called "Towers of Silence." On the grated, stone floors or sunken roofs of these towers the nude bodies of all deceased Parsees are placed to be eaten of vultures. We saw hundreds of these vultures, as large as turkeys, perched on the towers or sitting in the trees waiting the arrival of more dead bodies. When the bones have been picked clean by these vultures and

by the crows, which are the scavengers of India, they are shoveled promiscuously into a well in the centre of the tower, where they gradually turn to dust. The rich Parsees living on this hill can sit on the verandas of their bungalows and watch the vultures that may pick their bones in a few days.

HOME OF MAJOR OLDHAM.

On our return from Malabar Hill, we entered a beautiful garden and alighted before a fine two-story bungalow, which is quite a missionary home. Few of any evangelical denomination have labored for any length of time in this part of India without enjoying the hospitalities of Major Oldham and his wife. These devoted members of the Church of England use their means and influence as stewards of Christ. Their large front room on the first floor is used during the day for a native school and for religious services at night. The remainder of this story is given to Rev. Mr. Mody, a converted Parsee, and his English wife, who is engaged in teaching Mohammedan women in the zenana, or harem. Major Oldham's family occupy only a part of the second story, as they have twenty-one Mahratta orphan girls under their roof who are receiving support and Christian education. This Christian officer holds meetings at the "Sailors' Home," and on ships in the harbor, and co-operates in all missionary conventions. When it was found that the city authorities would charge several hundred rupees for the ground required to pitch our Tabernacle on the Esplanade, Major Oldham nobly volunteered to meet the expense. If all British officers in this country had his spirit India would soon be Christianized.

FIRST SUNDAY IN INDIA.

Nov. 21. There is a difference in Bombay between Sunday and other days; government offices are closed and business is suspended upon all public works; and even in the native streets there is less bustle and activity, notwithstanding the shops and bazaars are open, and men can be seen sewing and hammering as on week days. Sunday-school in India is at seven o'clock in the morning. At Grant Road, at the close of the usual *international lesson*, Mr. Gardner preached a short sermon from the text, "He shall feed his flock as a shepherd." There was a good attendance, and a sweet, tender spirit pervaded the assemblage of young people, and several came forward to give their hearts to Christ. At eleven o'clock Mr. McDonald preached at Dean Hall, and Mr. Wood at Mazagon, to good English congregations. In the evening there was a union service at Grant Road, when Mr. Inskip preached, and baptized a beautiful baby, whom its parents were pleased to name Eva Inskip. The church, which will probably seat a thousand persons, was filled before the hour of service, and we were glad to see a good number of turbans and Parsee hats among the audience, otherwise we could hardly have realized that we were not in an American church in the midst of a gracious revival.

FROM BOMBAY TO POONA.

MONDAY, Nov. 22. It has been arranged to hold the first Tabernacle meeting at Poona one hundred and nineteen miles by rail from Bombay; the meeting to open to-morrow evening. We left Bombay at a quarter past seven, A.M., accompanied by Rev. W. B. Osborn.

The morning was comfortable, our second class compartment roomy, and the ride very interesting. We first crossed a low plain called the Concan, devoted to rice culture and cocoanut-palm orchards. It lies between the mountains and the sea, is about four hundred miles in length, and twenty-five miles in breadth, and is very rich and fertile. The rice fields are divided into patches only a few rods square, by little mud ridges which can be opened with the foot to let in or out the water, during the rainy season, necessary to rice culture. The rice harvest is past, but men were busy clearing the ground of stubble and spading it preparatory to some other crop. Others were plowing with the root of a tree drawn by four yoke of small native bullocks. The cocoanut orchards are valued more for making toddy than for their *fruit*. We saw men climb the tall branchless trees by notches cut in the bark, chop off one of the long leaves and hang a stone jar on the stub to catch the sap. This in a few days ferments and becomes quite intoxicating and is the principal native liquor. This corroborates what we have long believed, that drinking intoxicants is *heathenish* as well as disgraceful. We crossed several small rivers, and passed some large cotton factories, operated by the natives, also some native dye-works, and salt-works where this useful article is obtained by evaporation, from lagoons communicating with the Arabian Sea.

At ten o'clock we began to ascend the Ghauts, and the air which had become very hot on the plain grew cool and invigorating. The scenery, going up the mountains, was sublime; palms and plantains disappeared and new vegetation succeeded. Beautiful val-

leys lay between the wild mountain ranges, and herds of buffaloes, native cattle, goats, and sheep, tended by a solitary shepherd, fed on the rich pasturage kept green by mountain streams. Small native villages dotted the valleys or nestled under the hills; every cluster of thatched mud huts being surrounded by stacks of grain and straw. Each village contains one dwelling larger than the rest, the residence of the Zemindar or head man, who is the proprietor or government agent of the soil. We passed threshing floors in the open air where oxen were treading out the grain, and saw many strange grains growing beside the familiar wheat and millet. The dress or rather undress of the country people is the same as of the lower Hindoo castes in Bombay—the children running unclothed about the fields.

When we reached the summit of the Ghauts, nearly six thousand feet above the sea, having passed through twenty-three tunnels, our grade was reversed, and we began to descend the broad plain sloping away five hundred miles toward the Bay of Bengal. Here we met one of our fellow-passengers on the Hispania, a widow lady with a sweet little daughter, who formerly lived in Brooklyn, N.Y. She was married the second day after landing in Bombay, and had already commenced housekeeping in the midst of this fearfully wild and grand mountain scenery, her husband being an engineer on the railroad. A little beyond, we passed the Lanoli camp-ground, a beautiful grove surrounded by extensive forests, where the Methodists of South India started their first camp-meeting, and annually spend a few weeks of the hot season to invigorate soul and body.

POONA; FIRST TABERNACLE SERVICES.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24. Poona is delightfully located on a plateau two thousand feet above the sea, on the eastern side of the Ghauts, and has a population of about one hundred thousand. The military cantonment and English town are separate from the native city, as is largely the case throughout India, except in Bombay. Many wealthy Parsees and Maharratas, however, live among the English, and their bungalows cannot be distinguished from others. Their dwellings are large, and surrounded by fine compounds, beautified by carefully-trimmed hedges, and planted with a variety of roses and other flowers.

The Methodist Hall, a neat and pleasant place for worship, is situated on one of the principal streets, and the parsonage opposite is as sweet and inviting a home as a young minister need desire. It is occupied by Rev. Mr. Northup, formerly of the Rock River Conference, who is well adapted to the work in India, and he is encouraged and assisted by a calm, self-sacrificing, contented wife. Mrs. Northup was the first wife whose traveling expenses were paid by the "William Taylor Transit Fund." A short distance from the parsonage is the "Poona Methodist Day and Boarding School," under the supervision of Rev. W. E. Robbins, who has generously given his beautiful lawn on which first to pitch the Tabernacle in India. The Tabernacle has not suffered from its long sea voyage, and looks white enough to be symbolic of the purity proclaimed within its canvas walls. The ground is covered with clean rice straw, and it is seated with cane-bottom chairs.

The meeting opened at six o'clock last evening, and was well attended. Mr. Inskip preached a gentle, persuasive sermon on Acts ix. 31: "Then had the churches rest," etc. At its close, members of the church came forward very promptly to renew their consecration, many of them seeking definitely a clean heart. At the seven o'clock service this morning it rained quite hard, and only about fifty persons were present. Mr. McDonald, instead of preaching, held a prayer and experience meeting. The people prayed promptly, and nearly all came to the altar seeking purity. The testimonies which followed were clear, and given in a quiet, humble spirit.

THE TEMPLE OF PARBUTTI.

As the rain had laid the dust, our kind entertainers proposed that we ride out to the celebrated heathen temple of Parbutti, beyond the native town. The atmosphere was like a cool, pleasant day in June, and the road passed through groves of mango and tamarind, and by some fine orange orchards. It was inclosed by hedges of prickly-pear from four to six feet high, covered with pink blossoms, among which wild lantana was blooming in profusion. Before ascending the hill, we came to the Pool of Parbutti, an artificial lake, overhung with shrubs, with a little island in the centre, having a pagoda, and shrines sacred to the "goddess of light." Here we left our carriage to ascend the hill on which the temple stands, climbing a rugged, unkept path, by some rude huts where attachés of the temple live in squalor, and beset by a throng of dirty children, screaming, "pucca pice, mama," and where native pigs ran about us, with long,

pointed snouts, and brown hair bristling like hedgehogs. After picking our way over heaps of filth and rubbish, we came to one hundred and eighty stone steps, each six feet wide. The Prince of Wales ascended these steps on an elephant, but we took the way our Saviour traveled—on foot. Half way up, we came to a “pepul” tree, growing in the centre of a stone platform, where the last suttee in this district was witnessed forty-six years ago. “A cruel custom,” as the priest who accompanied us remarked, “but some widows preferred being burned with their husband’s dead body to the life of a slave in the family of their mother-in-law, the head shaved, not permitted to wear any jewelry, and obliged to perform the most menial service.”

At the top, the view well repaid the fatigue of climbing. The city is indeed beautiful, with its white bungalows standing in the midst of semi-tropical foliage, and surrounded by a rich and cultivated country, well shaded by trees, but free from malarial swamps, and several mountain peaks bounding the scene. From this temple the last Peshwa or Mahratta king, in 1817, witnessed the defeat of his army of twenty-five thousand men by three thousand English troops, in the plain below. He fled only to be taken prisoner by his hated conquerors, who deposed him but gave him a pension for life.

The first idol we saw in the temple was “*Monosa, the mother of snakes*,” a large stone heifer, decked with a garland of fresh flowers. Near it was a great “*tom-tom*” for waking the gods. It was of brass, in the shape of a pointed shell, three feet in diameter. We were asked to look through a grated door and “be-

hold *Parbutti* in her chariot, drawn by seven horses.” We looked and saw a big wooden doll, about two and a half feet high, riding a hobby horse with seven heads. This is the famous “*goddess of light*,” daughter of *Brahma* and wife of *Siva*. Opposite, in another cage, was “*Gunesh, the god of wisdom*,” a little fat red man with the head of an elephant, riding a rat. This idol is placed in the schoolhouses, and the boys are taught to worship it. The fourth corner was occupied by a gaily dressed doll, called “*Kama, the goddess of love*,” and above her cage grew the baal apples, highly valued by the Hindoos for their medicinal properties. In the centre of the temple a door was opened carefully, and a pan of incense put in; after which we were permitted to look at a great, hideous image, with distorted *white* face and four hands, each holding some destructive weapon. This was “*Siva, the god of destruction*.” Passing around by the home of the chief priest, where his wife and daughters were weaving, we ascended several steps to the highest place, where “*Vishnu, the god of preservation*” dwelt alone. He had four hands and a *black* face. As he is the god who has had nine incarnations, he is represented in many different forms.

My heart took courage as we saw no worshipers, but three priests, acting like showmen exhibiting some curiosities, and a few mendicants followed us about, begging for “pice.” All around were evidences of decay; the stones crumbling, the temple partly in ruins, and not being repaired, showing that faith in these miserable idols is losing its hold upon the people. We said to one of the priests—“Surely you do not believe these images can help you?” He replied,

“No, I believe in one supreme being, but the lower classes must have something which appeals to their senses.” This man spoke English fluently, and if converted, might do much for his race, but Christianity would require him to give up his living. This temple and a few others have been endowed, sad to state, by the British government, for some of the native property confiscated after the mutiny was turned over for the benefit of heathen temples, through an unwise conciliatory policy.

THANKSGIVING IN INDIA.

Nov. 25. Thanksgiving day found us ten thousand miles from home, sitting with open doors, the thermometer at 80°, fresh roses on the table, and morning-glories blooming over the doorway. It is in one respect an American Thanksgiving day,—a stormy night, a cloudy morning, and a pleasant afternoon. Notwithstanding the rain, there were quite as many out at seven o'clock as are usually present at a Thanksgiving service in New England.

We were all invited to dine with Rev. W. E. Robbins, at the “Poona Methodist School.” This brother was a member of the Indiana Conference when Rev. Wm. Taylor, the world’s evangelist, first called for ministers to take charge of self-supporting Methodist churches in India. Brother Robbins did not wait for a bishop to send him, or for money to meet his expenses, but came alone, and at his own expense, and God has been with him. He is particularly valuable in native work, as he speaks readily several of their languages. His school has been in operation about two years; it numbers sixty students, and is entirely self-supporting.

Of the twenty-one persons at the table thirteen were Americans, representing eight States of the Union. Though beyond the reach of presidential proclamations, these Americans do not forget the day sacred at home, and praise God with grateful hearts as when beneath the "Stars and Stripes." We enjoyed the customary roast turkey and pumpkin pie along with "rice and curry," guavas and plantains, and other dishes and fruits of India. The year has been one of unusual health and prosperity among our American missionaries. As yet, no American member of the South India Conference has been laid to rest in Indian soil, and none belonging to the North India Conference have died here during the year. Our little company are as well as when we left home five months ago, and have been blest in our mission far more than we anticipated. The first meeting in India has opened well. Many Parsees and Babus, or English-speaking Hindoos, come to every service. The brethren alternate, preaching in order of seniority. Mr. Wood was much helped last evening in preaching from a favorite text, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" and Mr. Inskip exhorted with remarkable persuasiveness, and a large number came forward seeking that experience.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND ORPHANAGE.

FRIDAY, Nov. 26. After breakfast, Miss Bernard, a cousin of Sir Henry Lawrence, came for the ladies to visit the "Girls' Orphanage," of which she is superintendent. Miss Bernard is a member of the Church of England, the orphanage is supported by the Free Church of Scotland, and the principal teacher is a Methodist; showing how insignificant church lines are

deemed in this country, compared to the work of enlightening and saving the people. We found about fifty girls in this pleasant home, who showed careful instruction, and sung for us some native hymns. Among them was a blind girl whom Miss Bernard found after her parents had thrown her into the bushes as not worth raising. The little waif seemed so grateful and affectionate that our hearts were drawn toward her. The girls live in Hindoo fashion, except that they have learned to sit on chairs and benches, and sleep in hammocks instead of on the ground. On the wall of their bath-room was a hole, from whence a snake-charmer recently drew a large cobra, one of the most venomous snakes of India. It had lived there for four months. It was almost a miracle that none of the girls were bitten by it. The mortality from snake-bites is very great among the natives, who usually go barefoot and sleep on the ground both outside and inside their huts. In the one Presidency of Bengal 9,515 persons were reported as killed by snake-bites in 1879. The government paid rewards for 21,102 poisonous snakes killed in the towns and villages of British India last year.

AN ABUNDANCE OF RAIN.

SATURDAY, Nov. 27. We were assured that the rainy season closed in September, and we would not see any rain during our stay in India, but our Tabernacle seems to have brought rain to Poona. The oldest residents say that it has not rained here in the month of November for thirty-five years. Nevertheless, it has rained almost every day since we commenced our meeting, and one night the wind and rain broke down

one side of the Tabernacle. Yesterday afternoon, while out for a ride, we were overtaken by a heavy thunder-shower, showing us how it rains here during the wet season. The water poured from the skies, the streets and compounds were drenched; and the rain continued during the evening, but the Tabernacle was nearly full of people.

ELEPHANT AND CAMEL RIDING.

After an unusually solemn and searching meeting this morning, we breakfasted, and went to see the camels and elephants used by government in transporting cannon and military stores. There were a number of camels, but only the gentlemen attempted to ride them. Their gait is awkward and uncomfortable to those not accustomed to it; as the camel takes very long steps, and moves its two right feet and then its two left feet, the motion somewhat resembles the swaying of a ship at sea.

There were only two elephants in at the time — a male, with enormous tusks sawed off at the tips and protected by rings, a necessary precaution, as he is sometimes fierce and unsafe for riding; and a female, who is nearly as large as the male, but has small tusks, and is very docile. She knelt for us to mount, yet we were obliged to use a ladder to reach her back. The saddle was poor and imperfectly secured; the driver sat on her neck and five of us Americans on the saddle. She rose on her fore feet and we were on an inclined plane, holding the rim of the saddle with all our might; then up came the huge hind feet, and away she moved. One of the ladies' hats fell off, she feared to open her umbrella, none of us could speak Hindoo, and our

“Stop, stop; do stop!” as the saddle slipped to one side, were totally disregarded by elephant and driver. Onward, right onward moved the stately animal, quietly, majestically, no rattle of wheels, no jar of the heavy feet. We thought, if we had a good *howdah* well secured, it would be pleasant to ride all day and overlook the country; but our first ride on an elephant was not a long one. Having turned round and taken us back to the point of starting, she knelt, hind feet first, and again we had to look out lest we all slip down into a promiscuous heap at her tail. Her fore feet doubled up, the ladder was placed against her side, and we clambered down to *terra firma*. The elephant is less rapid than the camel, the latter frequently traveling from sixty to seventy miles in a day.

SUNDAY TABERNACLE SERVICES.

Nov. 28. Mr. Inskip’s sermon this morning was tender and subduing, though clear and searching. At the close he invited all who were “in love and charity with all mankind to come forward.” This invitation was wisely worded, as the Methodist church here has suffered from conflicting influences in its membership; but some who had withdrawn have been greatly blest, old animosities have been healed, and to-day all that were present, knelt in sweet accord. It is to be regretted that several of the leading men, connected with the civil and military service were necessarily absent during most of the Tabernacle meeting, but some came home for the Sabbath and have been graciously cleansed and anointed. At eleven A.M. there was a large gathering of the Mahratti Methodist Sunday-schools which are conducted by Brother Robbins and

Mr. Peterson, a native preacher. Mr. Inskip and Mr. Wood made short addresses which were interpreted by a Eurasian brother. The singing of these native Christians and young Mahrattas was inspiring.

At four P.M. yesterday and to-day Mrs. Inskip conducted children's meetings similar to those held by her in America and England. We were pleased to learn that Indian Methodists believe in early conversion, and several of the children were members of the church. These children of English and Eurasian parentage are bright, gentle and easily moved. Quite a number both yesterday and to-day sought the Lord. Among those who knelt in prayer were some Catholics and one Jewish youth who seemed deeply moved.

At six o'clock Mr. McDonald preached to the largest congregation during the meeting. The sermon was more than usually searching and impressive, and many came to the altar, among them two native gentlemen, both of whom testified to having found acceptance through Christ. One was a young auditor, well educated and capable of exerting much influence if he continue a decided Christian. It was a blessed hour. The testimonies given by these Mahrattas and others who obtained pardon, and by many Christians who received the grace of purity produced a marked impression on the Parsees and Babus present.

NATIVE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

After the early service we breakfasted at the Scotch Orphanage and went into the native city to visit three Sunday-schools for native girls. We were surprised and delighted to find the children of heathen parents could be gathered for religious instruction.

In this there is hope for India. The children sat on the floor, but rose as soon as we entered, placed their hands to their foreheads and said, "salaam" (peace). With the exception of a few Parsees and Christians present, these girls had the forehead, ears, nose, neck, arms, ankles, and toes loaded with jewelry. The Parsees wear rich clothing, but little jewelry, and the native Christians seldom wear any at all, but have dresses with their chuddars, made long enough to conceal their limbs, which is more than can be said of most little girls in Christian America.

These children, being natural musicians, learn to sing very readily. They sung some "bhajans" and translations of "Safe within the fold," and "Come to Jesus just now," in the tunes used at home. They repeated the twenty-third Psalm and other passages from the scriptures, and evinced a knowledge of the Bible and of sin, repentance, faith, prayer, and the need of a Saviour, which astonished us. They seemed not far from the kingdom of God. In reply to our questioning, they said:—"We cannot see God, but we can feel him;" "Sin is disobeying God;" "Prayer is asking God;" "Coming to Jesus is loving and obeying him."

MRS. SORABJI'S SCHOOL.

MONDAY, Nov. 29. This morning we had the pleasure of taking breakfast with Mrs. Sorabji, Principal of the "Victoria School," who is an example of the blessed and enduring results of boarding-school education given in our missions. Mrs. Sorabji is a Tamil lady, educated in a mission school at Madras; her husband is a Parsee, both are

intelligent and educated Christians. Mr. Sorabji preaches among his people, though when he first embraced Christianity his life was threatened, and young Sorabji was kept in concealment four months. For forty-two years he has been a faithful disciple, and now the Lord is giving him favor with his people. There are one hundred and eight pupils in the "Victoria School," which is a model of neatness and order. Here the children of English residents, Eurasians, Parsees, and Mahrattas mingle together in prayer and sacred song at the morning devotions, and are receiving scientific, literary, and religious instruction. Music and needlework are also taught.

MEETING IN THE NATIVE CITY.

Our company was invited to hold a service for the Babus and Parsees in the native city. It was held in the Judgment Hall of the palace of the old Mahratti kings,—a great room with strangely-carved pillars, and a court which made us think of the place where Simon Peter denied his Master in the palace of Caiphas. The hall is now an institute occupied for native instruction by the Free Church of Scotland. There were about four hundred educated natives present, who seemed much pleased with Mrs. Inskip's singing, and listened attentively to short addresses by Messrs. Inskip, McDonald, and Wood. Mr. Inskip spoke to them as thoughtful, intelligent men, desirous of knowing the truth. He told them "truth is most certainly known by its fruits, and best understood by experience." His remarks were timely, and were applauded by his strange audience clapping their hands in real American style.

Mr. McDonald endeavored to correct the impressions made upon natives by association with merely nominal Christians, as in this country all who come from Christian lands are called Christians. He told them, "We only account those Christians who have faith in Christ, renounce sin, live to please God, and bless their fellow-men. A Christian is one who loves the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself." The natives seemed to appreciate his remarks, and applauded as before.

Mr. Wood spoke of the power of Christianity to elevate individuals and nations, and said, "in proportion as a country is under the influence of the Bible, it will be happy and prosperous. Education, without the religion of Jesus Christ, will not make your great and beautiful country free and prosperous. Irreligion, superstition, and false religions debase and enervate the masses, while Christianity strengthens, ennobles and blesses all classes." Again they applauded by general clapping of hands. Their treatment was cordial and gentlemanly, but these people are so polite that they may seem to coincide with us, when, at heart, they are bitterly opposed to what is said.

THE HOMES OF WEALTHY NATIVES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 1. Mrs. Sorabji, who is engaged in zenana teaching, in connection with the "Victoria School," invited us to accompany her to the homes of some native ladies. Our first call was at a Parsee's named Jamsetji Dasabji, who met us at the door of his beautiful home, and introduced us to the ladies of his family. His wife died recently, but we saw his two little children, his aged mother, his sister,

and sister-in-law. Parsees have only one wife, but, like all the natives of this country, the parents, the sons, no matter how many, and their wives, live together. Mr. Dasabji understood English, and Mrs. Sorabji interpreted our conversation to the ladies.

Mrs. Inskip, who is always ready to seize every opportunity to speak for the Saviour, directed the conversation to the subject of personal salvation provided for us through the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The sorrow that had so recently darkened this home of refinement and taste,—for it was as beautifully furnished as a wealthy American home, with piano, pictures, and costly ornaments on the étagère,—made it the easier to speak of that *faith* which bridges the dark gulf, and makes death the entrance to eternal life. Mr. Dasabji said, “I have faith in God, though I cannot go so far as yourselves; I regard the ‘moral law’ as a most beautiful code, and as the best code.” Mr. Gungaram, a Hindoo lawyer, called before we left, and expressed much interest in the work of our mission, and a desire that we remain some time.

Our next call was on another Parsee, Dadhubhai Bootie, proprietor of the “Napier House,” the principal hotel in Poona. He was very polite, and introduced us to the ladies of his family. One wore the black costume of a widow, and seemed very sad; she showed us her husband’s picture, and spoke of her blighted life. We told her of an endless future of joy and gladness before her, if she would yield her heart to Christ. They listened respectfully to our relation of Christian experience, and presented us lemonade, confectionery, perfumery, and bouquets of flowers.

Mr. Bootie thanked us for calling, said that Mrs. Amanda Smith held a meeting for women in his parlor, and he would "be pleased to offer it to these American ladies for a similar service."

Our last call was on Mrs. Vanicrow, wife of the young Mahratti auditor who professed conversion in the Tabernacle Sunday evening. Her home was less European in style than those of the Parsees, and she was more exclusive. Passing through the husband's parlor, and ascending some stairs, we entered the wife's apartment. The bare clay floor was stained and polished with the substance (cow-dung) habitually used by the natives for *cleansing* and for *fuel*. The lady was attired in full, high-caste, native costume, could speak English, and said her husband and herself were accustomed to read the Bible and pray together, but she did not wish to make a public profession so long as her father lived. It was the old story,— "Lord, suffer me first to bury my father." She said their relatives and friends had beset them since her husband confessed his faith, in the big tent, and she did not want it to go further. Mrs. Inskip expostulated with her in a sweet, motherly way, and urged her to encourage her husband in being a Christian. We all knelt, and prayed that grace might be given them to take up the cross and follow Christ without faltering.

CONCLUSION OF THE POONA MEETING.

Mr. McDonald preached the closing sermon to a large and solemn congregation. There were a great number of the natives present, who, as in previous services, maintained the most quiet and respectful

deportment. When Mr. Inskip gave his last invitation for the people to seek the Lord, a number of new faces came forward, among them two Hindoos: one, a lady, the wife of the native preacher. Her husband, Brother Peterson, is preaching and teaching among his people, and living on what he receives from his pupils. He has entered into the fullness of "perfect love" during the meeting, and, now that his wife has become a Christian, his cup of joy is full. She testified to her faith in Mahratta, which her husband joyously interpreted. Between thirty and forty spoke for Jesus at the after service.

Some knowledge of the results of our twenty-three services in Poona may be gained from the response to Brother Inskip's question, "How many persons present have, during the progress of these meetings, received a satisfactory assurance that they have been either wholly sanctified, soundly converted, or consciously reclaimed from a backslidden state?" Eighty persons replied by promptly rising. Several had left town, and a number of young people, converted at the two children's meetings, were not present. The meeting closed at nine o'clock, and immediately the Tabernacle was taken down, packed in its boxes, sent to the railroad station, and by midnight was on its way to Bombay, to be ready for the meeting to commence there next Sunday.

RETURN TO BOMBAY.

FRIDAY, Dec. 3. When we entered the train at twelve m. for Bombay, the station was decorated with flags and flowers, not in our honor, but for the Marquis of Ripon, the Governor-General of India, who

had visited the military cantonment, and been the guest of Governor Furguesson at his Poona residence. The governor of Bombay Presidency has three residences or palaces furnished him. The one here is as fine as the presidential mansion at Washington, and is his favorite resort during the hot and rainy months. The viceroy is a Catholic, and we were delayed for more than an hour, that he might visit a Catholic school and distribute prizes. When he arrived, a carpet was spread for him to walk upon; our train was run off on a side track; his special train took its place. He entered accompanied by a Catholic priest, and after much ceremony the special train proceeded, and ours slowly followed. It was nearly eight o'clock when we reached Bombay and saw at the station the bright face of our old friend Amanda Smith. She had just returned from visiting the churches at the north to be present at our Tabernacle meeting in Bombay.

RAISING THE TABERNACLE.

SATURDAY, Dec. 4. This is the commencement of the annual Mohammedan festival, which continues twelve days; some of our friends have expressed fears for the safety of the Tabernacle, as there are two sects of these followers of the false prophet, and they sometimes come into collision. The authorities say they cannot promise it will be unmolested, but we are here to hold a meeting before Conference, and will go on trusting in God as we have done in the past. The location on the Esplanade is a good one, being opposite the new station of the G. I. P. Railroad, and at the intersection of two lines of horse-

cars ; near the "Variety Theatre," and where it will catch the cool breeze from the Arabian Sea.

Rev. D. O. Fox, presiding Elder of this district, after rendering efficient aid to the meeting in Poona, came with the Tabernacle to Bombay, and himself and the preachers of the city have exerted themselves to the utmost to have everything in readiness. The Tabernacle never looked more beautiful. There is a large platform for the preachers, organ, and choir, and back of it in large letters, which can be read from the street, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD." In the centre of the Tabernacle are suspended the British flag and the Stars and Stripes, the latter furnished us by the United States consul. The ground is hard and smooth, covered with very white wheat straw, seated with cane-bottom chairs, and lighted by thirty-two large, square, glass lanterns, hung on bamboo poles.

The first service was at half-past seven this evening. There was a good attendance, many having come eleven days before Conference to be present at these meetings. Among them are Rev. S. P. Jacobs and wife, formerly of Lawrence, Kansas, and Rev. Mr. Stone and wife, of Ohio, all now at work in Calcutta ; our young brethren Stephens and Kidder, who left their studies to come to India at William Taylor's last call for men ; Rev. and Mrs. Osborn from Madras, and Mrs. Amanda Smith, besides others, better known to the churches of India than America. As we looked at these precious brothers and sisters, we prayed that the glory of the Lord might fill the Tabernacle as it had done on many camp-grounds on the far away Western Continent ; and that these brave Americans who had left their goodly inheritance for the sake of Christ, might feel the

flame of the Holy Ghost descending and consuming their willing sacrifice. Cowper's hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," was sung, and Mr. Jacobs offered prayer. Mr. Inskip read Isaiah liii., and made some appropriate general remarks, without preaching a sermon, and in the way so often owned of God, invited the people forward to seek definitely heart-cleansing. The first to respond was Mrs. Atkinson, who had come with her pastor, Brother Jacobs, from Calcutta, one thousand four hundred and nine miles, longing for a clean heart. Others went forward with surprising readiness, entered into gospel rest, through faith in the blood of Christ, and left the Tabernacle rejoicing.

SABBATH TABERNACLE SERVICES.

DEC. 5. At Poona the Tabernacle was so comfortable at eleven o'clock, the first Sunday service here was announced for the same hour, that it might not conflict with the Sunday-schools and early services in the churches. We walked a mile and arrived covered with perspiration to find the sun shining fearfully hot through the single white canvas roof. The gentlemen were obliged to wear their hats during the service to prevent sunstroke. Mr. Inskip, who was too brave to succumb to the heat, preached a good sermon from Isaiah liii. 5, but it was too hot to remain longer, and the altar service was omitted. Mr. Wood preached in the evening with much energy and power, a clear and argumentative discourse. Mr. Inskip followed in one of his inimitable exhortations, happy, solemn, pointed, full of wit and pathos. The people seemed much moved, and many came forward.

NOCTURNAL VISITORS.

MONDAY, Dec. 6. The mosquitos appear to be holding a convention in Bombay, and to have chosen our room for their place of rendezvous. We thought we had seen *a good many* of these little musical surgeons in New Jersey and Maryland, but we have learned our mistake. For numbers, for shrill voices, sharp lancets, and poisonous mixtures, the Indian mosquito deserves the palm. They are sagacious creatures, and find weak points in our lace fortification which no human being would detect. We decidedly objected to being sung to sleep last night, and before the mosquitos succeeded in doing it, a brisk lizard about five inches in length, rattled along the wall, darted up the ceiling, and hung from the rafters over our heads. We let him stay,—the ceiling was only twenty-four feet high, and we had nothing that would reach him.

The second time we rose to battle the enemy which had invaded our intrenchments, a mouse jumped from our cot and sat on the washstand, but it was very shy, and departed without force. A little later we were awakened by the sound of water pouring in our room. Looking out we saw, by the dim light of the early morning, a great black man, almost nude, with a puffed out goat-skin as black as himself slung across his back, emptying its contents into our water-jar. This was the bhisti who had brought some cool water for our morning bath. He left as silently as he came, and we composed ourselves for a little more sleep; but suddenly were aroused by hearing some animal scampering about the floor. Our shouts only made the creature more lively. It commenced a series of gyrations around

our bedstead that would have astonished a circus performer, though we are not very capable judges as we never went to a circus, and only form our opinion from the posters. At last the nondescript sprang upon the window-sill, where it could be better seen by its audience. Some one bounded from the bed and seized the umbrella, when it gave a jump and lighted on the ground sixty feet below the window, and ran away. It was the "varigose," a species of rat, the size of a half-grown cat, with long neck and legs, and, we afterwards learned, is disposed to fight; its bite is quite poisonous, and sometimes will never heal. We have seen wharf rats, musk rats, and house rats, and decidedly prefer them all to Indian rats.

Were we to describe other visitors to our room, little and big, we fear some good people would think us capable of exaggeration, so we forbear to speak of five kinds of ants, two kinds of birds, some large mice or small rats, a great wolf-dog, and some impolite bugs, beside the bearer, khansama, khitmatga, and matir (the last four were native servants). We gratefully record that we were not visited by a deadly cobra or any other snake, but our small experience has enabled us to sympathize with missionaries as never before. Doors and windows must be left open in this hot climate, and such visitors cannot be wholly excluded.

MOHAMMEDAN ZENANAS.

TUESDAY, Dec. 7. This afternoon we went with Mrs. Mody to visit some of her Mohammedan zenanas (*zen*, woman; *zenanas*, apartments for women in India). Mrs. Mody is employed by the "Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society of England,"

which is, we think, the only society engaged in zenana work in Bombay. "The Woman's Board of Missions" has a medical work in this city under the superintendence of Miss Sarah F. Norris, M.D., and a few of the members of our Methodist churches are voluntarily doing some zenana teaching. Probably there are Christian ladies of other denominations who do the same, but there is a large and interesting field here that needs occupying.

We called at six homes, though at only two buildings. The inhabitants of each house would form quite a settlement. On the first floor were shops, stables, and the very poorest people. The families on the second floor appeared a little more comfortable. Mrs. Mody's zenana pupils on the third floor, being the wives and daughters of clerks and small tradesmen, their apartments rose above the dirt and squalor to comparative comfort. In the first zenana were three young women, probably the wives of one man. They were bright, pretty little women, though one had her teeth painted black and black circles around her eyelashes. Another had her finger-nails and the palms of her hands stained vermillion. Otherwise they were neat in their attire, with more clothing and less jewelry than the Hindoos. They seemed very glad to see us, for each visit of the zenana teacher forms an episode in their monotonous lives. They showed us the black cloak and veil in which they go to mosque; they seldom go elsewhere, and the most they see of the outside world is from the lattice of their windows.

One of them read in Gujerat a part of the third chapter of John, containing the visit of Nicodemus to Christ. We explained from our own experience what

it is to be born again and have our hearts made pure through faith in the blood of Christ. After they had sung a translation of the hymn :—

“Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again.”

we said, “We want to meet you in heaven.” One of them replied, “If God makes my heart as you said, I shall meet you there.”

BISHOP MERRILL AT THE TABERNACLE.

FRIDAY, Dec. 10. Bishop Merrill arrived in Bombay Tuesday, after holding the Norway and German Conferences, presiding at the annual meeting of the Bulgarian Methodist preachers, and visiting Palestine and Egypt. He was at the Tabernacle Wednesday evening, and his prayer for those bowed at the front forms showed his solemn, earnest sympathy with the great work which has brought us here, and gave assurance that his visit will be of much spiritual profit to the church in India.

The attendance at the tabernacle services is growing larger each day, and increasing solemnity and deep conviction prove the presence and power of God. Bishop Merrill preached an excellent sermon from Hebrews vii. 25, at half-past seven this evening, to the largest audience yet assembled in the Tabernacle. He called Hebrews “an inspired commentary on the law of Moses,” and showed the two-fold design of Christ’s atonement upon earth and his intercession in heaven, to *reconcile* the unconverted to God, and to *purify* their hearts, that they may be fitted to be with him where he is and behold his glory. The bishop has wonderful power in unfolding the Scriptures, and,

without anecdote, illustration, or rhetorical display, his sermon was intensely interesting, instructive, and convincing.

A SUNDAY AMONG SOLDIERS.

SUNDAY, Dec. 12. The Tabernacle looks as though it were in the midst of a military encampment in time of war. Battery E, from Afghanistan, arrived last night, and encamped on the Esplanade around us. Hundreds of horses are tethered and feeding a little to the rear of the Tabernacle. They are eating hay and straw, for the Esplanade at this season of the year is almost as barren as the desert of Sahara. Small camp-fires smoke here and there where attendants are cooking breakfast. A number of rifled cannon flank our place of worship, while soldiers in uniform stroll about, or rest on their army blankets within their tents. Several bhists are drawing water from the great tanks to the left, and sprinkling the ground to make it cooler, and obviate the dust caused by such a concourse.

The first Tabernacle service, at half-past seven A.M., was a love-feast, such as we are accustomed to in America. It was inspiring to listen to the testimonies of those who had been converted or wholly sanctified during the past week. We shall not forget the joy that beamed on the face of a large, warm-hearted pilot, who was Brother McDonald's host when we first arrived in Bombay; and was converted Thursday evening. The love-feast was succeeded by a service in the vernacular, conducted by Rev. George Bowen, and a very interesting children's meeting in the afternoon by Mrs. Inskip.

A strange concourse assembled within and around the Tabernacle at night,—survivors of the terrible campaign in Afghanistan; soldiers whose ranks had been decimated during the war in Zululand; Arabs and Afghans, Malays, Tamils, Parsees, Hindoos, and Eurasians: Portuguese, English, and American sailors, midshipmen, and members of the garrison at Colaba; and some whose strange physique and stranger costume we could not locate; but all belonging to the same human family, of which God is the Father and Christ the Elder Brother.

The curtains were raised to admit the cool night air, and permit those standing about to hear the singing and witness the worship of the true God, though they could not understand the words spoken. Notwithstanding the heterogeneous audience, there was the utmost quiet and attention. Mr. Inskip, in his sermon on “God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth,” made little of creeds, and much of experimental salvation; little of human reason, but much of submission to God. He deprecated waiting for more conviction, and urged instantaneous decision; not penances, but trust in Christ; and, best of all, not reliance on man, but on the power of the Holy Ghost. The after service will never be forgotten. Soldiers in red, white, and blue uniforms, sailors nearly wrecked by rum and tobacco, natives and Eurasians, some of the loveliest spirits in the Christian community, and some who had been worse than heathen, filled the centre of the Tabernacle, which was made one vast altar of prayer. The sentiments, impressions, and emotions inspired by

this scene, no language can express. All felt the influence of the Holy Spirit, and many, we trust, were saved.

MOHAMMEDAN MOHURRUM.

MONDAY, Dec. 13. The Mohammedan festival terminated to-day in the "Mohurrum," or great procession. The followers of Mohammed have been divided since his death into two sects, the Shiaks, and the Sunnis, frequently called "the sect of Ali," and the "the sect of Omar." The division was caused by a dispute with reference to the legal succession to his temporal and spiritual power. Mohammed, having died without male issue, Ali, the husband of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter, claimed to be the heir, but was opposed by Ayesha, the prophet's widow; and the Moslems elected a triumvirate, of which Omar was chief. After a series of battles and intrigues Ali fell, pierced with the darts of the Sunnis or adherents of Omar. Ali left three sons, one of whom, Hassan, succeeded him for a short time, but eventually all were slain.

Twelve hundred years have passed away, but the ancient feud has never been healed. Each year the Shiaks, or followers of Ali, close the annual festival with a night of lamentation. The "mourning ones" gathered last evening in a great hall, where one of our company was permitted to witness an indescribable scene of melancholy and woe. Hassan's death was represented by a woman upon a horse, with the prostrate form of her husband covered with blood, followed by a horse with an empty saddle, and preceded by thirty men, who marched around the arena screaming "Hassan, Hassan!" and beating their naked breasts

until the blood flowed; and some fainted, and were carried away.

This afternoon we went to the rooms of the "Bible and Tract Society" to see the procession of the Sunnis or "rejoicing ones." The "Bible House" is at the corner of the two principal native streets; the procession was two hours in passing this point, coming down one street and going up the other. These streets were crowded with many thousands of all classes, gathered to witness the performances of this strange, grotesque, inhuman procession. All the fantasies, horribles, and masquerades of foolish ones in America combined would give no idea of a Mohur-rum. We never want to see another.

This one, however, opened our eyes to the darkness and degradation, the beastliness and demon-likeness, to which the religion of the false prophet has reduced its adherents. Strong English military and police forces were present to prevent conflict between the two factions, although none in the procession seemed ugly (all liquor-shops were closed during the Mohur-rum), but simply bent on savage enjoyment. Some had their nude bodies horribly painted in stripes of black and yellow, and wore a yellow hood, with horns on the head; some were painted green, others white, with black and red stripes, and some were oiled and covered with ashes from head to feet. Companies of twenty or more, dressed in white, after water was poured on the dusty street, ran and threw themselves on the ground, tumbling over and over each other, until they were covered with mud.

A hundred and sixty-six "taboots" or paper and tinsel figures of mosques, birds, and animals, some of

them twenty feet long, were borne on the heads of men, or on carts drawn by bullocks. One was a model of the "Taj" at Agra, and was really beautiful. These taboots were preceded by priests, bearing censers of burning incense. Many spectators rushed into the procession, threw an offering into a taboot, and anointed their foreheads with ashes from the censer. One taboot represented an enormous goose with ribs of bamboo covered with paper, and stuffed with men and boys. A cart bore a pole on which several nearly nude gymnasts performed alternately. Six hundred and sixty "punjabs" of peacock's feathers, flowers, palm-branches, and sticks of sugar-cane were carried by these dancing, grinning, singing, shouting, tumbling, and boxing Moslems. The procession proceeded to the bay, and the ceremonies ended by casting all the taboots and punjabs into the water.

SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5. Bishop S. M. Merrill opened the annual session of the South India Conference at eleven A.M. in Grant Road Church. This Conference is composed of young men. Only one of its forty members and eight probationers has seen fifty years. All are present except Mr. Robinson of Rangoon, and Mr. Goodwin, absent on a sea voyage for his health. Some have come one thousand four hundred miles to attend Conference, and one preacher, L. R. Janney of Kurrache, two thousand three hundred and eighty-one miles, and while here his youngest child has died.

Rev. William Taylor laid the foundation for this Conference in his three years' labor in India, in

1872-5. His preaching was largely to the Eurasians, a race sprung from the intermingling of natives and Europeans during the past two hundred years. Most of them speak the English language and one or more of the native dialects. No mission had been organized among them, and they were practically as much without God as the heathen until the commencement of Mr. Taylor's labors. Some, it is true, had been reached by the missionaries of the parent Society, but *their* field is in the Northwest Provinces, where there are comparatively few Eurasians, and it is almost impossible to combine English with native work, for which nearly all the missions to this country are designed. Many of these Eurasians are fine-looking and intelligent. They unite much of the energy of the Anglo-Saxon with the politeness, and the aesthetic, and musical taste of the Oriental. Three or four of the most talented and useful ministers of the South India Conference are from this people. Most of its members are Americans, but it has some from the British Isles, and a few East Indians, and natives. They labor chiefly among the English-speaking people, still there are some engaged exclusively in native work. All in English work depend upon their congregations for support, the same as at home. They are real moral heroes, often going where there is no church and laboring with faith and success in forming one. A good number of them stop at the "Coffee-Rooms," affording us an opportunity to converse with them freely: they are cheerful, hopeful, and intensely devoted to their work. Rev. C. B. Ward, most prominent among those engaged in native work, has a field among the Telegus, comprising several hundred

square miles, and two Faith Orphanages, dependent upon voluntary contributions for maintenance. The Conference has received three strong men from those sent by the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church; Revs. Dr. Thoburn, D. O. Fox, and W. J. Gladwin.

The senior member of the Conference is Rev. George Bowen, editor of the "Bombay Guardian," a weekly paper. Mr. Bowen came to India thirty-three years, ago under the auspices of the American Board, and, though worn almost to a skeleton, has never left his work to visit his native land. He gave his life to India, and here he designs to finish his work and die, but he expects to live to see a great ingathering of the natives before being called to rest. No Christian man in Bombay or India has a stronger hold upon the natives. His pure, unselfish life, his thorough education and unpretentious manner, command their respect, and his fidelity and kindness have won their love. Some Hindoos would gladly worship him as the prince of "fakirs" and the Catholics, did he belong to them, would not wait until death to canonize him. A rich Parsee, as a testimonial of Mr. Bowen's devotion to the sick and dying, left him ten thousand rupees, all of which he gave toward the Methodist church in Calcutta. A book might easily be written on the South India Conference, though neither the Conference nor its self-supporting churches scattered over India had any existence ten years ago. Truly, "what hath God wrought!"

CLOSING TABERNACLE SERVICES.

SUNDAY, Dec. 19. There was no service in the Tabernacle this morning, it being Conference Sunday.

At the close of the Conference sermon, Mr. Peters, a native converted under William Taylor, was ordained deacon by Bishop Merrill. He came from prison to Conference, having been arrested for preaching in the streets of Madras. Though illegally imprisoned, Brother Peters joyfully served out his term of seven days, and then, like Peter of old, returned to his street preaching, deeming it right to hearken unto God rather than unto men.

Bishop Merrill preached the last sermon in the Tabernacle at six P.M., from the text "Now shall the prince of this world be cast out." He ably argued from the Scriptures the personality of Satan, in refutation of the philosophy of modern semi-infidels who make Satan only a personification of the principle of evil. Mr. Inskip followed the sermon in a thrilling exhortation, and a great crowd came forward seeking pardon or purity. The prayers and testimonies which closed the Tabernacle services, showed the depth and power of the work wrought during the fifteen days of the meeting.

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS IN BOMBAY.

MONDAY, Dec. 20. Mrs. Inskip conducted four interesting and useful children's meetings in the Tabernacle. The first was at four P.M. Saturday, Dec. 11. There was a large attendance. Mr. Gardner led the singing, and Mr. Osborn, who is always at home among the children, offered prayer, and the writer made a brief address. Mrs. Amanda Smith sung "I'm the child of a king" with a beauty and pathos impossible to imitate. Many children and youth responded to Mrs. Inskip's exhortation to come and give their

hearts to God. Quite a number professed conversion. One Eurasian lad, as soon as Jesus converted him, stood on the bench, sung a hymn in Mahratti and urged the natives to come to Christ. They appeared deeply interested and gathered more closely around the centre of the Tabernacle.

At the second meeting on Sunday several native youth sought the Lord, although surrounded by their unbelieving countrymen, who pressed toward the altar to see what was going on. Mr. Vardon, a young local preacher, who speaks four of the native languages, told them that the children felt they were sinners and were coming to Christ to be saved. The third meeting, the following Saturday, was a melting service, many children and youth testifying for Jesus. Mrs. McDonald made an address to the mothers which those present will not forget. Her solemn, earnest, sympathetic manner gave weight to every word. She pointed out the dangers and difficulties that environ the children of Christian parents in this land where they are so largely under the influence of native servants. We wish that her remarks with regard to sending children to dancing-schools, too common among nominal Christians here as well as at home could be heard by every mother in Christendom.

At the fourth children's meeting, Mrs. Amanda Smith made an address and sung a hymn, the principal word in the refrain being "sunshine." There was *sunshine* in the words, *more sunshine* in the singer's face, and her tones indicated *most sunshine* in her heart. Several adults sought the Lord, and a large number of young people gave their names, who had been converted during the meetings.

This morning the Tabernacle was taken down and repacked for shipment. Thirty-four English services have been held in it while pitched on the Esplanade, beside a number of services for the natives, under charge of Mr. Bowen.

AN INDIAN CONFERENCE LOVE-FEAST.

TUESDAY, Dec. 21. Conference closed last evening. Prior to reading the appointments, Dr. Thoburn conducted a precious love-feast. It was humbling and encouraging to listen to the testimonies of this band of youthful and devoted ministers, as they told how God had refreshed, strengthened, or cleansed their hearts during the Tabernacle services. All had bowed at its altar of prayer. Those who had been walking in the light of heart-purity received a fresh anointing; those whose assurance had grown dim, a blessed renewal; and some, who had not known the experience of purity, sought and found a clean heart.

At the close of the love-feast Bishop Merrill made an appropriate address, and read the appointments. We heard no murmuring, saw no dissatisfied faces, though the bishop said he did not like to read some of them. One sent Brother Shaw to Lahore, in the north of India, nearly two thousand miles from his last appointment, where there is no church to welcome him, he being sent to organize a new society. To the condolence of friends he replied, "I shall take the nucleus of a church with me in my wife and seven children."

Among the resolutions of thanks which usually form part of the closing ceremonies of an annual conference, we gratefully record the following, intro-

duced by Rev. Dennis Osborne, presiding elder of the Allahabad District, and on which the bishop requested the privilege of voting:—

(1) “Whereas our beloved brethren from America, Rev. Messrs. J. S. Inskip, W. McDonald, and J. A. Wood, have been laboring in our midst in a series of special religious services, we hereby express our hearty appreciation of the benefits which have resulted from their labors, and that we tender to them and their companions, our hearty acknowledgment of their services.

(2) “That we pray for the divine blessing to accompany them as they go from hence, and crown their labors from place to place, and in due time safely conduct them back to their native land.”

BANYAN-TREES AND HINDOO BURNING-GROUND.

One of the widest and finest streets of Bombay extends the whole length of the city along the Arabian Sea. In some places it is beautifully shaded by wide-spreading banyan-trees, which look as though they had been used for gallows, and hundreds of weather-beaten ropes, about two yards long, hung from their branches, swaying in the sea breeze. These are not ropes, but brown rootlets, that grow from the under side of the branches, and never have any leaves; but if not cut off (as these have been) will reach the ground, take root, and gradually form new trunks, until one tree will make quite a forest. We saw such a tree near the soldiers' barracks at Colaba.

When riding along this street, we were surprised by the odor of roasting flesh, though no dwellings were near, but two or three cemeteries. One is the

English burying-ground, another that of the Mohammedans, who have too much of the Bible in their Koran not to hold sacred the dust which God will raise at the last day. The third inclosure, with a high wall, and heavy iron doors, is the Hindoo burning-ground. A small procession approached one of the doors, with a body wrapped in a sheet, covered with flowers, and carried on a bier, and was readily admitted; but we were not allowed to enter. The gentlemen, however, found a place on the wall, where they saw the cremation ceremonies. Within the ground were several iron cages of various sizes, those for adults holding about half a cord of wood, and in some were bodies nearly consumed. Wood for all purposes being sold by weight in India, the relatives first purchased some, which was weighed out proportionate to the size of the body, and a layer arranged on the lower bars of the cage. Then the body was put in, covered with roses, and the wood piled around and above it. The pile was then sprinkled with some combustible fluid, and a fire lighted underneath. In a moment all was in a blaze, and in half an hour only a few ashes remained. While it was burning, the friends wept and wailed, and rung little bells. The ashes are frequently put into a jar and carried home, to be finally cast into the Ganges, Nerbudda, or some other sacred river.

As in Christian lands, the funeral expenses are light or heavy according to the wealth of the deceased. The rich use expensive sandal-wood for the burning, and employ wailers or hired mourners to lament around their dwelling, making the nights hideous for a month after the death of one of the family.

Our ride was continued to the quiet and beautiful premises of the Scotch Mission, where Mr. and Mrs. McDonald have been kindly entertained by Rev. Professor Blake of the Free Scotch Presbyterian Church. The kindness and fraternity displayed by the missionaries of this church in every mission station we have visited have greatly endeared them to us.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE CARS.

The friends in Bombay have been very kind in entertaining and co-operating with us, and have made us feel very much at home with them. Through the kindness of Brother Lyle, an engineer on the road, we have a whole second-class car to ourselves. It is divided into two compartments. The front room is occupied by Bishop Merrill and Brother Inskip and wife, the rear one by Brother McDonald and wife, Mr. Wood, and the writer. Here we expect to keep house until Friday, when we hope to reach Allahabad, eight hundred and forty-five miles to the north, in the centre of India. Missionaries never take first-class cars, and frequently take third-class if the journey is not a long one. The second-class fare is only half as much as first-class, and the third less than half that of the second-class. Only the first-class have *cushions*. The third-class have no glass windows to exclude the cold night air, and none of the cars have the comforts of an ordinary American passenger car, not to speak of a Pullman parlor coach.

The amount of luggage carried by an East Indian traveler would astonish any baggage-master in America, and would provoke the question, "Don't you wish to charter a baggage-car?" Each of us has a great roll

of bedding called a "rhizi," consisting of a pillow and comfortable, for all who travel in India, whether natives or foreigners, take their beds with them. Our "tiffin" baskets were loaded with eatables by our Bombay friends. When we left Bombay, at half-past five P.M., the atmosphere was uncomfortably warm, but before midnight, as we ascended the Ghauts, we were thankful for all our bedding. Oh, how our bones did ache! We seemed to realize as never before that we had two hundred and eight in our body, and wondered if they were all pricking through the skin. Cushionless benches only fifteen inches wide do not make good beds, and we imagined boards seasoned harder here than in the temperate zones. We rested on one side until we could endure the soreness no longer, then rose and tried the other; when both were past enduring more, we tried lying with our face to the ceiling, but our back had no greater powers of endurance, and we sat up and waited for the day. Our cold breakfast was seasoned by a good appetite. The day was comfortably warm. Our provisions held out until the second evening, when, on our arrival at Jubbulpore, the station-master and his wife brought us some hot tea and a nice supper, which was truly appreciated.

We were weary and cold, and expected to sleep the second night, though it was necessary to have more over us and less on the benches. Wrapped in over-coats, shawls, lap-rugs, and comfortables, we could not keep warm. It was the coldest night of our lives. If any one thinks it is never cold in India, let him take a night ride northward after sweating three weeks in Bombay, and he will wish for clothing appropriate to

the frigid zone. The gentlemen did not endure it as well as their *weaker* associates. They tried wrapping themselves in their "rhizis," after the similitude of mummies, but in vain. Their bed was like the one described by Isaiah, "Shorter than a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he wrap himself in it." They walked up and down their narrow quarters, stamped their cold feet, got out at every station and took a little run on the platform, and didn't freeze to death. The long night slowly wore away, the sun gilded the east, and we welcomed its rays, bringing us warmth and comfort, and at half-past seven arrived in Allahabad a cold, tired, dusty, hungry set of travelers, and found Rev. Messrs. D. Osborne and J. T. Deatker waiting to welcome us to hospitable homes.

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL IN INDIA.

Though we did not enjoy our housekeeping arrangements at night, we did enjoy the variety and beauty of the landscape during the day. Fields of cotton, and castor oil beans, and sugar-cane, were succeeded by various strange grains, Egyptian corn, pulse, dahl, and gram, and these, as we reached the more northern plateau, by great fields of wheat and mustard. A variety of parrots and other birds, with brilliant plumage, sat on the telegraph wires, flocks of peacocks peeped from the jungle grass along the track, monkeys as large as a bull-dog hung by their long tails from the boughs of the mango-trees, or scampered with immense bounds across the fields at the approach of our train, jackals peered from the bushes, and the beautiful, tall sarus in pairs stalked among the wild flowers.

These birds are nearly as large as an ostrich, with mottled gray and white plumage, and are not gregarious. We saw them frequently, but seldom more than two together. We passed little ponds of water whose surface was as red as blood, caused by a peculiar fungus covering the whole surface, and saw the native husbandmen at their patient toil. Much of the land seemed very productive, and with suitable implements and proper cultivation, would produce large returns.

We passed a number of native towns and many villages, though the country looks less populated than in many parts of India. Sir Richard Temple states that there are 494,000 villages in British India, having 37,000,000 of inhabited houses, besides 1,402 towns of over 10,000 inhabitants, and 44 cities having over 50,000 people. The miserable aspect of most of the native villages, mere mud huts with thatched roofs, illy consorted with the beautiful fields and large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. What a paradise Christianity would make of this region? It is finely diversified by hill and plain, mountain and valley, and has some small rivers and lakes. The railroad track is very fine, having iron ties, and being ballasted with pounded stone. The stations are substantial and commodious, though there are ninety-eight of them between Bombay and Allahabad, and all are adorned with a profusion of cultivated flowers. Some of the railroads in this country give a premium to the station-master who has the finest and most tasteful display of flowers about the station.

ALLAHABAD.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24. This is a large and beautiful city, situated on a plain at the confluence of the

Ganges and Jumna, two sacred rivers of the Hindoos. It has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, and being now the seat of government for the northwest provinces, is rapidly increasing. The streets are wide, straight, and smooth, covered with a metallic clay, and kept watered by bhistis, with goatskin water-bottles, and are finely shaded by large trees. Some avenues have four rows of trees, principally the "sissoon," resembling the elm, and much prized by cabinet-makers, and the "neem," looking like our locust, but growing much larger. There are some pepul trees, but no banyans and few palms. The buildings are much scattered in the English quarter of the town. Even the business houses, the offices, and post-office, occupy large bungalows in the centre of compounds with winding walks and drives among carefully trimmed hedges and beautiful plots of roses, asters, chrysanthemums, and other flowers.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

SATURDAY, Dec. 25. The Christians of India observe Christmas very religiously. First, there was a praise-service in the church at half-past four this morning, nearly two hours before light. The pulpit was covered with arbor vitae and roses, the communion rail trimmed with fresh flowers, and everything appeared more like summer than winter, except the chilly air of the early morning. At eleven o'clock Mr. Inskip preached to a good congregation from the text, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, good will to men." The church property is very inviting and beautiful, being in the centre of the English town, with three streets nearly surrounding the large compound which con-

tains both church and parsonage. The church is of red brick, with white trimmings, in a graceful style of architecture, and will seat about six hundred. Mr. Osborne, the pastor, was its architect and superintended the building. We are his guests during our stay in Allahabad. Our Christmas dinner was fit for a king; an enormous piece of roast-beef, a large goose, a pair of ducks, and a ham of wild boar, plum-pudding, rice and curry, fresh peas, new potatoes, lettuce, oranges, bananas, and nuts.

AKBAR'S FORT.

Before our Christmas dinner we took a ride of two miles, passing through Albert Park with its well arranged system of irrigation, and its beautiful combination of Oriental and European plants and flowers. In the centre is a fine brick hall, built in memorial of Lord Mayo, Governor-General of India, who was assassinated in 1872 by a Mohammedan convict while visiting the penal colony on one of the Andaman Islands. We rode past the fine public library, which is built of brick, has a high tower, and is maintained by the revenue derived from hair cut from the heads of pilgrims to the Ganges. It is free and open to all classes.

The fort is on the bank of the Jumna near its confluence with the Ganges. We were surprised at its size, beauty, and strength, for it is substantially the same as when built by Akbar, the great and liberal Mogul emperor, three hundred and fifty years ago. It consists of a double quinangular line of enormous earth-works, protected on the outside by heavy granite walls, strongly bastioned, and cost eight million five hundred thousand dollars. Within the fortress are

fine gardens, large barracks of brick and stone, an English church, Akbar's old palace, now occupied by the commandant, officers' residences, and an ancient subterranean Hindoo temple. In the middle of the fort is one of Asoca's columns, which was fished out of the mud of the Jumna. It is of fine red marble, perfectly sound, about forty-two feet in height and three in diameter, and is covered with Sanscrit inscriptions from the base to the top. Archaeologists say it dates back three hundred years before Christ. The superstitious natives call it "Bim Senha Sonta," the pestle or club of Bim Sen, a giant of antiquity, and believe that with this he pounded his grain in a mortar yet to be found in the bed of the Jumna.

SUBTERRANEAN TEMPLE AND BLEEDING TREE.

A procession of Hindoo pilgrims preceded us into the fort, carrying wheat, oil, and marigolds to the old subterranean temple of "Akshai Bat." When they had paid their vows and departed, we went to the hole in the ground from whence they emerged, and found several priests ready to conduct us into its depths. We stumbled down some black, greasy, stone steps and entered a long, narrow passage smelling of oil and smoke. Through this we groped our way for two or three hundred feet by the flickering light of the dim cocoanut-oil lamps carried by the priests. Rudely carved figures of heathen gods, daubed with red paint, occupied niches along the wall and added their horrors to the place, making it seem like an entrance to the infernal regions. It led to a large, low, dark, square room carved out, or built of solid stone, with great pillars supporting the rocky roof.

Hideous images of Vishnu, Siva, Gunesh, Parbutti, Gunputti, and gods or rather devils innumerable, confronted us wherever the miserable little lamps penetrated the darkness. The central figure was the obscene "Linga" or principle of life, around which fresh rosebuds and marigolds were plentifully strewn. At the further end was the famous "*bleeding-tree*," a mere forked stump of a pepul-tree reaching nearly to the low stone roof. One of the priests said, "the tree was sawed off by one of the gods, ages ago before this temple was built, but it still retains its sap and vitality." They showed us some little twigs daubed with vermillion and oil, which they said was "blood oozing from the tree to atone for the sins of all who pray and bring their offerings to Akshai Bat." Thousands of poor deluded Hindoos have for hundreds of years visited this loathsome den, and paid their money to its filthy, lazy, lying priests, hoping in this way to secure pardon and heaven. Near the tree was a narrow passage or ditch through which a man could barely crawl, which the priests said conducted to the sacred Sarasvati, or river of the gods. We did not care to explore further, but hastened out of the close atmosphere of this underground abode of beastly degradation. The Lord pity the poor Hindoos, and hasten the light of Christianity among them.

FAKIRS ALONG THE GANGES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 29. After the morning service quite a company of Mr. Osborne's guests visited the Ganges at a point near Akbar's Fort. The bed of the river is about a mile and a half wide at this place, but in the "winter season," as this time of the year is

called, it only flows through two channels, while the centre of the river is dry sand, and the channels change more or less every year. The bank is fortified by a high levee to prevent the city of Allahabad from being inundated during the southwest monsoon.

On the levee were four fakirs (fa-keers) or devotees. One of them, a very old man with long white hair and beard; sat on an altar of unhewn stones plastered with mud about four feet square. Here he has sat for fifty-five years, day and night, in the sun and rain, the heat and cold. We say cold,—it seldom freezes in this latitude, but the nights are so chilly that we require nearly as many blankets as in New England in winter. He sits on a little rug, and has a thin muslin cloth wrapped about him, both anatto color, the sacred dye of the Hindoos. At midnight he leaves his rock and goes down the steep bank to bathe in the sacred river. Two priests bring him food, wait upon him, and take the money freely given him by pilgrims to the Ganges. He is regarded as so holy that giving to him is giving to God; he is consequently one of the richest men in Allahabad. We were cautioned not to approach very near his altar with our shoes on, and were invited to converse with him. He said he spent his time in prayer and contemplation of the supreme being. Mr. Flemming, who accompanied us, said he had known of his being there for twenty-three years, and his paper, certified by government, stated that he had sat there since 1825.

Near him was a much younger man, who had taken a vow not to *sit* or *lie* down for twelve years. He had stood only two years, but his legs were terribly swollen, and the skin on one so broken that it had to be

bound up. The only rest he obtained was by leaning over a little swing. Another young fellow, who had devoted himself to laziness and nudity, sat on the ground, his head shaved, and covered with ashes from head to foot. It was sad to see men to whom God has given life, health, and perfect bodies, abusing them, and spending their time in idleness, pretending they are thus fitting themselves for heaven. Still, we cannot help the thought that these ignorant, debased heathen are far less culpable with their dim light, than those men in Christian lands who spend their time in dram-shops, burning out their brains with alcohol, blunting their moral sensibilities, and destroying both soul and body.

BAPTIST AND UNION ZENANA MISSIONS.

FRIDAY, Dec. 31. This morning we accepted an invitation to breakfast with the Misses Gordon, of the Baptist Zenana Mission. We found six ladies occupying a delightful home, engaged in the blessed employment of carrying instruction to the secluded wives and mothers of this land. These humble and earnest workers have attended our meetings regularly, and sought and obtained the clearer light of Christian purity. We would gladly have accompanied them to some of the heathen homes, but our time in Allahabad was limited, and we had another engagement for the afternoon.

Among the many women's missionary societies which have sprung into active existence in the United States during the last twenty years, the oldest and one of the most efficient is the "Union Foreign Missionary Society," organized in 1861, of which

Mrs. T. C. Doremus was president and the moving spirit until her death two years ago.

This society embraces all denominations, and works independently of church boards. It now has twenty-nine ladies and sixty native helpers at work in India, beside others in Smyrna, China, Japan, and Cyprus. These unmarried ladies, in going to distant lands, establishing missions, purchasing and superintending the erection and maintenance of homes for themselves and their corps of workers, without male assistance, display an energy and heroism which ought to make every American woman proud of her sex. These ladies have adopted the words and exhibit the spirit of Mary Lyon, as recorded on her monument in the grounds of Mount Holyoke Seminary: "*I fear nothing in the universe except that I shall not know and do my duty.*"

Miss Lathrop, superintendent of the work at Allahabad, and Miss Ward, of Cawnpore, called and invited us to visit their mission. The neatness, beauty, and substantial character of the buildings spoke of the business capability of the energetic superintendent. The delightful home-like dinner with these American ladies made us feel almost at home once more. We accompanied them to some of their zenanas and schools, and learned a little of the magnitude of the work in which they are engaged. They have four hundred and fifty pupils in their schools in this city, beside over two hundred zenanas, or homes, visited twice each week. The society now has four homes in India,— at Calcutta, Rajpore, Cawnpore, and Allahabad,— and from these their teachers go out to nearly two thousand women and girls.

We visited two families living in mud huts reached by narrow lanes, and found in one of these poor places, destitute of furniture save two cane stools and a few copper dishes, a young woman pupil who can read the New Testament in two languages, and evidently loves and trusts the Lord Jesus. Another home was one of wealth. Though the husband was a lawyer, and had renounced caste and idolatry, and embraced the Brahmo Somaj, he enjoyed the beautiful drawing-room with his male friends, while his pretty young wife was secluded in her cheerless zenana apartments; and her only pleasures consisted in putting on her jewels, valued at thousands of rupees, until the zenana lady opened to her the doorway to a better life in religious and secular instruction. She can now read and write, and is studying geography.

THE MEETING IN ALLAHABAD.

The weather here is cool, and the air clear and bracing. Our meeting opened on Sunday, the 26th, at eleven o'clock, with a full house. Mr. Inskip, as usual, preached the opening sermon. He had much liberty, and the way of the Lord had evidently been prepared by the pastor, for there was a prompt move on the part of the church. The long communion-rail and front pews were crowded, and several testified to having found purity at the first service. At four P.M. Mrs. Inskip conducted a children's meeting, and we have seldom seen a more affecting service. At each succeeding service the meeting grew better and better. On Wednesday there were twelve ministers at Mr. Osborne's hospitable table, who had come to attend the meetings, and all were richly blest. The wife of

Mr. Bowser, one of the young preachers, arrived from America last week, and immediately sought heart-purity to fully qualify her to work with her husband in India.

The watch-night service, Friday night, commenced at eight o'clock, and was well attended to its close. A number of precious young people were converted, and the new year opened with the testimonies of new converts and rejoicing believers, saved from indwelling sin. It was the most beautiful, solemn, and joyous watch-night service we ever attended, and really seemed the shortest, though it commenced so early. New Year's Day, like Christmas, is observed religiously, it being customary in India to attend church on that day. The morning congregation was as large as on the sabbath, and many, including several soldiers, sought to be cleansed from all sin, eighteen kneeling at the altar, in their red coats, at one time.

The children's meeting on the second sabbath was even better than the first. Whole families were converted. We have seldom seen more intelligent action on the part of the young. The missionaries of the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Union missions attended the services, and participated in the blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The last Sunday morning sermon was followed by a precious love-feast, in which young and old bore witness to the grace of God. The love-feast was succeeded by a communion service, and we were pleased to find no fermented wine at the table of the Lord.

The series of twenty meetings closed Sunday evening, with a number seeking the Lord, and a glorious tide of religious interest. Mr. Osborne, the presiding

elder, said that his highest anticipations had been more than realized ; he expected many would be saved, but not that the work would be so general ; he did not think there were more than three or four, out of about a hundred and fifty members of this church, but what had sought a clean heart ; and a number of backsliders had been reclaimed ; and others, for whom many prayers had been offered, had been brought to Christ.

THE FAMINE DISTRICT.

MONDAY, Jan. 3, 1881. We left Allahabad at half-past eight A.M. for the North India Annual Conference, to sit at Bareilly, three hundred and twenty-seven miles up the valley of the Ganges. The railroad passes through a long alkaline plain lying between the Ganges and Jumna, which owes any little fertility to the overflow of these rivers. The rainfall having been much below the average for the past three years, it has been visited by a terrible famine. Hundreds of cattle were standing in pastures, apparently as barren as a macadamized road, gnawing out the dead roots of grass. The only green things to be seen were some mango and gum-arabic trees, which horses, cows, and goats were standing on their hind legs and reaching up to browse, while in some places the natives were breaking down the boughs to feed them. All, whether men or beasts, looked thin and bony. Many villages seemed half-deserted, the mud walls unroofed and broken down. The wells were few, and the water was drawn in leather buckets, from a great depth, by oxen walking down a long inclined plane. By irrigation a very scanty crop of wheat and dahl were produced, barely sufficient to keep these poor creatures from starvation.

Many of them were grubbing up the roots of the grass along the railroad track to keep the hungry cattle from perishing.

THE VALLEY OF THE GANGES.

TUESDAY, January 4. At Cawnpore we crossed the Ganges, passing a multitude of pilgrims, and proceeded northward up the beautiful fertile valley, which extends through the centre of Hindostan for fourteen hundred and sixty miles. The fresh green of the wheat fields was refreshing after the glare of the barren alkaline plains. The luxuriant stalks of sugar-cane, the tall castor-oil beans, and the blossoming fields of pulse, mustard, and dahl, spoke of careful cultivation well rewarded. The cattle looked plump, the people appeared more comfortable, their mud huts were larger, and they moved about their fields with more energy and hope. The land is kept green by constant irrigation from numerous wells, and the water, being nearer the surface, is generally drawn by a bucket on the long arm of a lever, suspended on a tall pole, precisely like the old-fashioned well-sweep of Connecticut. We passed two enormous banyan-trees, that would shelter several thousands of people, and many fine mango orchards. These are planted like our peach or apple orchards, but the trees grow much larger than either, and the mango is to India in summer what the apple is to America in the winter. The roots, striking deep into the earth, are not affected by the hot, dry winds of the spring months; and the cool, juicy, delicious fruit, somewhat resembling the peach, ripens when other fruits are blasted and the vegetable gardens are dried up.

About twenty miles from Bareilly, we caught our first sight of the Himalaya mountains, a few peaks, covered with snow, being outlined against the clear sky near the horizon, though sixty miles distant. At four p. m., we reached Bareilly, and were welcomed by our old friends, Dr. Thomas meeting Brother Inskip, Dr. Scott Brother McDonald, and Miss Fannie Sparks Mr. Wood, with whom each found pleasant entertainment during Conference.

BAREILLY GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

At six p. m., we assembled in the commodious new hall of the Orphanage, to witness its anniversary exercises. The hall consists of one long room, with two wings. The white walls were tastefully decked with mottoes in the Urdu language, appropriate to the new year, and trimmed with fresh evergreens and flowers. All of the two hundred and seventy-six girls connected with the Orphanage were present. Some are young ladies, and they grade downward to infants, only a few months old. About seventy of them were picked up during the famine; though many died, as the result of their terrible sufferings, those who survived are bright and healthy. A sweeter and more cunning assemblage of little girls it were hard to find than these plump little dark-skinned beauties, with their smooth, glossy, black hair, and sparkling eyes, set off to advantage by their scarlet dresses. Miss Sparks moved with the grace and sweetness of a proud, happy mother among her large family, directing and controlling all without apparent effort. More perfect discipline could not be desired.

Dr. Thomas was requested to examine the school on

the Bible lessons for the year. We never saw children enjoy an examination more than these, and certainly none ever answered more promptly, though the examiner had not rehearsed the exercise, and did not take the review lesson leaves, but asked the questions, from Genesis to Acts, as they occurred to him. The little ones were no less ready in answering the catechism, and all sung with much spirit hymns in Urdu and in English. Some of the older girls performed a native air on extemporized instruments,—a great packing-box, and several brazen cups and plates, with forks and keys, producing a lively melody, in correct time. Short addresses were made by the Bishop and the visiting brethren.

NORTH INDIA CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 5. Bishop Merrill opened the Conference at eleven o'clock this morning, in the mission church. Nearly all the members were present. There are twenty-three American and twelve native preachers, members of conference, beside sixty-seven local preachers, many of whom act as supplies, and do the work of a conference preacher, and a number of them have come to conference. The American members are nearly all in the prime and vigor of middle life; none of them aged, and few of them young and inexperienced. They look like picked men, as though the conferences at home had been sifted, and some best able to endure responsibilities and difficulties had been sent to India. Their step is not less sprightly, nor their countenance less hopeful than that of their ministerial brethren at home. Most of them look well, though there are a number who have been here from

eighteen to twenty-three years, visiting home perhaps once in that time. There are a few who are in feeble health, but we are astonished as we note the reluctance with which they take a vacation; their hearts are in this work; their native converts are like their own children, and with many it is really harder to leave their spiritual children, with the terrible social and moral influences surrounding them here, than it is to leave their own offspring in America, among Christian friends, environed by the moulding and restraining influences of enlightened civilization.

DISPENSARY AND HOSPITAL OF THE W. F. M. S.

FRIDAY, Jan. 7. This morning we had the pleasure of visiting the dispensary and hospital, under the charge of Miss Clara A. Swain, M. D. This lady-physician and Miss Isabella Thoburn were the first missionaries sent by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. They arrived in Bareilly January 30, 1870, and such was Miss Swain's success as a medical missionary that in less than a year the Nawab, or Prince of Rampore, presented her with an estate of forty acres on which was a large mansion, to be used for her medical work. This estate is opposite the Theological school, and adjacent to the parsonage occupied by Dr. Scott. The house was unsuitable for a hospital, but has made a pleasant home for Miss Sparkes, her teachers, and zenana workers.

The new dispensary is built of brick, in a substantial manner, and as usual in this country, is plastered inside and out, and the walls whitewashed and tinted. The broad veranda is shaded by luxuriant tropical vines,

covered with brilliant flowers. A large number of native women and children throng this veranda for advice and medicine every morning from eight to ten o'clock. Dr. Swain has two valuable assistants—Miss Yerbury, a graduate from her class of medical students, who, in addition to work in the dispensary and hospital, gives Bible readings to the patients while waiting for their prescriptions. The other, Rebecca Gowan, a native Christian, is so thoroughly conversant with the medical work, that in addition to keeping the accounts during Dr. Swain's absence in the hills last summer, she took the entire charge of the work, prescribing for the patients who came to the dispensary, and answering calls in the city. In looking over her neat and beautifully written records we found that during the year 1880, just closed, 14,072 prescriptions were served, 6,061 patients visited, and 85 persons received into the hospital wards. Of the patients visited 3,936 were Hindoos, 1,151 Mohammedans, and 885 native Christians.

Passing through the pleasant dispensary, with its rooms for clinics and for medical students, we entered a beautiful garden inclosed on two sides with wards. Those for native patients are arranged like native homes, for a mother comes with her children and servants, if she be high caste, her goats, and cooking utensils, and keeps house here while under treatment. Miss Swain resides in one of the European wards with her helpers. She looks very delicate, but said to us she had strength for all she was required to do; she closed her report for the year with these words: "In reviewing the work of the past year we can see the hand of the Master in everything concerning us. It

has been a year of rich blessings, few disappointments, and no burdens. To the dear Father be all the praise."

INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE.

SATURDAY, Jan. 8. This evening we accepted the invitation of Miss Sparkes to inspect the long rows of neat, new buildings which constitute the "Orphanage." These are so arranged as not to spoil the girls for their future life, by cultivating an expensive European style of living. While whatever is unwholesome or wrong in native life is discarded, otherwise their habits and manners conform to those of their people. In one large room are sixteen sets of stones where the girls grind their wheat, two at a mill, as spoken of in the Scriptures. The kitchen, dining-hall, sleeping-apartments, school-rooms, sewing-rooms, baths, reformatory, and hospital, have all been rebuilt in a good and substantial manner, under the superintendence of Rev. G. H. McGrew and Dr. Thomas, who, with his wife, founded the orphanage.

Miss Sparkes came to Bareilly as a teacher in 1871, but after one year assumed the entire superintendence of this important work, which is sending out teachers, Bible-readers, and women, to found Christian homes throughout India. The orphanage has been visited by a gracious revival during the past year, and twenty-four of the older girls have joined the church on probation. Many were members previously, and few have gone out of this institution who were not hopefully converted. The past year has been one of sickness and trial; though nearly all look healthy now, four of the older girls have died, and thirty of the little ones, in the hot months of May and June, when

the school suffered from cholera, fever, small-pox, dysentery, and whooping-cough, beside nearly a hundred cases of ophthalmia. Twelve of the girls during the year have been married to Christian men. When we think of the responsibilities of Miss Sparkes, for the health, morals, education, and future married life of these two hundred and seventy-six girls, and that she has, up to the present time, also superintended the instruction given in one hundred and twenty-four zenanas, we are astonished at her endurance, tact, and patient, hopeful spirit. Her farewell words in leaving America in November, 1878, after a year of vacation, are an index to her heart, — “Had I a thousand lives, I would gladly lay them upon the altar of this service.”

SUNDAY AT BAREILLY.

At the usual Conference love-feast, Rev. Henry Mansell presided. It was a precious season, and one never to be forgotten. To look into the faces and listen to the testimonies of our missionaries and their wives, whose names are household words in thousands of American homes, was a privilege for which we shall ever be humbly grateful. Their testimonies were short, prompt, and personal, evincing a devotion to Christ, a joy in the service to which he had called them, and a love for the souls of the benighted millions about them, which would have cheered Drs. Reid and Fowler, our missionary secretaries, and stimulated every lover of Christ in the Methodist Church to enlarged contributions.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Inskip preached, with blessed liberty, a sermon on holiness, that was much enjoyed by his appreciative audience. In the afternoon, the

church was filled with an intelligent native congregation. It was a beautiful sight to see whole families sitting together, fathers with their arms around their little daughters, whom in heathenism they despised. The sermon, by Rev. Isaac Fieldbrave, native preacher and presiding elder, was earnest and eloquent, from the text, John iv. 14. After the sermon, Bishop Merrill ordained seven native preachers to the office of deacon. At four p. m., Mr. McDonald attended another Hindustani service in the native town, and in the evening we listened to the Bishop, from the text, "The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." At the close, two native preachers were ordained elders.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MONDAY, Jan. 10. The wives of the missionaries are as busy as their husbands, holding *their conference* regularly every day, though they do not have a Bishop to preside. They, together with the ladies of the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society," constitute the executive committee of the "Woman's Missionary Society of the North India Conference." European and Eurasian ladies may become members by the payment of one rupee (fifty cents), and native Christian women by paying a half rupee annually. Auxiliaries are organized at most of the stations. The funds collected are applied to the native work in India. Mrs. Inskip, Mrs. McDonald, and the writer were invited to attend all their sessions, which afforded us an opportunity to become acquainted with the extent of the work in which they are engaged. We also learned the joys and trials, the encouragements and discour-

gements of their work. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society have *organized work* at twenty stations, though they have only ten unmarried American ladies, beside the *gratuitous* work of the missionaries' wives, and their corps of East Indian and native helpers. Two of the American ladies are now engaged in self-supporting boarding-schools, and others are gradually approaching the same. There are ten boarding-schools in all, but the two self-supporting ones at Calcutta, under charge of Miss Layton, and Allahabad, under Miss Spence, are not reported by this conference society. In the other boarding-schools, there are four hundred and four pupils, over eighteen hundred in the day-schools, and about eleven hundred are being taught in zenanas. In addition to these, there are three Orphanages, the Sunday-schools, which number over nine thousand scholars, the "Woman's Home," the work of the Bible-readers, and the great and increasing medical work here in Bareilly, at Moradabad, and at one or two other points. The energy, perseverance, and study required by so small a corps of American women to carry forward so great a work, requiring constant supervision and much personal labor, would cause a stranger to the facts to suppose a tropical climate must induce vigor and elasticity of mind and body, instead of lassitude and debility.

We were much interested in the report of the auxiliaries, the amount contributed being one hundred and sixty-eight rupees fourteen annas. Each lady, in presenting her report, gave interesting information regarding the monthly meetings, the way the poor native Christians raised their half-rupee or thirty-two pice, and how the money was expended. Could the Chris-

tian ladies of America have listened to these reports, and have seen the native Christian women as we saw them, carrying brick on their heads from sunrise to sunset, to earn *six pice* (four and a half cents) per day, they would receive a new impulse towards self-denying liberality.

MISSIONARY HOME LIFE.

Bareilly is a missionary centre. Here Dr. William Butler in 1856 laid the foundation of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India. The American mission forms quite a settlement, embracing the Theological and Normal schools, under charge of Dr. T. J. Scott and Dr. Dees; the school for preachers' wives, taught by Mrs. Scott, two churches, the parsonage of the native pastor, Rev. J. T. Janvier (Joel, mentioned by Dr. Butler), the *engagement* of whose daughter we attended this evening. It was similar to a wedding without the marriage ceremony, and was consecrated by prayer and sacred song. Dr. Thomas and wife labor among the natives and soldiers, and one room in their new home is set apart for soldiers' prayer and temperance meetings.

Revs. Messrs. Parker, Johnson, Hoskins, and Mansell have brought their tents and live in them during Conference. The tents of India are quite respectable cloth houses. They consist of two tents, each having four thicknesses of canvass quilted together. The outer tent is much larger than the other, forming a veranda three feet wide around the living-room. In these tents many of the missionaries live several months in each year, when making tours to distant villages, preaching the word (their wives teaching

the women), organizing schools, and forming Christian settlements.

Some of them are completely isolated from European society for nearly the whole year. Rev. P. M. Buck, his wife and two little children, live five miles from an English-speaking person, and twenty miles from a post-office, but he obtains his mail matter by having a little private bag which the mail-rider can drop without dismounting from his camel. Their houses are without woodwork, except thin doors, window-sashes, and blinds. Board floors, paint and paper hangings, are unknown. The clay floors are covered with coarse matting, and this by a carpet of printed calico. With meagre conveniences they manage to make their homes tasteful and even beautiful. The large rooms, thick walls, and high ceilings, when smoothly plastered and nicely whitewashed and tinted, present quite a grand appearance, though they require repairing after every monsoon.

THE RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 11. Our company were assigned the conduct of all the religious services, and held thirteen morning and evening services during Conference. The morning meetings were precious seasons of prayer and consecration. At the six o'clock service the brethren preached alternately, on the theme of their mission, which received a hearty response from the missionaries, most of whom are walking in the light of full salvation. All felt that these meetings were times of refreshing. Their faith grew stronger, and they rededicated themselves to God, and resolved to make the experience of heart-purity prominent in teaching the native Christians.

Mr. McDonald spoke to the native preachers at their own request, through an interpreter, on heart-purity, and found them ready to press forward into the experience. The after-tea services were peculiarly sweet. They took the form of class meetings or love-feasts, and heart touched heart while all felt drawn very near to Christ. We were privileged to partake of the Lord's Supper with them at three o'clock this afternoon, and at six Mr. Wood preached a short sermon when some burdened souls entered into full gospel liberty.

In the evening, Bishop Merrill, who has won all hearts by his kind and wise administration, made the closing address and read the appointments, commencing with the plan for work for the women. Some of the husbands first learned by their wives' appointments where they are to labor the ensuing year. The vote of thanks for the visit of their friends from America, and gratitude for the strength and fresh anointing received, was as hearty as that of the South India Conference.

LUCKNOW.

THURSDAY, Jan. 13. We left Bareilly yesterday morning, and arrived at Lucknow at seven p. m., where we are invited to hold a meeting with the English congregation. Lucknow is the centre of the publishing interests of the Methodist Church in India. The mission force here comprises Rev. T. Craven, superintendent of the Publishing House; Rev. James Mudge, editor of the *Lucknow Witness*, and pastor of the English church; Revs. Messrs. Badley and Fieldbrave, carrying forward the native work, and the flourishing

boarding-school and zenana mission of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Lahl Bagh. Our meeting opened this morning in the Methodist church,—a fine structure, built in the form of a cross.

After service, we visited the Mission Press and Publishing House, where a great and good work is being done. It was interesting to see rooms piled with school and religious books, Sunday-school cards, maps, picture-books, etc., prepared for the enlightening of the nation, in their own language, and with native characters. What an amount of labor and thought must have been expended in translating all these works! We are more and more impressed with the magnitude of the work, and the zeal and industry of our missionaries in this country. It was odd to see native compositors sitting on the ground, setting type. When Mr. Craven provided a marble slab at a suitable elevation, the Hindoo compositor perched himself cross-legged upon it, and set the type as before. But these natives make good workmen; one was at the press; others were binding books; and all moved forward systematically, under the direction of the cheerful, energetic superintendent.

THE RESIDENCY, AND THE SEPOY MUTINY.

FRIDAY, Jan. 14. This forenoon we rode out to the ruins of the Residency, occupying one of the highest points of land in the city. Its pierced and battered walls, overhung with vines, and surrounded by a park laid out with taste and kept with care, stand as a mournful monument to the heroic endurance of the brave little English garrison, during the terrible "siege of Lucknow."

The Residency was built in 1800, by the King of Oude, for the English "Resident," or commissioner at his court. The province of Oude was annexed to the British possessions in India in 1856, and Sir Henry Lawrence appointed governor. At the commencement of the Sepoy mutiny, in June, 1857, the English connected with the military and civil service, and some native Christians, fled to the Residency, which, with the church and surrounding buildings, was hastily fortified. The garrison, consisting of 927 Europeans, soldiers, and citizens, and 765 natives, was reduced, during the siege of eighty-seven days, to 577 Europeans and 402 natives, a large number of the latter having deserted. The siege commenced on the 30th of June, and extending through the hot and rainy months, the suffering must have been terrible, especially of the 550 women and children, who were driven to large underground rooms, where hundreds died from sickness, anxiety, and sorrow.

As we explored this great cellar, we thought of those days when thirty thousand wild, infuriated natives, most of whom had been trained by British officers, and were using guns of British manufacture, with the infamous and treacherous Nana Sahib at their head, surrounded them with shot and shell, bent on the extermination of every foreigner and Christian in India. The rooms over the cellar were used as a hospital for the wounded, and when one after another of their husbands and friends were brought in, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying added their horrors, which were augmented by the death of their calm, brave governor, and the news of the massacre at Cawnpore. Mines were sprung with-

in the grounds in various places, the provisions were coarse and unpalatable, three hundred and fifty of their comrades had been killed, and two hundred and thirty of the natives had deserted; still the garrison held out against fearful odds until the 25th of September, when Gen. Havelock fought his way to their assistance.

His force was too small to raise the siege, and the defence was continued until two months later, when Sir Colin Campbell, after a series of fearful battles, cut his way to the Residency, and the survivors were led out, and the position abandoned to the rebels. Lucknow was recaptured on the 19th of March, 1858, and peace restored to the distracted province.

In the centre of the little churchyard is the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence, surrounded by the graves of the victims of the terrible siege. Four miles distant, in Alum Bagh, a large, fortified garden, is the grave of Major-General Henry Havelock, the Christian soldier, who died two days after the relief of Lucknow, saying to his son, "See how a Christian can die."

PALACES AND MOSQUES OF LUCKNOW.

This city is far more oriental and magnificent than any we have visited hitherto. It abounds in costly palaces and mosques, gateways and inclosed gardens, tombs and bridges, in Saracenic style of architecture.

Every morning, in going to church, we pass through two great gateways, ornamented on the outside with a pair of fishes, the crest of the Oude family. On the inside are figures of women terminating in the body of a serpent, and reaching out their arms, as if to clutch all who enter. Within these gates is the "*Kaiser Bagh*," or "Cæsar's Garden." It consists of

a large courtyard, with trees, fountains, and flowers, and a pavilion of picturesque design in the centre, for festive parties. This beautiful rectangular garden, including many acres, is inclosed by two-story buildings in composite architecture, surmounted by Saracen battlements and gilded domes. They are all painted yellow, with cornices of white and blue, and were formerly occupied by the seven hundred wives of the ex-king of Oude. They were completed in 1850, and cost, including furniture, four million dollars.

The "*Furrad Buksh*" which formed the principal residence of the sovereign, is an example of Mogul extravagance and luxuriousness; its white marble baths inlaid with carnelian and bloodstone, its arabesque ceilings resplendent with gold, and little fountains in every corner of the palace to cool the atmosphere.

The "*Secunder Bagh*," built by one of the kings for his favorite wife, has a high wall now partly in ruins, which the rebels fortified and loop-holed during the mutiny, and where they met with a terrible retribution when Campbell's troops entered the city. A severe fire was poured into the advancing column of Englishmen from this garden, when a charge of Captain Blunt's horse artillery dashed to the point, a breach was made with two eighteen-pounders, through which the Ninety-third Foot (Highlanders) passed, and though the rebels made a desperate resistance, upwards of two thousand, all sepoys were slain. It was a terrible vengeance for the massacre at Cawnpore, but the infuriated soldiers could not be restrained.

Near the *Fort*, which should have been held rather

than the Residency during the mutiny, is the “*Great Imambara*,” the largest mosque of Lucknow, said to have cost five million dollars. The central hall is considered the largest in the world built of stone or brick, that is not relieved by pillars or some supports of iron or wood. It is one hundred and sixty-three feet long, fifty-three wide, forty-nine high, and the walls are sixteen feet thick. The inner line of the arched roof is sixty-eight feet. This magnificent mosque is now occupied by the ordnance department, and contains the heavy guns which recaptured Lucknow.

The most beautiful mosque, still used as such, which we visited is the “*Hoseinabad Imambara*.” It comprises a group of buildings in somewhat fantastic style of architecture, within two large inclosures. The larger quadrangle forms an entrance to the smaller, which latter has a great tank in the centre, a mosque modeled after the “*Taj*” of Agra on one side, and one of somewhat similar design on the other. The Imambara is at the upper end, reached by broad stone steps. We entered a room paved with costly, highly polished marbles, filled with enormous chandeliers and pier-glasses, and having a silver pulpit where the priest sits to discourse from the Koran. The central room contains the tomb of Mahomed Ali Shah, third king of Oude, and that of his mother, each inclosed by a silver fence. In the third room which is elevated several feet, we saw a great silver “*tajia*,” containing the crown and other insignia of the departed glory of the kingdom of Oude. The exterior of all the buildings, minarets, and gates, is covered with thousands of little lamps, used for illuminations twice in the year, at the “*Mohurrum*” and on the anniversary of the death of the king.

THE MONKEY TEMPLE.

Among the idols to be found in almost every heathen temple is the monkey god,—a grotesque image of a man with the head of a monkey, holding a club in one hand and a cocoanut in the other. Here in Lucknow we find a temple with extensive grounds devoted to this image. On our way thither the ghari-walla stopped for half a peck of pop-corn, and when we reached the inclosure of the tumble-down old temple, he uttered a peculiar cry “ugh, ugh, ugh,” and commenced scattering the corn.

Soon monkeys, great and small, old and young, black and gray, jumped from the trees, the roofs and fences, and came scampering pell-mell out of the doors, and over the fields, till our gharry was completely surrounded by them. There were literally hundreds, squealing, chattering, fighting, and scrambling for the corn. They kept coming; the whole place seemed alive with monkeys. They quarreled and boxed one another's ears, they rode on each other's backs, and tumbled over and over, a laughable, indescribable, noisy mass of teeth and claws, tails and arms, but the last things in this world we should suppose any one would worship.

A DIVISION OF LABOR.

MONDAY, Jan. 18. When our little company left America, India was our *objective* point; all beyond was uncertain. While in England calls for labor multiplied to such an extent that engagements were made to return there in the spring, after accomplishing our work in India. On our arrival at Bombay we found

invitations from Ceylon, and from several Wesleyan churches in Australia. It was impossible to accept these, and enter this open door in the Southern Hemisphere except by dividing our forces. Brother Inskip, from the first, had encouraged the "round the world" idea, and was willing to go to Australia. Though his associates would deeply feel the loss of their leader, it was arranged for them to finish our programme in central India, and return by way of England, and fill the engagements there. Rev. W. B. Osborn and wife were to accompany Mr. Inskip and wife, and assist them in the work in Australia.

As Messrs. McDonald and Wood were to sail from Bombay, and Messrs. Inskip and Osborn from Calcutta, it was thought best for the former not to go to Calcutta to attend the meeting announced there, as it would necessitate a railroad journey of over one thousand miles, and prevent their holding the meetings at Cawnpore and Jubbulpore. Reluctantly we saw our brother and sister depart early this morning; it was a sad hour; thousands of miles of land and sea separated us from our homes and native land; we were bound to each other by the strongest bonds of love and sympathy, and our work and interests were inseparable. Trusting in the providence and promises of God, and environed by the prayers of thousands in America and England, we parted, if it please God, to meet at Round Lake six months later, or in heaven by-and-by. Mr. Gardner, who has been with us, and rendered valuable aid in singing, and among the young people, accompanied them to Calcutta, where he intends to take work, or return with them to America.

CASTE IN INDIA.

The Hindoos are the slaves of caste, and this is one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of the Gospel in India. According to their "Shastras," the Hindoos are divided into four great and inseparable castes: the Brahmins, who are the priests and scholars, said to be exhaled from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatriyas, or warriors, from his arms; the Vaisyas, or agriculturalists, from his hips; and the Soodras, or servants, from his feet. Below these are the Pariahs or outcasts. All who become Christians are counted with the outcasts. These castes are subdivided over and over again, so that there are six castes of weavers, who neither intermarry nor eat together, and the other trades are in like proportion. There are now seven hundred and thirty castes in Lucknow, and each one is proud of its own, and defiled by contact with another.

This caste system necessitates the employment of a number of servants to do a small amount of work, for each will do only one thing. The "*bhisti*" will do nothing but carry water; the cook (always a man) will not wash the dishes, that belonging to the "*khitmatgar*"; the "*khansama*," will buy the provisions and set the table, but will not dust the room or clean the windows, these appertain to the "*bearer*." The latter will not sweep, as that is the work of one of the lowest castes, and may be done by a woman. The "*matir*" sweeps, but will not wash the clothes; therefore a "*dhobi*" comes and takes them away. The "*ayah*" is the nurse who cares for the child, but if there be three or four small children, there must be

two ayahs or an ayah and a “*dyh*,” but they will not sew on a button or take a stitch of sewing for the children. Women do not sew in India unless taught by zenana missionaries. Men called “*dhirzis*” do all the dressmaking, tailoring, plain sewing and mending.

No one not a native can walk far in the burning sun of the tropics, and distances are great in all the cities on account of the size of the compounds, therefore a “*ghari wallu*” or coachman, is a necessity, but he will not clean the horses, hence a “*scye*” must be employed. Horses need fresh fodder, and one or two *grass-cutters* go to a distance and bring in a large bundle on the head. Women will do this as well as men; also, if there be heavy furniture to be moved, though there be all these men on the premises, some “*coolies*,” either male or female, must be called.

In the hot season no one can study, or write, or sleep, unless there be “*punka-wallas*” to take turns in keeping the great fans moving. These servants do not receive their board, but usually live in little huts in the rear of their master’s compound. They come, do their work, and leave, so that the house is not crowded with them. The wages of all we have named would not be more than is ordinarily paid for a cook, nurse, and coachman in America; and deducting their board would be only half as much.

THE MEETING AT LUCKNOW.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 19. Our company have held two services daily, commencing Thursday and closing last evening. The attendance has not been large, and the interest in personal holiness not very manifest. Last Sabbath was a good day. Mr. Inskip preached in the

morning on the certitude of truth when developed in the experience of Christianity, and Mr. McDonald in the evening on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Both sermons were owned of God to the conversion of some and the sanctification of others. We spent Sunday afternoon in visiting the large Sunday-school for boys in the native church and a school for Mohammedan females under the tuition of Mrs. Badley on the veranda of a native harem. Mr. Wood had a free time preaching on Monday evening on "Perfect love." Two Christian students from the independent territory of Bootan, in the north of India, about to return to their wild heathen country, came to the altar and sought that love which casteth out fear. Thus, indirectly, this meeting, which has seemed to us the least useful of any since we left home, may be, as Mr. Craven remarked, the instrumentality of spreading the light of the Gospel in a section where it is almost unknown. At the close of Mr. McDonald's sermon last evening a number of soldiers sought the Lord, and many testified to being profited by the series of meetings; some witnessed clearly to the work of sanctification and others to having been converted.

CAWNPORE MISSION. .

THURSDAY, Jan. 20. We left Lucknow to-day and came to Cawnpore, where Dr. Waugh and Rev. G. H. McGrew met and conducted us to their homes in the cantonments, or English military quarters. Here we find a good church, two parsonages, and a large substantially built seminary hall and boarding-house for the "Boys' School." The wives of both missionaries were sent out by the Woman's Foreign Missions

Society. Mrs. Dr. Waugh, *née* Miss Jennie Tinsley, came to India in 1871. She is a genuine missionary, whom no change of name could make less actively interested in work for heathen women. Mrs. McGrew, *née* Miss A. J. Lore, M.D., is still devoted to her work of benefiting the bodies and souls of the heathen.

Such marriages as these are a three-fold blessing to the mission cause. A blessing to the parent society in saving the time and traveling expenses of missionaries who otherwise must go home for wives, and in furnishing those qualified by consecration and experience to be true helpmeets in missionary labor. No ministers require the society, sympathy, and assistance of suitable wives more than those engaged in native work in isolated stations in India. The Woman's Foreign Mission Society thereby has missionaries who are able to open up new fields, and labor without salary. In zenanas, city day-schools, Sunday-schools, and in village and medical work, they are able to accomplish quite as much as if they had remained single. By these marriages the way is prepared and the salary at hand for other single ladies to enter into boarding-school, dispensary, and other work, and unite the freshness of their enthusiasm with the experience of those who have labored here for years.

CAWNPORE.

FRIDAY, Jan. 21. Though less architecturally beautiful than Lucknow, Cawnpore is very interesting for its location and its sad reminiscences of the Sepoy rebellion. The most terrible scenes of those dreadful days were enacted here, where all now seems quiet and peaceful. The Ganges Canal, eight hundred and ten miles in

length, commencing at the base of the Himalaya mountains, supplies the one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants of the city with an abundance of pure water free from the taint of dead Hindoos, whose bodies are seen floating in the river or drifted on the sands, where jackals and vultures are tearing them to pieces. Before the canal was opened, the Hindoos did not believe their sacred river would flow into it. Seeing their mistake in this, they persisted in saying that Gunga would destroy all who drank the water, and if used for irrigation the land would become sterile. They learned gradually that these surmises were untrue, and consented to use the water, which, by increasing the healthfulness of the city and the fertility of the Ganges Valley, has become to them more sacred than before.

THE MASSACRE.

This morning we visited the localities made sadly famous by the Sepoy mutiny. A beautiful memorial church is erected on the site of the intrenchments of General Sir Hugh Wheeler. Here nearly a thousand Englishmen, Eurasians, and native Christians were besieged for twenty-two hot days in June, 1857. They were crowded into two long one-story brick barracks, one thatched with straw, and neither strongly built. Almost two-thirds of the besieged were women and children, or non-combatants. Their sufferings during those terrible days cannot be described. A handsome stone cross marks the well near the intrenchments where they nightly deposited their dead. With only low mud embankments and five or six light guns they withstood the heavy cannon of the inhuman hordes,

bent on their destruction. The thatched roof was set on fire by the hot balls of the Sepoys, and the wounded perished in the flames, as men could not leave the trenches to remove them, for the rebels made a bold attempt on all sides to scale the intrenchments while the fire was raging. The women and children crowded into the other barrack, which was already riddled with cannon balls. The siege lasted until the 27th, when the Europeans were reduced to half of their original number by the guns of the Sepoys, the burning heat, and famine ; their ammunition nearly exhausted, and their guns disabled, they surrendered on promise of safe passage to Allahabad.

We next visited Suttee Chowra Ghat, an old Hindoo temple on the bank of the Ganges, with steps leading to the water, where boats were provided to convey them down the river. But, before all had embarked, they were fired upon from masked batteries, and the boats, with thatched awnings, were set on fire. Many were killed, or perished in the flames. Only one boat escaped, and that was subsequently captured. The rest were brought to land, and General Wheeler and all the males, young and old, were massacred. The boy babies were snatched from their mother's arms, and torn limb from limb. The poor terror-stricken females, many of them wounded and covered with blood and mud, were taken back to suffer for a few days longer, agonies worse than death.

THE MEMORIAL GARDEN.

This is a beautiful park a mile and a half from the intrenchments, surrounded by a high iron fence, filled with tropical flowers, and kept perpetually green by

irrigation, where the darkest deed of those terrible days was perpetrated. There was formerly a building on this ground called the "Assembly Rooms," into which those women and little girls, not murdered at the Ghats, were crowded without beds or other comforts; only the coarsest food and a scanty supply of water being furnished them. Two or three men captured in the boat that started down the river, were imprisoned with them. During these days of agony their brave countrymen, under Havelock and Neill, were straining every nerve to reach Cawnpore for their rescue. Nana Sahib, hearing that his armies were melting away, with the hope of checking the advance and palsying the energies of the British, ordered that every captive should be slaughtered.

On the evening of July 15th, two Hindoo peasants, two Mohammedan butchers, and one Sepoy, for a rupee a piece, agreed to massacre these defenceless females. They entered the three rooms in the twilight, with swords and knives, and in two hours closed the doors on one hundred and fifty dead or dying victims. When the sweepers came the next morning to clear away the bodies, they found several still living, but all, whether living or dead, were thrown into a deep dry well. A mound has been erected over this well, and on the stone platform covering it is a statue of an angel, leaning against the cross, weeping. The pedestal bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondopunt, of Bithoor, and cast, the dying and the dead, into the well below, on the fifteenth day of July, 1857."

The well is inclosed by a beautiful gothic stone screen, sixty feet in diameter. Taste and skill, and money, have been freely expended by the British government in embellishing this melancholy spot, and no Mohammedan or Hindoo is allowed to enter the inclosure.

THE CAWNPORE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

SATURDAY, Jan. 22. Two miles and a half from the other mission buildings is the "Boarding School" of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, under charge of Miss S. A. Easton. It is located immediately on the high bank of the Ganges, the broad veranda on the north side reaching within a few yards of the wall that protects the embankment. The river is about a mile wide, and the prospect would be beautiful, were it not for the four dead bodies which we can see lying in the sandy river bed, on which jackals and vultures are feeding. There is quite a farm connected with the school, and fields of wheat and cotton add to the freshness and beauty of the place. Oleanders and roses bloom in the nicely-kept compound. The rooms are large and airy, well arranged, and comfortably furnished. It is vacation; therefore only a score of the students are present. They all dress in English style, and speak our language, though they vary in complexion from the fair Anglo-Saxon to skins as dark as any of the natives. The school-rooms are supplied with maps and mottoes, and there is the commencement of a library, in the gift of several books by Dr. Waugh. The music-room has two pianos. The thoroughness of the wide-awake little principal is everywhere apparent. On the dinner-table were sev-

eral dishes that tasted like home, for Miss Easton has just received a Christmas-box from America.

THE MEETING AT CAWNPORE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 25. The English-speaking congregation is composed chiefly of soldiers. As these could not attend in the morning we had no service until evening, except on the Sabbath, when the church was quite well filled. Soldiers composed the choir, soldiers prayed and spoke for Jesus, soldiers came forward seeking heart-purity, and nearly twenty professed conversion during the six services held here. We were pleased to learn that they had commenced a prayer-meeting in the old bungalow which was occupied by the infamous Nana Sahib at the time of the massacre, and before we left Cawnpore there were two conversions in that little meeting.

HINDOO MALA AT ALLAHABAD.

On our return to Allahabad last Tuesday we found a service published for the remaining evenings of the week, and the church in a flame of spiritual power ; meanwhile we are the guests of Miss Lathrop, at the Union Zenana Mission.

This morning, January 27, we went to the "Mala," or annual gathering of the Hindoos at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna. Next Saturday will be the great day of the feast ; but we found about ten thousand persons gathered on the sands in the bed of the river. Some had come from as far north as the Himalayas, and some from as far south as Madras. Formerly as many as a hundred thousand came to this feast, but for years the attendance has been gradually

decreasing, and now it will not exceed thirty thousand. What a grand camp-meeting people the Hindoos will make when brought to Christ!

We left our conveyance near Akbar's fort and walked down the levee opposite where the old Fakir has sat for fifty-five years. After crossing a narrow channel of the river by a bamboo bridge, we commenced a tramp across the dry, sandy bed of the river to its confluence with the Jumna, a mile and a half distant. Finding it hard walking, the gentlemen put the writer into an ekka, or little native cart made of bamboo, with an awning of yellow cotton, lined with red. There was no seat except the floor of the cart. A lean white horse was attached, but it was either too weak or too stubborn to draw, though cart and rider would not weigh much over a hundred pounds. One ragged Hindoo at his head ran, and chirped and beat him, while two others assisted in turning the wheels. Such a jumble of sounds as those three men made in their unknown tongue! With all their coaxing, pushing, whipping, stopping, starting, running, and shouting, we barely kept up with our friends on foot.

Men hurried past, bearing jars covered with wicker-work, containing the ashes of their parents, which as a filial duty, they were to cast into the sacred stream. Women and children, carrying rice and flowers, danced and sang as they moved onward. Coolies bearing a sick man in a palanquin, and others a native lady of rank in a dooley; and now and then an ekka loaded with women and babies, drawn by bullocks, trotted through the sand. On each side were multitudes of the maimed, the blind, the palsied and the leprous, sitting "by the wayside begging." We

thought of Jesus passing by such miserable human beings, and healing them by a touch or a word. One poor old woman, bent nearly double, who could in no wise lift up herself, planted her long staff in the sand and plodded on her way. We passed a preaching place of our Baptist missionaries, and a stand where New Testaments and tracts in the vernacular are sold or given away. Further on we met two gentlemen of the Presbyterian mission talking to little groups of natives. What a relief to see these neatly clothed Christian men in the midst of this throng of deformity, nudity, and rags!

One wretched fakir was measuring his length from the levee to the confluence of the rivers. He stretched himself on the sand, drew a line at his head, then crawled the length of his body, lay down again and so proceeded for a mile and a half. Other men were sitting on the ground, with disheveled hair and covered from head to feet with ashes. One man was leading a sacred bull, *i.e.* one that had two superfluous legs growing out of its spine and hanging across the back,—no animal is sacred unless it be deformed. People stopped and bowed till the forehead touched the ground, in adoration of the creature, and then put money into the hand of its priestly attendant.

The last half mile was lined with extemporized bazars, where sweetmeats, rice, pop-corn, and a multitude of other articles were exposed for sale to the pilgrim throng. Far out on the point of land immediately at the confluence, more than two hundred triangular flags, of various colors and strange devices, were waving from tall bamboo poles. Each one marked the stall of a Brahmin priest. Turning to the

right, we climbed a narrow treacherous plank and sat down on the bamboo floor of a native boat, on the Jumna. The boatmen poled us around the point. We could easily distinguish the line of confluence, the water of the Jumna being pale green, while that of the Ganges was mud color. Small piers were erected along the water's edge for the bathers. A double line of boats tied together inclosed the line of confluence. On these boats were straw booths containing whole families of gods, looking like sticks of wood painted black or red, on which most uncouth faces were caricatured. These were dressed in red and yellow paper, and covered with tinsel.

Between and about these boats, hundreds of men and women were bathing in water about three feet deep, the women carefully screening themselves with their chuddars. Some bowed forward until the whole body was submerged, others stood erect and splashed the water with their hands; all prayed with their faces toward the images, and dipped up a little of the muddy water with the hand and drank it to wash their hearts. Formerly many, especially females, were immolated here by walking out into the current with jugs tied around the waist which gradually filled and caused them to sink to rise no more. When the bathers returned to the wharfs, their wet clothes were exchanged for clean white garments, their heads shaved and the "mark of the beast," or their idol, was painted on their foreheads. They then made an offering to the priest, and sat down to listen to the sacred Vedas. The priests sat on large raised platforms surrounded by piles of rice, wheat, gram, jewels, money, and goods of various kinds, presented them by their listeners.

Such a mixture of degradation, beastly superstition, and devotion, sickened yet encouraged us. We could see in these poor Hindoos reverence, humility and sorrow for sin, that under the light and sanctifying power of the Gospel, would make faithful and earnest Christians.

JUBBULPORE.

A ride of fourteen hours brought us to Jubbulpore, situated on a table-land of the Ghauts, three thousand five hundred feet higher than Allahabad. This is quite a large city. The European section is much scattered, the streets are wide, and shaded by clusters of bamboo sixty feet in height, and by locust and date palm trees. The railroad station and government offices are fine buildings. The native town has wider streets, and an aspect of greater cleanliness and industry, than any previously visited. The principal industries are the manufacture of brass and copper utensils, dyeing and weaving various cotton fabrics, and cutting and polishing marble and precious stones. Fine specimens of jasper, agate, onyx, and carnelian are brought from the Nerbudda river, about four miles distant.

Near a beautiful arched gateway which divides the native from the English town, is the English church where most of the Government representatives worship Jesus of Nazareth on Sunday; and opposite our host's, is the "Officer's Mess," a fine bungalow in a beautiful garden, where the same representatives of the State church pay quite as hearty devotion to Bacchus and Psyche, week evenings. The Methodists worship in the European theatre, which is well situated, and might be remodeled into an inviting church and parsonage, if it could be purchased, but it is now

owned by a Parsee, who finds it profitable to rent for the counter purposes of a church and a theatre.

Our first service was on Saturday evening. Having learned that the church included only twenty members, we were surprised at a large attendance. Here, as at Cawnpore, English soldiers form no small part of the audience. A soldier was the organist, and soldiers mingled with civilians at the altar, seeking purity.

In the Sunday-school, at eight A.M., we found the pastor, Rev. M. Y. Bovard, anxious for the conversion of the children and youth. After the opening exercises Mrs. McDonald and the writer were invited to take charge of the service. Mrs. McDonald addressed the children in sweet and touching language that God sent home to their hearts. Her associate told them how she came to Jesus when less than eight years of age, and invited them to give their hearts to Christ. The Holy Spirit was present in convicting and converting power. Forty-six young persons came forward and some prayed for themselves and for the others. Many of them testified in this and subsequent services to having received the witness of the Spirit to their conversion.

Mr. McDonald preached at eleven o'clock on "consecration," and Mr. Wood in the evening on the "great commandment." There was a full house; nearly every member of the church and a large number of soldiers came to the altar. Some of the latter were followers of Christ, some had once enlisted, but afterward deserted the Captain of their salvation, and some were new recruits under the banner of the cross. They all appeared thoroughly in earnest, and deeply sensible of their need of salvation.

THE THUGS.

TUESDAY, Feb. 1. One of the wisest and most humane measures of the British government in India, has been the establishment of the "School of Industry" for Thugs and Dacots. These castes of murderers and robbers worshipped the cruel goddess Kali, and claimed to have received permission from her to rob and murder, by which strange profession they lived from generation to generation. As they traveled in gangs, life and property were everywhere unsafe, and their terrible deeds form some of the darkest pages of Indian history. Populous villages were suddenly surrounded by mounted robbers, the inhabitants tortured until they revealed where their treasures were concealed, and earrings torn away, and hands chopped off as the quickest mode of removing ornaments from the women.

These murderers have been arrested and removed with their families to a large inclosed park, in this healthful mountain city, where they are kept from injuring others, and are taught useful industries. We find them living more comfortably than the majority of the natives, and their children being educated and fitted to become respectable members of society. The gates and walls are guarded by soldiers, and some of the older and more rapacious are heavily manacled, otherwise we should not think of its being a place of confinement.

In the centre of a large square sat about thirty men making the beautiful quilted tents for which India is famous. In buildings near them other men were dyeing yarns, weaving canvas, and making spars, for the

tents. On one side was a cabinet shop, and on another, a long building filled with hand-looms, where they were weaving costly Turkish carpets, one side resembling Brussels, and the other a heavy moss. It was difficult to tell which side was the more beautiful. Some of these carpets were four, and five yards in width with a border, and without seam. The men sat and sung at their work putting in each thread of the difficult pattern to a strange tune. They seemed contented and happy. What a beneficent institution! transforming those who were the scourge of India for ages, into useful mechanics. It illustrates the difference between the worship of the goddess Kali, and of the "Prince of Peace."

RETURN TO BOMBAY.

SATURDAY, Feb. 5. The services at Jubbulpore increased in interest each day. Mrs. McDonald conducted a very profitable mothers' meeting Tuesday afternoon. Though the Church of England people held a dance almost every evening, the soldiers came to the *theatre* and sought the Lord. There were many hopeful conversions during the nine services, as evinced by the testimonies of children and adults at the closing service Thursday evening. We left this dear people, trusting God will make of this little flock a strong church. Before daylight yesterday morning we were on our way to Bombay, and enjoyed or endured the discomfort of a third-class car for thirty-nine hours.

LAST SUNDAY IN INDIA.

MONDAY, Feb. 7. It is seven weeks since our last Tabernacle service in Bombay. Things have assumed their normal condition, but the beneficial results of those meetings are manifested in larger attendance on the Sunday-school and preaching services, a number of valuable acquisitions to each of the churches, three children's classes where the little ones speak for Jesus and are encouraged in faith and obedience; and, best of all, an active church, witnessing to the power of Christ to purify the heart. The natives, converted in the Tabernacle, are standing firm and avowing their faith in Jesus.

The morning and evening services yesterday, at Grant Road, were attended by the presence and power of the Spirit, the altar being filled with persons seeking pardon or purity. In the evening Mr. Wood preached at Dean Hall and administered the Lord's Supper. It was a sight long to be remembered, as company after company knelt at the chancel;—Europeans and Americans, sailors and soldiers, Eurasians, negroes, and Hindoos, reformed inebriates, and little children.

BOMBAY MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9. The missionaries of Bombay are accustomed to hold annually a Conference, in which the various denominations mingle together in delightful Christian fellowship. We were invited to attend the Conference which convened last Monday, and occupy seats with the missionaries on the platform.

The public services were held in Grant Road theatre, which was filled both evenings with a congregation not wholly Christian, who listened with manifest attention. The statistics given show there are now between four and five hundred thousand Protestant native Christians in British India and Burmah. The increase of native Christians was fifty-three per cent. from 1851 to 1861; sixty-one per cent. from 1861 to 1871; and for the last ten years the rate of increase has been much greater. Last evening Rev. Dhanjibhai Nauroji presided and made the opening address. He spoke of the progress Christianity has made among his people, the Parsees, in the past forty-two years, since he became a Christian. He said:—“The Parsee boys understand the doctrines of Christianity, and sing Mr. Moody’s hymns like Methodists.” Major G. W. Oldham, of the Church of England, spoke on “the duty of laymen with reference to missions.” In referring to the irregular self-supporting work inaugurated by Rev. Wm. Taylor, he said: “Christian missions in India have received a marked impetus during the past ten years, and it requires no prophet’s vision to foresee that this irregular mission work may eventually supersede all other in the evangelization of India.”

CLOSING SERVICES IN INDIA.

FRIDAY, Feb. 11. We have had two very precious and useful services each day in Grant Road church while waiting for the steamer which is to bear us toward home.

It is now eighty-eight days since we landed at Apollo Bunder, and our company have held over one

hundred and sixty services. We have attended two annual Conferences, travelled through the heart of India two thousand six hundred and twenty-two miles, seen much of Indian life, much of mission work, visited places of interest in the towns where we have held meetings; have had our own faith strengthened in the ultimate triumph of the religion of Jesus Christ; have been blest in labor; have not made a wonderful stir, but trust some permanent good has been done. The doctrine of Christian holiness has been faithfully presented and must be better understood than before our coming. The experience has become general in most of the churches we have been privileged to visit. The ministers have received a fresh baptism and impulse to preach it specifically. A few natives, a good number of nominal Christians, some scores of soldiers, and a large company of youth have been converted.

We leave, comforted and strengthened by the blessings and benedictions of many of the best Christian people in India, and shall carry back with us sweet memories of warm welcomes, kind attentions, fraternal co-operation, and tearful good-byes. We have been brought into close sympathy with the missionaries and their work, and return to America with strong purposes to talk, work, pray, and deny ourselves for the cause of Christian missions.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

At four p.m., Feb. 12, we went on board the steamship *Britannia*, of the *Anchor Line*, on which we have engaged passage to Port Said, Egypt. Our fellow-voyagers are Bishop S. M. Merrill, Dr. J. W. Waugh, wife and two children, returning home for their health,

Miss Doyle, a missionary who was born in Agra during the mutiny, and whose father, a British officer, was massacred; an army surgeon, a young man, and one lady beside our company. Six of the missionaries and many friends came to the ship for a last farewell. The steamer was loosened from Princess dock at ten o'clock; in an hour we were out in the moorings, and by midnight had passed out of the beautiful harbor, the pilot had left us, and as the distant lights of the city disappeared we said adieu to India, and wished it were possible for us to remain and push the battle for God and a holy church.

The climate while we have been in India has been the most delightful we ever experienced; three months of bright, clear weather without storms or high winds, some days cooler than others, yet none freezing cold, and none north of Bombay oppressively warm. We are persuaded that one half of the year the climate is fitted to give strength, elasticity and energy. The other, we fear, is directly the reverse, except in the mountain stations, and it may sometimes take one half the year to recover from the ill effects of the other. Still, we believe few men or women in America enjoy better health with the same amount of nerve and brain work than the missionaries whom we visited in India.

MAN OVERBOARD.

MONDAY, Feb. 14. We are on the Indian Ocean; the air is quite cool, and the sea slightly rippled, but not rough enough to affect the steamer. While we are on deck enjoying our books, suddenly we note a strange commotion among the sailors, and the startling words "man overboard!" ring along the ship.

Life-preservers are thrown, but fail to reach him. The engine is stopped instantly, but the ship moves by her own momentum nearly a mile. A sailor climbs the rigging to watch the man. A boat is lowered with all possible speed, but every moment seems an hour. Four sailors row for life. How the boat bounds over the waves! Thank God they are no larger! We thought the sea smooth before we saw this frail shell toss upon it. The third officer stands in the boat watching for the man, whose head is occasionally seen above the waves. The steamer slowly turns in the direction of the boat, which has stopped; a shout from the rigging announces "they have him!" We breathe more freely; everybody rejoices. Soon he is lifted helpless into the ship, completely exhausted by fright and exertion, though it is only fifteen minutes since he fell from the rigging. As the sailors row away again to recover the life-preservers, a shark swims around the ship, and we shudder as we realize the double peril to which the man was exposed.

What a type a man overboard is of the majority of our race! They are on the treacherous sea of life; they may swim easily on a smooth sea, but waves and currents, storms and gales, are before them; sharks, in the person of gamblers, dramsellers, dissolute women, and vile companions, are ready to destroy them. None of them can keep afloat very long, still, only few of these "men overboard" avail themselves of the life-boat when it comes to their rescue. How ready they are to say, "I'll keep afloat a while longer," "Not to-night!"

LIFE ON THE BRITANNIA.

FRIDAY, Feb. 25. At sunset this evening our steamer anchored in the harbor of Suez. A more delightful voyage than ours for the past thirteen days it were impossible to imagine. The weather has been all we could desire. The temperature in the Red Sea was much cooler than on our outward voyage, and we had no gales; nor was the sea, at any time, rough enough to cause sea-sickness.

Captain Hutchison has been very kind. Each Sabbath he had the deck nicely arranged for public religious services, and almost every man who understood English was present. Only fifteen of the seventy-one persons composing officers and crew are Europeans. The remainder are Mohammedan and Roman Catholic Lascars. We have enjoyed family devotions daily, morning and evening, at which some of the officers have been uniformly present. Our life has been restful and homelike. We have seen no wine-drinking or card-playing, as on the Hispania, and Captain Hutchison forbade the use of brandy in the plum-pudding sauce.

This morning we passed the Sinaitic range, and tried to imagine the time when one of those barren peaks was covered with the glory of the Lord. It commenced raining about nine o'clock, the first rain we have seen since the 26th of November, when in Poona—three months without a drop of rain, but plenty of cool, refreshing dew.

Bishop Merrill will leave us in the morning to go across Egypt to Alexandria by rail, and thence take a steamer to Italy, while we anticipate making a short

visit to Palestine, and then rejoining him at Rome. His society has added much to the pleasure and interest of our voyage. He is an admirable traveling-companion, sweet in spirit, cheerful in disposition, unassuming in manner, and possessing the faculty of making every one feel at ease while instructed and helped by his conversation.

FIVE DAYS IN SUEZ CANAL.

WEDNESDAY, March 2. At nine o'clock Saturday morning the steamer entered the canal, expecting before Sunday evening to reach Port Said, but in another hour she was aground, leaning at an angle which made locomotion difficult. After much labor the ship righted, but was not free from the sand until nearly five o'clock ; and, after sailing an hour and a half, was required to stop for the night, having sailed *twelve* miles during the day. Sunday morning the steamer was loosened from the stakes, and made good time through the Bitter Lakes, but ran aground twice in the crooked part of the canal, between these and Lake Timseh. About noon we entered the latter, where we were to change pilots, and hoped to procure one more competent. Midway of the lake, just before we were to stop, the Britannia stuck fast in the mud, having run to the left and over the buoys which mark the channel. The stern was in sufficient water to float, but the bow was fast, and no amount of steam would start her. She could not be helped off by cables attached to the shore, as in the narrow canal. A large steam-tug vainly tried to pull her back ; nothing remained but to lighten the ship.

Early Monday morning a relay of Mohammedans

were at work discharging wheat, cotton, and dye-stuffs into five large lighters. Occasionally the steam-tug gave a pull, and at the same time our engine was reversed, but, "Sle-sla-slud, Stuck in the mud," Cowper wrote a hundred years ago, and we were there when we went to dinner at five o'clock. Before we rose from the table we heard a shout, "She moves! she moves!" Going on deck we found the steamer afloat, but four hundred and fifty tons of freight in the lighters required longer to reload than to unload; so Tuesday was occupied in that way.

Wednesday morning the Britannia was ready to proceed, and without further accident arrived at Port Said, forty-two miles distant, after dark, where we were welcomed by Rev. J. W. Whytock, and conveyed by boat to the "Hotel Der Netherlanden," the only respectable public house in the town.

FIVE DAYS AT PORT SAID.

Our delay of five days in the Canal caused an equal delay at Port Said. No steamer left for Jaffa before Sunday, and we remained until Monday, choosing not to start on the Sabbath, and held three religious services in the only Protestant place of worship.

Port Said is in a very low state morally. Drunkenness, gambling, and lewdness are frightfully prevalent. The population is decidedly cosmopolitan. In 1878, there were 64 English, 634 French, 629 Italians, 415 Austrians, 341 Maltese, 13 Germans, 19 Dutch, 88 Jews, 236 Egyptians, 1,518 Greeks, and 7,821 Arabs. Total 11,838. There are 282 dwellings, and 136 whiskey shops.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO PALESTINE.

JAFFA OR JOPPA.

TUESDAY, March 8. Yesterday afternoon we sailed on the Russian steamer Nechinoff for Jaffa on the coast of Palestine, paying forty-two francs (\$8.40) each for second-class fare from Port Said to Jaffa and return. There were about two hundred steerage passengers, mostly Russian pilgrims, going to Jerusalem to remain till after Easter. The first-class saloon was occupied by an English lord, his lady, and four servants.

When nearly opposite the site of Gaza, we obtained our first view of Palestine, and saw the sun rise over the distant Judean hills, flooding with beauty the fertile plains of Philistia, and gilding the sandy knolls which form a wall along the Great Sea. An hour later the Nechinoff anchored in the open sea opposite Jaffa, which is built on a bluff one hundred and sixteen feet high projecting slightly into the Mediterranean. The houses rise in terraces to the top of the hill, which is crowned with an old castle, and the governor's palace.

Though this, the ancient Joppa, is the oldest seaport in the world, renowned alike in Scripture narrative, and in Greek poetry, it has no harbor, and it is often difficult and sometimes impossible, to effect a land-

ing, as the steamers cannot safely approach nearer than a mile of the rocky coast. Several stout row-boats propelled by brawny Arabs take the passengers ashore. After plenty of vociferation to the Arab boatmen who quarreled over our small luggage, tossing it from boat to boat with heedless rapidity, we descended with some difficulty into one that bore the flag of "Howard's Hotel."

As we approached the shore, the waves broke over an old ruined pier on our right, said to have been built to land the cedars of Lebanon for Solomon's temple. On the left is a long reef of jagged rocks, famed in Greek mythology as that to which Neptune chained the beautiful Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, to be devoured by a sea monster, from which she was rescued by Perseus as he returned through the air bearing the snaky head of Medusa. Between these rocks is a channel only a few feet in width, through which our wave-tossed boat passed into a quiet little bay.

After a "clean bill of health" had been delivered to the officials we were permitted to land. Climbing some stone stairs and stepping over bags of grain and boxes of oranges, Mr. Howard's agent conducted us into the city. Here all the romantic visions of Homer and the awe of the inspired narrative evaporated; we neither felt poetic nor reverential as we walked single file through narrow, tortuous alleys, over broken stones and heaps of rubbish, into pools of filth, jostled by donkeys, obliged to squeeze against the wall to prevent being trodden upon by camels, almost losing sight of our guide in dark lanes crowded with Arabs, and so slippery that we momentarily expected to fall; but

a few turns brought us to Howard's hotel, where an American flag waved a welcome. The hotel is clean and pleasant, without any attempt at elegance. Near it are the home-like buildings of the unsuccessful American colony. The long balconies overlook groves of orange and lemon loaded with luscious fruit, hanging among glossy leaves and fragrant blossoms.

Arrangements were made with Alexander Howard, the proprietor, for eight days in Palestine, to furnish us a dragoman for the entire time, wagons to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, saddle-horses for the Dead Sea and the Jordan ; to pay the entrance fee to all places of interest in and about Jerusalem, and along our route, to give the necessary "backsheesh" to beggars, to furnish board and lodging, and return us to the steamer for one hundred and twenty-five francs (\$25) each, for our party of eight persons.

While waiting for the wagons, some of us visited the traditional house of "Simon the tanner by the sea-side," where we found a house evidently more ancient than most in Joppa,—its old walls being overgrown with weeds, though the roof is comparatively new. It is certain that near, if not on this precise spot, Peter received his commission to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. A fig-tree was just putting forth its leaves close to the wall, and in the yard below a large vat, hewn from solid rock, capable of holding several hogsheads, seemed to lend silent testimony to the locality.

Joppa now has a population of about fifteen thousand, and contains many points of interest, as it has figured largely in sacred and profane history, from the time when Jonah embarked to flee from distasteful

duty, down to the bloody scenes of Napoleon's invasion, commencing with his treacherously murdering the garrison of four thousand Albanians after they had capitulated, and ending with the order to poison his own disabled soldiers who were too feeble to accompany his retreating army.

THE PLAINS OF SHARON.

At half-past eleven we started for a ride of thirty-five miles to Jerusalem, in two large wagons, each drawn by three horses driven abreast. After passing the rude market-place, with its lazy Arabs smoking their nargilehs, and *Tabitha's Fountain*, a large well in an arched inclosure, of Saracenic design, we rode for three miles through great orange and lemon groves, interspersed with almond and apricot trees in full bloom. The great yellow egg-shaped oranges hung in heavy clusters from trees as large as our apple-trees. For the first time we comprehended what Solomon meant by "apples of gold in pictures of silver," as we saw the golden fruit among the white blossoms. Persian water wheels draw from a subterranean river the needed moisture for the rich sandy soil, and hedges of cacti, principally prickly pear, fence the gardens. Some of these cactus plants are ten feet high and a foot in diameter.

We next passed the "Agricultural School" for Jewish youth, and shortly commenced a ride across the beautiful plains of *Sharon*. These plains are about fifty miles in length and fifteen in width, lying between the southern spurs of the Lebanon mountains and the sandy shores of the sea, and extending northward to Carmel. It is a rich, undulating tract of country,

covered with fields of wheat and barley, or grass, dotted with lovely spring flowers. Here we found, growing wild, tulips and jonquils, the rare pink and white cyclamen, the red and white anemone, and sweetest of all, the "*rose of Sharon*," a single yet beautiful rose of the purest white, with golden stamens, emitting an exquisite fragrance from great clusters of low thornless bushes in full bloom.

To the left of the road is *Yazur*, the supposed scene of Samson and the foxes (Judg. xv. 4, 5). The rough hill, covered with rocks and bushes, looked as though hundreds of foxes might burrow there, and the fields of grain stretching southward over Philistia, made the scripture incident strangely vivid. On a small hill is the rude village of *Beit Dejan*, the site of *Ashdod*, where the temple of Dagon stood, in which the idol fell before the ark of God (1 Sam. v. 3, 4). Every mile and a half we came to a square watch-tower, built by the Turkish government many years ago, to protect the road, but now abandoned and going to ruin.

The next place of interest is *Lydda*, a half mile from the road, from whence, after healing *Æneas* of the palsy, Peter was summoned to Joppa to restore Tabitha to life, and behold the vision which opened the door to the Gentiles. Beyond this is *Ramleh*, the largest town between Joppa and Jerusalem, believed by some to be the ancient Arimathea, the home of Joseph, who entombed the body of Jesus. It is a small, walled town of about three thousand inhabitants, surrounded by orchards and gardens, inclosed by enormous cacti. A quarter of a mile to the west of the town is a large, white tower, five stories in height, called the "Tower

of the Martyrs," and dates back to the Crusades. Ramleh being nine miles from Joppa, we stopped to lunch, and feed the horses. At the gate of the town, a company of nine or ten lepers beset us, following and crying after us for *backsheesh*. They were a sad, loathsome, miserable group,—a life-picture of the ten lepers whom our Saviour healed at the entrance of a Samaritan village.

Two miles east of Ramleh is the tomb of Abu Shusheh, a robber chief, for years the terror of the road, and near it the handsome residence of a Jewish banker, who owns five thousand acres on this fertile plain. The next place is *Gezer*, Pharaoh's dowry to Solomon's Egyptian bride (1 Kings ix. 16).

After ascending some low hills, we crossed the vale of *Ajalon* as the sun was imprinting his good-night kiss on the few trees upon the summit of *Mt. Gilboa*. As the sun descended into the blue Mediterranean, and the moon rose over the valley, we seemed to see the peaceful vale filled with contending armies, and hear the words of Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon" (Josh. x. 12-14). Ascending a small hill, we stopped for the night at *Latroon*, called the birthplace of the penitent thief. Here Howard has a hotel, which looks like a fortress, having stone walls three feet thick, windows guarded by iron lattice, heavy cedar doors, and floors of stone, even in the upper story. After supper we took candles and went down into an old tomb, recently discovered, close to the east wall of the hotel. This tomb is hewn in a limestone rock, with cavities for nine sarcophagi, and is called the *Tomb of the Macca-bees*. Upon the hill above is a large ruined fortress,

said to have been an important position when the Maccabeean brothers defended the land of Judea. How quiet these scenes of conflict are to-night! Here Philistine, Amorite, Canaanite, Egyptian, Syrian, Roman, Jew, and Samaritan, Saracen, Crusader, and Frank have successively fought; now nothing is heard but the spring peeping of the frogs, and nothing seen but the moonlight over a landscape of pastoral beauty, though the grave of ages.

FROM LATROON TO JERUSALEM.

WEDNESDAY, March 9. As the first rays of the sun appeared over the mountains of Ephraim, we started on our way to the holy city. Heavy dew sparkled on grass, grain, and flowers. The lark mounted the sky, and lent her song to the enchantment of the scene. Some wheat-fields showed the effects of a slight frost. After passing two watch-towers, we came to "*Job's well*;" why so called, when Job dwelt in the land of Uz, on the east of the Jordan, we could not learn. We next came to Babel-Wad, a village of two houses, a Jewish café, and a long, low building, evidently occupied by several families. Here we enter the "*hill country of Judea*." The road passes through deep ravines, and winds back and forth, up and down the steep mountains. The white, rocky mountain tops look like the bones of a nation that have been washed by the rains, and bleached by the sun, for two thousand years.

In the clefts of the rocks, and in the wadies,—narrow valleys or watercourses,—the soil is deep and rich, and flowers bloom in profusion. Honey bees suck their sweetness, and store it away in rocky hives,

and gnarled old olive-trees grow between the rocks or on the terraced side-hills, and bring to mind the passage, "He shall suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

We gain an eminence, where, looking back, we can see the vale of Ajalon, the plains of Sharon, the sandy coast, Joppa on its rocky bluff, and the Mediterranean Sea. The atmosphere is so *clear*, that remote places appear quite near, and so *exhilarating*, that it is a luxury to breathe. After descending one of the steepest hills, we arrive at the *Kirjath-Jearim* of the Scriptures, now called Kurriet-el-Ainab. The inhabitants of the ancient town were Hivites, who deceived Joshua by their worn garments and mouldy bread (Josh. ix. 3-17). Here the "ark of the covenant" found a resting-place for twenty years in the house of Abinadab. (1 Sam. vii. 1, 2). Near the road stands the tomb of Abu Gosh, a noted brigand who, with his six brothers and eighty-five descendants, was the terror of travelers until government "set a thief to catch a thief," by hiring him and his band to protect the road. We visited the ruins of a fine old church, built about A.D. 1011, which looks as if it might be restored. A single date palm towered above the ruin. Apricot and almond-trees in bloom, and the dark green foliage of the carob-trees added beauty to the village.

Neby Samwil, one of the highest mountains of Southern Palestine, being three thousand feet above Jaffa, is seen to our left all the way till we approach Jerusalem. There is a fine ruin on its summit, and this is doubtless Mizpah, where Samuel judged Israel for many years (1 Sam. vii. 5, 6). After passing the site of the house of Obed-Edom, pointed out by our

dragoman, we descend into a valley of unusual cultivation, including with the terraced hills many hundred acres of olive orchards and vineyards. Here we see the latter with hedges about them, a wine-press in one corner, and a two story mud tower in the centre, reminding us of the vineyard described by our Saviour (Matt. xxi. 33). Through this valley passes the brook from which David picked the stone with which he slew Goliah. The brook is dry except in the rainy season, and is full of small, smooth pebbles. We look down the valley, which widens to quite a plain, and imagination pictures the army of Israel on one mountain-side, and the Philistines on the opposite, while the youthful David with his sling crosses the stream and advances to meet the giant in his armor.

Before crossing the bridge we passed Emmaüs, a little village perched on a steep hill-side. Here we left our wagon, to walk along the road which was once pressed by the feet of our risen Lord, and wished we could have him open to us the Scriptures as he did to Cleopas and Luke. Camels and donkeys passed us, loaded with timber and household goods. On one camel's back we counted forty long pieces of joist, making him look like a walking saw-mill. Some women bearing enormous bundles of green pulse on their heads came down a narrow mountain-path, looking in the distance like trees walking (Mark viii. 24).

After walking about three miles, and being repeatedly disappointed in not seeing Jerusalem, as we reached one rocky height after another, we waited for the wagons, which were following up the devious mountain-road. When we had passed Lifta, and turned our back on Mizpah, we found the rough,

jolting road becoming more smooth as we approached the city, and passed some fine residences in the midst of pleasant gardens. Though in its suburbs, Jerusalem does not yet appear, but the top of Olivet, dotted with olive-trees, is in sight.

We pass along the inclosure of the Russian Mission, which occupies an elevated spot northwest of the city, and suddenly the gray walls of Jerusalem are before us. We ride along its northern side to the Damascus gate,—a heavy tower with two rooms, each guarded by soldiers. Here we alight and *walk* into the city, for no vehicles are allowed within its walls. We feel like treading lightly, as this is holy ground, because God chose it as the place where he would manifest his glory. Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans hold it sacred. It recalled the sweetest passages in the Psalms of David, and is identified with the work of our Redeemer, and is a type of heaven.

INSIDE VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

From the Damascus gate the street descends, and branches off into narrow, tortuous lanes. We took the one to the right, passing through a long, dimly-lighted arcade, where shoemakers and small dealers sat at the doors of their little shops, looking almost like spectres in the darkness. Vagrant dogs, of which the city is full, lay in our path. Children crouched on heaps of rubbish, for ashes and garbage are thrown into the streets, and the loose, flinty pavements look as if they were never swept. Horses, camels, and donkeys add to the darkness and confusion. There are no sidewalks; the streets are not lighted at night; the dwellings have no windows looking into the street,

but present high, whitewashed walls, in which is a single small door. On a sign above one of these we read "Damascus Hotel," and our dragoman leads the way up the narrow, winding stairs to an open court in the centre of the building. Everything is of stone.

From the dining-room windows we have a fine view of Olivet, with its olives and carob-trees, its pathways over and around the mountain, the Tower of Ascension, and an old monastery on its summit. From the upper chamber on the flat roof we can overlook the city, with its domes and battlements, and distinguish the four hills on which the city is built. We see the gilded crescent on the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah, the Tower of David on Mount Zion, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Mount Aera, and Mount Bezetha, with its minarets and gardens.

We are in a city of three Sabbaths, the Mohammedans observing Friday, the Jews, Saturday, and the Christians, Sunday.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The places of greatest interest within the walls of Jerusalem are the Haram or Temple area, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On Mount Aera, almost in the centre of the present city, is a large, irregular building, three hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred and eighty wide, called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Beneath the towers and domes of this group of chapels we are expected to visit Calvary, once sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and the tomb in the garden where his body was laid.

Our first feeling was one of disappointment if not of disgust. The location puzzled us, the gorgeousness

of the chapels and shrines, the number of insignificant places and relics which the dragoman delighted to point out, and the strange incongruities which met us on all sides, divested these holiest places in the history of redemption of much of their sacredness. Turkish soldiers stand guard to preserve peace between so many antagonistic Christian sects, for here are Greek and Latin, Abyssinian and Armenian, and Coptic chapels under the same roof. Pictures and crosses, tall candles in taller candlesticks, and little tapers in the hands of the curious, the smoke of incense and the stealthy tread of the priests, make it seem a vast museum of superstition.

We are invited to see, if not to kiss, the “stone of unction,” on which the body of Jesus was laid to prepare it for burial; to stand where Mary stood at the crucifixion; to touch a piece of the column of flagellation; to view the spear which pierced His side, and to look within the grates where Jesus was bound awaiting his crucifixion. We go into the great Greek chapel at the hour of service; but before the Russian pilgrims kneel in prayer they kiss and solemnly circumnavigate a round stone in the middle of the church, which they believe to be the “centre of the world.”

Without visiting the chapels of the other nationalities, or the chapel of the angels, of Adam, of the Virgin, of the centurion, of the parting of the garments, of the penitent thief,—and we know not how many more, we descend some broad stone steps to the chapel of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. The severe simplicity of this old chapel and its antique pictures carry us back to the early church, and render

it probable that it was built, as represented, about A. D. 325.

Returning to the Rotunda we look up to the marble tomb under the dome and ask ourselves, can this be the sepulchre where our Saviour was laid? Though enceased in slabs of marble, enough of the rough limestone rock is uncovered to show it is an old Jewish tomb. We stoop to enter, as the door is only three feet high, and are reminded of Peter stooping down to look into the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection. Lamps of cut glass in a golden chandelier light the room, six and a half feet square. A black-robed priest points to a narrow marble shelf where the body of Jesus had lain.

Desiring most of all to see the place where our Saviour suffered in our behalf, we ascended a long, crooked staircase, said to lead to Calvary, a spur of Mount Acra. Here the false and the true are strangely commingled. A rent in the rock about two feet long and a few inches wide leads to a cavern below. Within a yard of the crevice are three holes or sockets placed in a semicircle, for the crosses. In a case above them is an image of the Virgin covered with gold, silver, and precious stones, watches, lockets, and bracelets, rings by the dozen, reaching to the ends of her fingers, brooches and chains,—the offerings of pilgrims.

Under the rent in the rock is a beautiful little grotto adorned with mosaics. In another part of the church we saw some old tombs. One was called the Tomb of Joseph and Nicodemus, and contained niches for seven coffins, some of them empty and others walled up. These ancient tombs indicate that

this must have once been outside the city walls, as the Jews were forbidden to bury within their cities.

Conversation with Major Wilson, United States consul, and subsequent investigation of the works of De Hass and others, confirm the supposition that this is the true Golgotha, or Calvary, once outside the gate, and is indeed an eminence or spur of Aera running out into the Tyropœon valley. *Mount Calvary* is not a myth, for recent explorations prove it to rise nearly a hundred feet above its natural base. After seeing these two sacred places we did not care to visit the tombs of Adam and of Melchizedeck, or other objects of falsehood and superstition too numerous to mention, but passed into the large paved court, where we found a score of dealers in olive wood, mother of pearl, rosaries, etc., and the money-changers sitting. Small tables stood around for visitors to take a glass of wine or a cup of coffee; thus making this like the Temple in the days of Christ, "a house of merchandise."

THE ROYAL QUARRIES.

Near the Damascus gate, close to the wall of the city, is an entrance to large subterranean galleries extending under Mount Aera. These are believed to be the ancient quarries from which Solomon obtained much of the stone for the temple. With lanterns, candles, and three guides, the gentlemen spent two hours this evening in exploring these quarries under the city, walking for nearly half a mile, though they did not enter the side passages. Here they found huge blocks of white limestone, some taken out of the rocky sides ready for removal, and others cut preparatory to being separated from their natural bed, by

the expansion of dry wooden wedges, as gunpowder was then unknown. Thousands of cavities showed where blocks of various sizes had been removed. Probably in these subterranean halls the stones for Solomon's temple were fitted to each other so exactly that no sound of hammer or tool of iron was needed in its erection.

THE TEMPLE AREA.

THURSDAY, March 10. There is one spot in Jerusalem, the identity of which no skeptic has questioned ; this is the temple platform on Mount Moriah, which is in the eastern section of Jerusalem, and occupies nearly one-fifth of the whole city. The sloping sides of the mountain were built up with enormous blocks of stone, from ten to forty feet long, and from four to six feet in breadth and thickness, and the mountain levelled so as to make a platform covering about thirty-eight acres.

At an early hour this morning we left our hotel, accompanied by a Mohammedan guide and a Turkish soldier — our escort and guard to the Haram or Holy Place. It is entered by eight gates ; we went in by the one at the west, up broad stone stairs to the temple area. That this area is substantially the same as when Jesus went in and out of the Temple there is no reason to doubt. While above ground not one stone remains that was not thrown down, the platform was not much disturbed.

Most of this area is a green lawn dotted with spring flowers and shaded by cypress, myrtle, orange, and olive trees. Near the centre of the inclosure is a raised platform, five hundred and fifty feet long, four hun-

dred and fifty feet broad, and fifteen feet above the surrounding area. This is paved with slabs of white marble, is entered by four handsome colonnades, and is adorned with porticoes, pulpits, and places for meditation and prayer.

The central object is the magnificent Mosque of Omar, an octagonal building, each of its sides being sixty-seven feet in length. The walls of diversely colored marbles rise forty-six feet from the pavement, then support a circular wall twenty-five feet in height, ornamented with porcelain tiles, inscribed with passages from the Koran, which upholds a bulbous-shaped dome of blue forty feet high, and surmounted by a glittering crescent, making the total height one hundred and eleven feet. There are four entrances corresponding, like the colonnades, to the cardinal points. The west door the Mohammedans call the gate to Paradise. We enter at the east door, but first stop in an octagonal portico called "David's Place of Judgment," to exchange our boots and shoes for slippers, which we have brought with us.

The interior is exquisitely beautiful, the light comes through the many colored windows, and gleams upon the polished walls of various costly marbles, jasper, and porphyry. Some blocks of dark green jasper, richly veined, and somewhat cracked, are pointed out as remnants of Herod's Temple, as also many of its columns. The dome is supported by a double row of marble columns of such richness and variety of color, that we cannot doubt they may have been within the Temple that Herod was forty-six years in beautifying and enlarging. The ceiling of the dome is a richly-woven cloth of silk and gold. No image or picture of

man, or beast, bird, or fish, or creeping thing, is to be seen anywhere, for the Mohammedans abominate image worship.

They call this building Kubbet-es Sakhra, the "Dome of the Rock," because under the dome is a large uncut limestone rock, fifty-seven feet long, forty-three feet wide, and rising about seven feet above the floor. This is inclosed by a double railing, the outer one being of iron, with gilded points, said to have been put here by the Crusaders. This rock is called the "Stone of Foundation" in the Talmud, and is really the summit of Mount Moriah. It is believed to be the spot where Abraham built his altar to offer Isaac in sacrifice (Gen. xxii. 2); and where, eight hundred and fifty years after, David was commanded to sacrifice on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite (1 Chron. xxi. 18-22); and here the temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod were erected. On one side of this irregular rock is a hole about two and a half feet in diameter, believed by many to have been made for the blood from the altar to flow into a subterranean aqueduct below. Under the rock is a cave which undoubtedly is the one where Ornan and his sons, hid themselves from the angel of the Lord.

Leading us to the top of the wall overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, our guide pointed to a round column projecting horizontally from above the now walled-up Golden Gate, and said that the Judge (whether Jesus or Mohammed he did not tell us) would sit on this to judge the nations gathered in the valley below. Probably the foundation of this idea is in Joel. iii. 2, "I will gather all nations and bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat."

Near the wall overlooking the valley and the Mount of Olives, is the Mosque of El Aksa, formerly a Christian church, built by Justinian, and retaining the form of a cross, and the simplicity of the age in which it was erected, though it is a strange combination of various styles of architecture, and shows that the remains of older edifices have been interwoven. In the nave of the church is the "Leaf Fountain," a well communicating with an ancient aqueduct. In the chancel is a stone bearing the imprint of a child's foot, said to be that of Jesus when he visited the temple at twelve years of age. In the left transept are two columns of jasper only a few inches apart, called the "Strait Gate" or portal to Paradise. Our American party had little difficulty in squeezing through, but woe to the bloated beer-drinkers.

We descended into spacious and lofty substructions whose walls, ceilings, and pillars are built of immense stones, and evidently antedate the Christian era. The ceiling is arched, and adorned with stones, fitted into circles without mortar, and scarcely showing the seams.

Resuming our shoes, we next descended into great subterranean chambers, recently discovered and called "Solomon's Stables." Only a small portion of these have been excavated. They are divided by enormous stone pillars and arches which support a portion of the temple platform. Each column has a hole cut near one corner at a suitable height for tying a halter. We read in 1 Kings iv. 26, that Solomon had forty thousand stalls for his horses. These chambers extend to the wall of the city on the southwest, which is at this point one hundred and thirty feet high, while its foun-

dations have been discovered eighty feet below the present surface outside. Between the temple area and St. Stephen's gate is a large pool, now destitute of water, called the Pool of Bethesda.

We returned to our hotel through the Via Dolorosa, with its Ecce Homo arch and numerous stopping-places to mark the pathway of the "man of sorrows," as he went forth bearing his cross. If this be the direction by which Jesus passed, the true Dolorosa is far below the present street. We found it by calling at the "convent of the Sisters of Zion," and obtaining the key to their cellar, by which we gained access to an old paved street, for the present Jerusalem is built above the ruins of the ancient city.

THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

When we returned from the Haram, a good substantial dinner awaited us preparatory to a horseback ride of eighteen miles from Jerusalem to Jericho. At twelve o'clock the horses were led to the door of the hotel and we mounted, feeling some trepidation, for we had not been on a horse in seventeen years, yet were persuaded that what others had done we could do.

Our cavalcade consisted of, first our escort, a Bedouin, robed like a son of the desert, with sword and holster at his side, mounted on a fine Arab horse, followed by two native soldiers on foot, armed with long antiquated muskets, the barrels curiously ornamented with brass rings. These men were furnished for our protection at the request of the United States Consul, and are paid by the Turkish government to protect travelers from the assaults of wandering Bedouins.

Next to the guard was a mule and a donkey with provisions and luggage, in charge of a muleteer; and then came four ministers, two ladies, and our dragoman, a native of Maine.

Our horses' hoofs rattled up the flinty street in single file, to the Damascus gate, and turning eastward we passed along the northern wall down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and paused at the spot near St. Stephen's gate where it is supposed the first Christian martyr was stoned to death (Acts vii. 58). Thence crossing the now dry bed of the Kidron by a stone bridge, and passing the tombs of the Virgin and of Anna the prophetess (doubtful), and the garden of Gethsemane, we took the lower road to Bethany along the southern slope of Olivet, over grassy hillocks and stones, across a dry water-course, pausing where Bethpage formerly stood, and, looking back, obtained a fine view of Jerusalem.

Near us was Bethany where our Saviour often sought refreshment and repose, and before us the city over which He wept, beautiful still though its glory has departed; the path by which we came, the feet of the blessed Jesus had often trod; but the emotion which these scenes inspired cannot be transferred to paper. The Scriptures were opened, and every little incident became strangely vivid. Tearfully we turned our horse's head and proceeded to Bethany, which we reached in forty minutes from the time of starting. Here we caught our first sight of the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab beyond. In the clear atmosphere it seemed impossible that the sea could be in a straight line thirteen miles away. It looked as though we might reach it in two hours.

The road which up to this point had been a rude uneven path, now took a zigzag course over a precipice on the eastern slope of Olivet. As we looked down the ledges of rock and rolling stones, it seemed impossible that horse or rider could ever make the descent in safety. It was proposed to visit Bethany and return to Jerusalem, but, notwithstanding the terrors of the way, we had started for and were determined to go down to Jericho. Some of the gentlemen dismounted and led their horses, but we were afraid to do so lest ours should stumble over us, and rocks, horse and rider land together at the bottom of the chasm. The muleteer came to our assistance and led the horse, giving us nothing to do but to hold on. When we saw that our horse, which had stumbled two or three times on the sod, was sure-footed on stony ground, we took courage, though we half hoped that the worst was placed near the beginning of the route. We had still to learn what was meant by the "Wilderness of Judea," or "going *down* to Jericho" and the Dead Sea, which is three thousand seven hundred and ninety-five feet below the elevation of Jerusalem. At the foot of Olivet is a refreshing spring issuing from the rocky ledge, called the "Well of the Apostles" where we stopped to give our horses drink.

As we proceeded the vegetation became more scanty, and the road more intricate, with sudden angles in the narrow path, between black, frowning boulders that obstructed our vision and made the spot seem appropriately named "Murderer's Glen, or the Bloody Way." Here, probably, the man of the Scriptures fell among thieves, and here we know Dr. Leyburn, whose church was near ours in Baltimore, actually

was robbed by the Bedouins. Though occasionally we met one, or a party of two or three of these wild descendants of the son of Hagar, "whose hand is against every man," we were not molested. The greatest enemy to our progress and safety was *tow-strings*. Some of the stirrups of our Arab saddles were fastened with these treacherous cords, which broke repeatedly, nearly hurling one gentleman to the ground; and might have resulted in a serious accident but for Dr. Waugh, who, being accustomed to riding over the foot-hills of the Himalayas, reined his horse across the path, and stopped the frightened steed ere he dashed down a declivity with the rider clinging to his neck.

About half-way from Jerusalem to Jericho, on a high bluff, we came to the ruins of an old khan, or inn, known as the "Inn of the Good Shepherd." The walls, which cover quite an area, are partly broken down, and the place unoccupied, though a well and cistern remain in the inclosure. Nearly opposite is a cave, possibly used for a stable formerly, but now occupied by a poor, forlorn Jew, who earns a scanty living by dispensing coffee and goat's milk to travellers. The old khan is the only appearance of a house, and the cave the only habitation between Mount Olivet and the valley of the Jordan.

After stopping to rest and lunch, we proceeded through a region more wild and grand than before, over mountains, on shelving rocks only a few inches in width, down chalky cliffs, the sun so hot in the gorges that we must open our umbrellas, and where we wished for three hands, one to hold the umbrella, another to hold on, and a third to guide our horse.

Our Naini Tal missionary lady, though some experienced in horsemanship, fell off, fortunately on a smooth spot, without harm. We held on the best we could, and gradually became accustomed to crossing the rocky beds of mountain-streams, climbing dizzy heights, and descending precipices.

For four hours we rode through this desolate region, enlivened only by a profusion and variety of wild flowers. We counted thirty-one varieties as we rode along, nearly all unlike those seen on the plains of Sharon, and can easily credit the statement of Dr. C. Geikie, that there are over two thousand varieties of flowers indigenous to Palestine.

Looking down a deep chasm, we saw a rapid stream of water, with oleanders growing on its brink. On either side, the mountain banks were almost perpendicular. This stream, which further on emerges from its rocky fastnesses, and flows across the plain of the Jordan into the Dead Sea, is now called Krith, a corruption of Cherith, for this is believed to be the place where Elijah found refuge from Ahab, and was fed by the ravens (1 Kings xvii. 3-6). We were now in the "Wilderness of the Temptation," whose utter dreariness made it a fit abode for demons and wild beasts. What must it have been to spend forty days and nights alone on these barren cliffs and in these desolate ravines. To our left towered Quarantana, the mountain of temptation. It is the termination of this rugged chain of mountains, and rises almost perpendicularly from the plain back of Jericho to a height of fifteen hundred feet. Surely the lonely, the homesick, and the tempted can find in Jesus a sympathizing friend, "who was in all points tempted like as we are;" yes, even more than we ever can be.

As we reached the last mountain, a magnificent view opened before us. The beautiful plain of the Jordan extended northward as far as the eye could reach, and southward to the Dead Sea, which looked like a polished mirror in a framework of mountains. The purple-tinted mountains of Moab bounded our vision on the east, with Mount Nebo standing like a sentinel guarding the plain. We thought of Moses surveying from Pisgah, its highest peak, the whole land of Palestine to the Mediterranean,—the Great Sea. Before us lay the grass-covered ruins of ancient Jericho, on a slight eminence in the valley, about five miles from the Jordan, which, like a silver thread, glistened along its serpentine course to the Dead Sea.

A fearful descent was now before us. We dismounted, and, committing our horses to the dragoman and the muleteer, picked our way down the rocky defile, passing to the left the valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned for covetousness. Having made the descent, we rode for a mile and a half over the plain of Jericho, passing old aqueducts, the remains of Roman roads, a large reservoir, and other ruins. After twice fording the brook Cherith, at sunset we entered the little village of El Riha, or modern Jericho. Here we left our tired beasts, and, forcing our way through a ragged hedge of thorns, limped into a low mud inn to pass the night.

THE DEAD SEA.

FRIDAY, March 11. At seven A.M. we were again in the saddle, our company augmented by a gentleman and two ladies, who arrived at Jericho a half hour earlier than ourselves. Much of our ride down the valley

was over an uninhabited and uncultivated plain, though showing signs of fertility. The fauna and flora of this valley belong to a tropical country, unlike the plain of Sharon or the Judean hills. Eagles and hawks flew about, or lighted on the few dwarfed trees scattered over the plain; pheasants, quails, and cranes stalked among the bushes and in the tall grass, which was brilliant with poppies.

After an hour we descended some sand hills, and crossed a plain covered with lime and salt, destitute of vegetation save a few thorny acacias; then down a ravine into a more fertile section, near the Dead Sea, which we reached at nine o'clock. The ride had been very warm, but the shore was fanned by a refreshing breeze, notwithstanding the sea was so placid that scarcely a ripple disturbed its surface. The water is so transparently clear that the gradually sloping bed can be seen far below. The pebbly beach is inclosed by a low fence of driftwood, fifteen or twenty feet from the water; and a few yards beyond this driftwood, which marks the rise of the sea at the close of the winter rains, we picked a few flowers that bloomed in the sandy soil, and preserved them to show that some scanty vegetation grows near the shores of the Dead Sea.

This sea is about fifty miles in length by ten in breadth. Its greatest depth is one thousand three hundred and ten feet, and its surface is one thousand two hundred and ninety-three feet below the Mediterranean, making it the lowest body of water on the globe. It is likewise the saltiest and bitterest. Beside various other mineral substances, the water contains nearly seven times as much salt per gallon as the

water of the Atlantic Ocean. It is so buoyant that the gentlemen who took a bath found it very easy to float lying on its surface or standing upright with the water nearly to the armpits, and an egg will float on it half out of the water.

The sea has no outlet through the Jordan, and several other streams flow into it. We picked up some small pieces of asphalt on the shore, and also some snail and scallop shells that probably came down the Jordan, as no animal life is found in the sea. A dead scorpion about five inches long was also picked up on the beach.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

After lingering an hour at the Dead Sea we started for the ford of the Jordan, nearly opposite Jericho, seven miles distant, and passed on our way an old ruined fortress on the boundary of Judah and Benjamin. Riding through a slough of white mud, and down some sand hills that mark the borders of the Jordan when it "overflowed all its banks," we crossed a narrow plain overgrown with laurel, arbutus, tamarisk, aspen, and willow, which also fringe the banks, dipping their branches into the rapid stream. Here we encamped under the shade of a large aspen tree, a few feet from the water, and reclining on rugs in Oriental fashion, ate our dinner. Some of our party attempted a bath, which was accomplished under difficulties, on account of the miry banks and the swiftness of the muddy current.

The Jordan is said to be clear when it issues from the Sea of Galilee, but becomes turbid by the alluvial soil through which it passes in its swift descent. The

distance from one sea to the other, as the crow flies, is only sixty miles, but the river is so tortuous that it measures two hundred miles, and falls six hundred feet. It has never been navigable, and no city has ever been built on its immediate banks. It can be forded at only a few points and at certain seasons of the year. We read of David and his company crossing it at night when fleeing from Absalom, and our Saviour crossed it several times. Thrice it has been parted and its muddy bed dried that the chosen of the Lord might pass over (Josh. iii. 14-17; 2 Kings ii. 8-14).

We picked some mustard blossoms as a memento of the Jordan. Though so early in the spring the plant was three feet high, and so stout that it gave promise, as the season advanced, of becoming a tree, "so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it" (Mark iv. 32).

After resting for three hours we started on our return to Jericho. When we gained the upland, Bethabara, beyond Jordan, was pointed out, where Jesus was baptized, and the Holy Ghost descended in the visible form of a dove, while a voice from heaven proclaimed him God's well-beloved Son. There, also, the Saviour abode for a time, during the last winter of his ministry (John x. 40).

JERICHO.

SATURDAY, March 12. El Riha, or modern Jericho, is a miserable little town of about seven mud huts, a long low Greek convent, a small Russian hospice, and a dilapidated mud inn. The garden surrounding the latter demonstrated the fertility of the soil. Luxuriant lemon, orange, apple, and almond trees, an enormous

grapevine, and a variety of vegetables proved what even meagre cultivation and irrigation can accomplish. We picked a lemon which measured twelve inches in circumference one way and nine and a half the other, and it was so juicy that it made lemonade sufficient for nine persons. Water from the "pool of Elisha" is used for drinking and for irrigation. It is pure, soft, and pleasant to the taste, having remained so from the hour when Elisha cast into the spring a handful of salt, and the brackish, useless water was miraculously healed (2 Kings ii. 19-22).

Our two nights at Jericho were far from comfortable. In vain we sought "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The jackals barked and snarled and howled under our broken window and about the tents of those reposing outside; while inside, mosquitos, bugs and fleas reigned supreme, and deprived us of all rest.

We rose unrefreshed, and breakfasted by candle-light, and were in the saddle when the sun appeared above Mount Nebo. Taking a circuitous route to view the ruins of ancient Jericho, we rode through an undergrowth of thorn, wild plum, and apples of Sodom. Only a single palm reared its stately head near the once beautiful "City of Palm-trees."

Riding up to the fountain of Elisha, our horses plunged into the bright, cool lakelet up to their knees. It lies almost under the ruined walls of the city, which were built of small unhewn stones, and were not over two miles in circuit. Here and there the remains of an arch, a broken column, or a hewn stone, told the tale of a once opulent city, answering in every respect to the site of the Jericho whose walls fell down after

they were encompassed seven days by the hosts of Israel (Josh. vi. 20), and afterward rebuilt in the days of Ahab by Hiel, the Bethlehemite (1 Kings xvi. 34). These irregular mounds, and the clear water bubbling up from its bed of white sand, speak the power of God and confirm the words of Inspiration.

Slowly we ascended the mountains, going up the path often trodden by kings and prophets in past ages, and where some of our Saviour's most beautiful parables were delivered, as he walked, or rested under the shadows of these great rocks, on his final journey to Jerusalem.

It grew cold as we continued our ascent. If we learned what was meant by going "*down to Jericho*," we also comprehended what it was to "*go up to Jerusalem*."

BETHANY.

A slight shower overtook us before we reached Bethany, where we stopped to see the home of Martha and Mary, and the tomb of Lazarus. It is significant that this little village, on the southeast of Olivet, is now called by the natives El-Lazareh. As we looked at the broken walls of two rooms, the stones carved in rude bas-relief, we knew that here, or very near this spot, our Saviour found welcome and repose, love and attention.

A little further up the hill, we entered a low door, and went down twenty-six stone steps, much worn by time and pilgrim feet, into a room about seven feet square, thence down more steps into a narrower room whence tradition says that Lazarus came forth, at the bidding of his friend and Lord. Surely nought but the voice of God could penetrate to the innermost

recess of this rock-hewn cavern. The tomb seemed old enough to date back to the time of Christ, and though two tombs of Lazarus are shown, one on the opposite side of the narrow street, it is not certain that Lazarus did not occupy both, as he was twice dead and buried.

The blossoming apricots and budding vines and fig-trees lent something of picturesque beauty to the old village, though its houses looked almost in ruins, and shelter only about two hundred inhabitants.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

We ascended Olivet from Bethany by the road over the mountain which David trod in his old age, bare-foot and weeping, when driven from his capital and palace by his ungrateful son Absalom (2 Sam. xv. 30). And Jesus walked up this road, while two of his disciples were gone to Bethphage for the colt, for his triumphal entrance into Jerusalem.

Ours was a difficult and dangerous ride. The wind blew almost a hurricane, with slight dashes of rain; the hill towered above us; rocks and stones lay in the deep gully beneath; and the road was a mere bridle-path along the edge of a frightful chasm. On the top of the mount, we found shelter in the Church of the Ascension until the sudden shower was over. According to Catholic usage, a stone, with the imprint of a foot, marks the spot from which Christ ascended. This spot, however, does not agree with the Gospel narrative. Luke describes the locality "as far as to Bethany," and "from the mount called Olivet, a Sabbath-day's journey," — *i. e.*, fifteen furlongs, while the top of Olivet is not much over a mile from St. Stephen's gate.

It may be said truthfully, "Olivet is one great altar," consecrated by the footsteps, the tears, the prayers, the agony, the triumph, the shame, and the ascension, mid a convoy of angels, of Jesus, the Messiah.

From this mount of vision may be seen the land of Palestine from beyond Jordan to the Great Sea, and from Hermon and Carmel, to the Desert of Paran. A hundred objects of historic interest in this land of the Bible stand out before us. Prophets, apostles, and the world's Redeemer, have thrown around the cities, villages, mountains, valleys and seas now in sight more interest than can be said of any other standpoint in this world.

The view of Jerusalem is magnificent, with its hundreds of white domes and minarets. The entire wall is visible, two and a half miles in circuit, with an average height of thirty-eight feet, adorned with bastions, and thirty-four towers. The four hills can be readily located, though the rubbish of repeated demolitions has almost filled up the intervening valleys. Mount Moriah, with its mosques and temple inclosure, lies nearest us; Bezetha to the right, the least populated; Mt. Zion on the south, beyond Moriah; and Aera to the northwest.

Around the city are narrow, deep gorges, except on the north, and beyond these the encircling mountains, illustrating the words of the Psalmist, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people forever."

We thought of the many times that Jerusalem has been besieged, and its walls thrown down and rebuilt, since a thousand years before Christ, when David took this stronghold from the Jebusites. During the reign

of Rehoboam, it was taken by Shishak, king of Egypt (2 Chron. xii. 9); taken a hundred years later, during the reign of Jehoram, by the allied armies of Philistia and Arabia (2 Chron. xxi. 16). Sixty years after Jehoash, king of Israel, broke down the wall and carried off the treasures of the Temple; B. C. 590, Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the city, and carried the people captive to Babylon (2 Kings xxv. 8-11). It was rebuilt by Nehemiah, surrendered to Alexander the Great, and was restored to the Jews by the Maccabees. About a hundred years later, it was conquered by the Romans under Pompey; was fortified and beautified by Herod; besieged and taken by Titus, A. D. 70, and the wall leveled. It was rebuilt by Hadrian, but prohibited to the Jews until the reign of Constantine. Conquered by the Ottomans, wrested from them by the Crusaders, but reconquered, it is held to-day by Turkey, though two-thirds of its population of thirty thousand are Jews, and the remainder about equally divided between Moslems and Christians.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

On the east of the Kidron, at the foot of Olivet, and half a mile from the city wall, we came to a high, cemented wall which incloses the Garden of Gethsemane. A Franciscan monk opened a low door by which we entered the inclosure of about an acre, divided by a white picket fence into four gardens, which are carefully tended and irrigated. Here the rose and the passion flower, lavender and rosemary, violets and sweet alyseum, with wormwood and saffron, bloom in perennial beauty. Tall cypresses give a mournful aspect to the ground, but the objects of tenderest care

that riveted our attention are eight old olive-trees, gnarled and hollow, timeworn and broken, yet assiduously watered and guarded. For at least twelve hundred years these trees have memorialized this spot, and they probably sprung from others (as is the habit of the olive), which may have sheltered our Lord in the night of his agony, when his sweat fell as great drops of blood to the ground. Under the largest olive-tree our little company wept and lifted their hearts in prayer.

The scenes of that sad night of anguish and betrayal became strangely vivid on the ground that drank his blood, and where the midnight dew mingled with his tears. This is unquestionably the hallowed spot referred to in John xviii. 1. The monk kindly gave us some flowers and olive leaves for preservation.

Outside the garden we resumed our horses, and rode to the Damascus gate, and at half-past one P. M. were again at our hotel in safety, feeling better than when we left on Thursday noon, though we had ridden sixty miles on horseback in the last fifty hours, over the roughest and most difficult path we ever traveled, and spent two sleepless nights in Jericho.

THE "TOMB OF THE KINGS."

A walk of twenty minutes from the Damascus gate, on the road to Sychar, brought us to the Tomb of the Kings, the most magnificent of the ancient tombs about Jerusalem. Having knocked at a gate in a low wall, we were admitted to a large court mostly occupied by twenty-six stone steps cut in the solid rock. Some of these steps were more than a yard in width, with gutters to convey the rain to three cisterns at

the foot of the stairs. Here we turned to the left and passed through an arch hewn in the solid stone wall, four feet thick, and entered a second open court, also hewn from the rocky ledge, larger than the first, being ninety feet long and seventy-two wide.

The western side is decorated by a lofty portico, in which formerly stood two Corinthian columns, parts of which remain. The top of the portico is exquisitely chiseled in fruits and flowers, but no name or inscription as to who were buried here. Within the portico, at the left, is a door only a yard high, and beside it is a great round stone, fifteen inches thick, in shape like a grindstone, standing in a groove that it may be rolled in front or back from the door of the sepulchre. This stone brought to mind the words of the women while on the way to the tomb of Christ (Mark xvi. 3).

We first entered an ante-room twenty-four feet square, and from this opened three others with stone doors turning on stone hinges in stone sockets. These rooms were about twelve feet square, with a raised shelf two feet high, and niches cut in the rocky sides for the reception of bodies. The ornamented panels which once closed the niches lay broken on the floor of these stone caverns. From the third room some steps conducted to another apartment further down in the bowels of the earth. Various conjectures have been made concerning the occupants of this subterranean palace for the dead. It is more than probable that it is one of the works of Herod the Great, made for the tomb of the numerous Herod family.

A WALK ABOUT JERUSALEM.

The ground slightly ascends from the northern wall of the city, but the other three sides are guarded by natural moats; the deep, narrow valley of Jehoshaphat on the east, with the bed of the Kidron to conduct the rains to the Dead Sea—the natural reservoir of Palestine; the valley of Hinnom on the south, which now receives the sewerage of the city; and the valley of Gihon on the west. The wall is very largely founded on natural rocks, and looks as though it might have been impregnable before the age of gunpowder, but a few cannon planted on Olivet would soon demolish it. The city is entered by four principal gates: the Damascus gate on the north, St. Stephen's on the east, Zion gate on the south, and Jaffa gate on the west. The ground east of the city, on both slopes of the Kidron, from the wall to near the summits of Olivet and Ophel, is one great burying ground, for Jew, Moslem, and Christian have rejoiced in the privilege of sleeping in or near the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The rocky eastern side of the valley is cut into tombs, among them being the tomb of Absalom, or pillar, which he reared in the King's vale (2 Chron. xvii. 18). The only water used in Jerusalem is rain water stored in numerous cisterns; yet many of the old pools remain about the city. Following the valley of Jehoshaphat till opposite the village of Siloam, we came to a fountain called the Pool of the Virgin, but believed by many to be the real Bethesda. This is an intermittent fountain, the water ebbing and flowing like the tide but not with like regularity. Dr. Robin-

son, who saw it rise a foot in five minutes, crept through a subterranean passage one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet long, and found it led to the Pool of Siloam lower down in the valley.

Following "Cool Siloam's shady rill," flowing under the shadow of a great rock, we came to the Pool of Siloam, fifty-three feet long and eighteen wide, with pillars and arches, and steps leading to the water. The walls are overhung with vines and flowers, making it a spot of picturesque loveliness and interest, aside from its connection with one of the miracles of Christ (John ix. 7).

A SUNDAY ON MOUNT ZION.

It had been a cherished desire to spend a Sabbath in Jerusalem and worship on Mount Zion, where David composed many of his inspired hymns; where the ark rested until the temple was prepared for its reception; in the one spot in Jerusalem where God is worshiped without pictures or candles, images or rosaries.

At ten o'clock we repaired to the residence of Col. Wilson, United States consul, who escorted us to the English church, a neat Gothic structure adjoining the British consulate. An officer, in Turkish uniform, the attendant of the consul, preceded and made way for us to the house of God. At the close of the Church of England service, prayers were offered for Victoria, the Emperor William of Germany, the President of the United States, and the Sultan of Turkey. Canon Tristan, of England, preached a strong evangelical sermon in the morning, and Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," did the same in the evening.

THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

About two hundred yards from the Dung gate, a little sheep gate on the south side of the city, surrounded by a wild growth of prickly pear, we found an old arch discovered by Dr. Robinson, which confirms the inspired record that a passage spanned the Tyropœon valley and connected Mount Zion with Mount Moriah, the ascent by which Solomon went up to the House of the Lord (2 Chron. ix. 4).

Further on at the extremity of a crooked lane we came to the Jews' Wailing Place, a retired spot, against the west wall of the temple inclosure. Here they have walled off a court, some seventy feet long and twenty broad, and pay their tyrannical Mohammedan rulers for the privilege of coming to weep over the desolations of Zion.

The lower rows of massive stones are the remains of the old wall of the temple platform, left by Titus to show the strength of the city he had conquered. As no Jew is permitted on the platform, this is their nearest approach to the sacred inclosure. On Friday the eve of their Sabbath, the Jews, from the patriarch of fourscore to the little child, assemble here to pray and read the Prophets; but some come on Saturday and on the Lord's day. While we stood looking at the great stones draped with hyssop, a majestic-looking, elderly man, with unmistakable Jewish features, came to the spot, kissed the cold stones, and bowing his head in a broken niche of the wall sobbed a prayer. Nothing during our long tour affected us as this sight. We bowed our heads and wept with him, while we longed to take him by the hand and point him to

Jesus his Messiah, but we could not speak Arabic. For centuries they have been coming here from all lands, and of all ages. We saw hundreds of "nails driven in a sure place," between these stones to attest their faith in the ultimate restoration of their country.

BETHLEHEM.

MONDAY, March 14. At an early hour we rode out to Bethlehem, about six miles south of Jerusalem. There is a passable road by way of the upper valley of Hinnom, past the "Home for destitute Jews," erected by Sir Moses Montefiore of England, and crossing the valley of Rephaim where David fought and routed the Philistines in two battles (2 Sam. v. 18-25). This valley is free from stones and cultivated, and is the only smooth land in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Several men were ploughing, one with a camel, another with an ox and an ass yoked together, forbidden by the law of Moses (Deut. xxii. 10).

In the lowest part of the valley we came to the "Well of the Magi," where tradition states, the star which they had seen in the east, reappeared and went before them until it stood over the place where the young child was (Matt. ii. 9-10).

On an eminence stands the Greek Monastery of Mar Elyas founded A.D. 1160. From this point the two most noted cities in the world's history are in sight, Jerusalem to the north, Bethlehem to the south. In the valley below is Rachel's tomb, a Moslem structure, over the pile of stones that for nearly four thousand years has marked the grave of Jacob's young and lovely wife, who "died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem" (Gen. xxxv. 19-20).

Bethlehem lies on two hills a little higher than Jerusalem, being two thousand five hundred and twenty-seven feet above the Mediterranean. The sides of the hill are finely terraced and planted with grape-vines and fig-trees, which are now putting forth their leaves. On the plains below are some fields of barley, green and luxuriant, for Bethlehem signifies the "house of bread." Here Ruth may have gleaned after the reapers of Boaz (Ruth i. 22; ii. 2).

Before entering the town we stopped at the wells of David, six in number and very deep. It was from these wells David desired water when the Philistines had encamped around Bethlehem, and he was hiding from Saul in the cave of Adullam (2 Sam. xxiii. 14-17).

Bethlehem, though one of the oldest, is the freshest and cleanest town we have seen in Palestine. Many of the buildings are comparatively new and some substantial stone houses are in process of erection. The population is about five thousand, mostly Christian, though only fifty are Protestants. Many are said to be descendants of the Crusaders. Their industry is shown in the beauty and variety of their manufactures of fancy articles in mother of pearl, olive wood, and asphaltum, and in their finely cultivated gardens, orchards and vineyards. We could but notice the beauty of the women and children, their round rosy faces, sparkling eyes, and plump forms, set off to advantage by their coquettish costume. As we entered the gate and rode through the narrow street to the market-place, it was difficult to realize that we were in the City of David, and close to the birth-place of our Redeemer.

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

The church of the “Nativity,” or “St. Mary’s,” is erected over the traditional cave or stable in which Jesus was born, and is the joint property of Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. This old church, which is believed to date back to A. D. 330, is entered by a low door, perhaps four feet high, in a wall without windows. In the nave are twenty-four pillars of red sandstone veined with white, and the walls are ornamented with gilded mosaics representing the ancestors of Christ, according to the flesh. The nave is walled off from the remainder of the church. The central door leads to the Greek Chapel, from whence a stairway conducts us to the Chapel of the Nativity, a rock-hewn room with several grottoes, once probably stalls for cattle, but now called by various names.

“The Grotto of the Nativity,” with fifteen lamps burning in it around a silver star, marks the birth-place of Jesus. Another contains a manger covered with marble representing the place where Mary laid her first-born son. Several other places are shown, as the tomb of Jerome, of Eusebius his pupil, and of Paula and her daughter, who accompanied Jerome to Palestine. On a level with these grottoes is Jerome’s study, where by a single window he made the Vulgate translation of the Bible.

Beyond the old church is the plain on which the shepherds “watched their flocks by night,” and so near the place of the nativity, that the angel song may have been the first sound that greeted the ears of the infant Saviour. On these same plains, now clothed in vernal beauty, David may have been keeping his father’s

sheep when summoned by Samuel to be anointed king over Israel (1 Sam. xvi. 11-13.)

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

TUESDAY, March 15. We left Jerusalem at two p.m. yesterday, stopped over night at Latroon, arrived at Jaffa at one o'clock to-day, and at four p.m. were rowed out to the Russian steamer Olekh. She will not leave until ten o'clock to-night as there is a large cargo of oranges, lemons, wheat, and almonds to be taken on board. Meanwhile we are regaled by the delicious odors from the orange groves, and enjoy the sunset on the Mediterranean, and the soft light of the full moon over the land of Palestine.

The few days we have passed in this land of the Bible will not be forgotten while we live, and we would like to remember them in heaven. We have been happily disappointed in the variety and beauty of the landscape, and the fertility of much of the country, notwithstanding the curse of God has rested upon it from the days when its inhabitants said, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." We have been astonished and delighted to find how perfectly the topography of the whole country corresponds with the geography of the Bible. We have seemed to be traveling through the Bible where every minute incident fitted to its place. Our faith in the historical exactness of the word of God has been wonderfully confirmed, and no less in the Divine inspiration of the sacred text.

CHAPTER VI.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

AN EGYPTIAN LAZARETTO.

SATURDAY, March 19. When the Olekh approached Port Said last Wednesday, a pilot-boat came out, and the order was given to "run up the yellow flag, and proceed no further than the quarantine station,"—a low, unpainted building, looking like a coal-shed. As we neither understood Russian nor Arabic, it was some time before we were able to comprehend the strange proceedings. Finally, we learned that we were suspected of having the *plague* on board, because we had come from Syria, and the plague was raging at Bagdad in Mesopotamia. We failed to see the immediate connection of the two points. The steerage passengers were all in good health, and we were above suspicion, as we had not been within a thousand miles of Bagdad; but Egypt suffered from *ten plagues* about thirty-five hundred years ago, and is still suspicious of anything from the land of Israel, so the Khedive has ordered all ships from Syrian ports into quarantine.

The captain waited for further instructions. At four P.M. a telegram came: "Proceed to Alexandria." We wanted to stop at Port Said, but must be "carried whither we would not," as no one was permitted

to land ; but a lighter was filled with oranges intended for that port, and quarantined to a buoy in the harbor.

Thursday morning we arrived at the principal seaport of Egypt ; a pilot came promptly on board to take us into the harbor, but was terribly frightened when he found we were from Syria. He was not permitted to return to the pilot-boat, as he was infected as soon as he touched the side of the ship. The yellow flag was again flying from the mast-head. Officials came in boats, and communicated with the captain at a safe distance. We were to abide in the ship until the next day, but were permitted to send letters ashore, which were carefully fumigated before being handled. One from our English companions in tribulation to the British Consul received immediate attention. He came out in a boat, and promised to do what he could for their release. The one sent by the American party to the United States Consul was received, but might as well have been addressed to the pyramids, though he was informed that President Hayes had given us a letter of commendation "to the kind offices of all diplomatic, naval, and consular agents of the United States in foreign lands."

Friday afternoon an old scow was towed alongside, and the imperious order given "all aboard !" The representatives of John Bull decidedly refused to be huddled in with seventy-five pilgrims and their heterogeneous lot of bedding and household stuff. A small boat was consequently provided for the English and Americans, and all were towed ashore, where colored soldiers stood guard to prevent our escape, and at the point of the bayonet ordered us into some old freight cars. A first-class car had been promised the obsti-

nate Englishmen and Americans. It proved to be a plain board car, years ago discarded, and since used for a hen-roost. This queer passenger-train was run some four miles out of the city into a swamp, where it stopped before the "Lazaretta Garbari," or *pest-house*.

Here we were escorted between files of colored soldiers, with fixed bayonets to keep us at a safe distance, into a walled inclosure, and locked into some old stone barracks. They had been white-washed after our arrival in the harbor, but were damp and musty, and were much better suited to communicate the plague than to receive plague-stricken patients. We suffered from the plague of hunger, having eaten nothing since breakfast till ten o'clock at night, when our colored guard marched us out to dinner. A single candle lighted the long, cold, dismal room, where a dozen men and women, Americans, Englishmen, Italians, and the Egyptian pilot were to pass the night. Without disrobing we tried to rest, but beneath the straw pillows some enormous cockroaches resented our intrusion, while a swarm of fleas appeared to enjoy our society.

Morning came ; the quarantine officers pronounced us all looking well, and when they had given us some bread and tea, promised us release after paying charges,— eight francs each for quarantine expenses, and ten for bread and lodging,— three dollars and sixty cents each for sixteen hours' accommodation. Before liberating us, we were fumigated with sulphur and vitriol, our luggage smoked and inspected by the custom-house officers, and our passports demanded. When all was over, we were turned adrift without

even a hen-roost provided to take us back to Alexandria. We found some hacks, and returned in time to learn that the steamer had sailed for Italy two hours before, which compels us to remain until Tuesday, when another steamer leaves for Naples.

MONDAY, March 21. Our stay in Alexandria has been made pleasant by the kind attentions of Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Scotch Presbyterian mission, whose church we attended yesterday, and whose flourishing schools for Jews and Egyptians we visited this morning; and also the schools of the American United Presbyterian Mission.

SICILY AND ITALY.

FRIDAY, March 25. Tuesday morning we were rowed out to the French steamer *Peluce*, of the *Messageries Maritimes*, *en route* for Naples and Marseilles. The sea was calm when we started, but the wind rose during the afternoon, and the sun set in a cloud. For two days we experienced the discomforts of a storm on the Mediterranean, but out-rode it in safety with the loss of several hundred quails. Twenty thousand live Egyptian quails formed part of our cargo, and reminded us whenever we passed their crates of the quails sent to the Israelites in the wilderness.

The "toe of the boot,"—*i. e.*, the southern portion of Italy—was first seen about noon. During the afternoon a constantly changing landscape, of unusual loveliness, was spread before us. On the east were the snow-capped Apennines, with orange-groves and vineyards at their base, interspersed with pleasant towns and hamlets. As we approached the narrowest

part of the Strait of Messina, we had a fine view of Reggio, the ancient Rhegium, and at the same time of Sicily, which had been previously enveloped in a cloud of smoke from Mt. *Ætna*. Sicily is densely populated, and very fertile. Messina, nearly opposite Reggio, the largest town, has one hundred and twelve thousand inhabitants, and one of the best harbors on the Mediterranean. When we had passed out of the Strait, which is but thirty-four hundred yards wide at its northern entrance, we obtained a good view of Mt. *Ætna*, rising on the northern side of the island, ten thousand eight hundred and thirty-five feet above the sea. Smoke was issuing from one of the three craters on the side of the mountain, while its conical top appeared to be covered with snow. At evening we passed Stromboli, one of the Lipari Islands, a solitary mountain, rising from the water to the height of three thousand and twenty-two feet, and called the "lighthouse of the Mediterranean," as smoke and fire are always issuing from its hollow summit; yet, strange to say, a town of six thousand inhabitants lies on the northern side of this active volcano in the sea.

NAPLES.

SATURDAY, March 26. The city lies on the northern shore, and twenty miles from the entrance to the beautiful Bay of Naples; Vesuvius, and its twin mountain, Rosetta, rise from the plain on the eastern shore. The city, with its suburbs, has a population of six hundred thousand, is closely built, rises at first gradually from the shore, then abruptly, to the fortress of St. Elmo, on a rocky hill, and stretches westward along the promontory of Posilipo. Its suburbs extend

eastward and southward along the base of Vesuvius. The volcano towers forty-five hundred feet above them, and looks as if it could as easily destroy them as it did Herculaneum and Pompeii eighteen hundred and two years ago. Smoke and steam constantly issue from its top, and assume many fantastic shapes as they rise into the cool upper air, painted by the sun with all the hues of a sunset sky. While sitting at breakfast this morning in the Hotel Washington, a large, solid stone building, it was shaken to its foundation by a slight earthquake shock, whose main force was felt forty miles distant.

Finding we could not reach Rome before the Sabbath, we visited the "Museum Nationale" this afternoon. Its galleries of painting and statuary represent the schools of Raphael, Correggio, Angelo, and other famous artists; busts and statues of Roman emperors and Greek divinities; full-size equestrian statues, cut from a single block of marble; and largest of all, the "Farnese Bull," a group of figures of wonderful vigor of execution,—a strange picture in stone, dating back to the time of Caracalla. The most interesting objects were the spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii,—frescoes and mosaics, marble vases and baths, richly decorated in bas-relief, and the household furniture and cooking utensils of eighteen hundred years ago.

SUNDAY IN NAPLES.

MONDAY, March 28. We passed a quiet Sabbath, attending service at the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and afterward learned that there is a Wesleyan church in the city that has an English service, and a number of Protestant Italian churches. All the Catholic

churches were closed, and the gates locked Sunday afternoon, but the shops were open as on other days, and the driving on the broad street back of our hotel, extending along the bay, gave the Sabbath the appearance of a great gala-day.

POMPEII.

We reached this buried city after a ride of fifteen miles by a railroad along the base of Vesuvius, passing Herculaneum, and over fields of lava. Pompeii lies eight miles southeast of Vesuvius, with a valley between it and the volcano. It would seem that nothing but the judgment of God could have caused this proud, idolatrous, licentious city to have been destroyed by an eruption of the volcano at that distance.

It was a beautiful walled city, founded by a Greek colony from Syracuse, and was visited by an earthquake A. D. 63, which threw down most of its houses. The work of rebuilding had not been fully completed, when August 24, 79, Vesuvius, for the first time in the history of man, rained a shower of ashes three feet deep. Then succeeded a few hours of quiet, in which the larger portion of its population of from twenty to thirty thousand escaped. It is estimated that about two thousand perished. The shower of ashes was succeeded by one of pumice-stone, then ashes and tufa, until the city was buried twenty feet deep. The weight crushed in most of the roofs, and threw down the statuary, but the walls of the houses remain, with the frescoes as fresh on those recently excavated as if painted yesterday. About two-thirds of the city has been excavated.

The appearance of Pompeii on the outside is that of

a large earthwork. Within, the streets are narrow, and paved with great blocks of stone, in which the chariot-wheels have worn deep ruts. The sidewalks are raised from ten to eighteen inches, and paved with marble and mosaic. The shops are small, and many of the marble counters remain, and the signs may still be read across the front. Even the scratches and caricatures made by naughty boys on the walls have not been effaced. The dwellings have no windows on the street, but a vestibule leads to a series of apartments surrounding a beautiful square court, with a fountain, or impluvium, in the centre. Lead-pipe conveyed the water to the fountains and baths.

We looked in a baker's oven, which was found full of loaves, as perfect in shape as if made to-day, but burned black. Apricots and other fruits, thoroughly dried, and a basket of eggs, some not broken, a great variety of pans and strainers, jelly-moulds, and other kitchen furniture, brought us into contact with the daily life of the people. The Civil Forum, with the statue of Jupiter at the north end, and the Tragic and Comic Theatres, showed us where the people were accustomed to assemble. The temples to the manifold gods of Greece, Egypt, and Rome were beautiful specimens of architecture, and adorned with statuary, but painfully showed that the city was wholly given to idolatry, while the houses of prostitution, whose walls were still covered with obscene pictures, indicate the sad moral state of the people.

Looking through a small, grated window, we saw a poor prisoner in chains, lying on his face, in his dungeon, half buried with ashes. Outside the walls, at the lower end of the Street of the Tombs—costly

piles of masonry, covered with slabs of marble, and surmounted by statuary,—we came to the house of Diomedes, the wine-merchant and innkeeper. It is the largest dwelling we entered, being two stories in height, and containing many apartments richly embellished. Fifteen bodies were found in the extensive wine-cellar, one with a bunch of keys and bag of coins, supposed to be the master of the house. We could see the print of the bodies, where they leaned against the wall when smothered with ashes and gases. The bodies are petrified, so that not only the form, but bones, flesh, and hair, and even the clothing, remain. Returning, a heavy shower overtook us, and we found shelter in a large public bath, whose handsome stuccoed ceiling is nearly perfect, and where we could see the ancient conveniences for hot, cold, and steam baths, and their beautiful waiting and dressing rooms. After eighteen centuries the buried city is exhumed, to prove a truth similar to the Bible record of the destruction of Sodom — God's wrath against sin.

ROME.

WEDNESDAY, March 30. A delightful ride of seven hours, through thousands of acres of vineyards, and then among the western ridges of the Apennines, with strange walled and fortified ancient Etruscan towns perched on the highest cliffs, brought us to the Campagna surrounding Rome. This great fertile plain, watered by the Tiber, a narrow muddy river, is several hundred square miles in extent, and for half an hour we passed the ruins of immense buildings and aqueducts which belonged to Rome when she was mistress of the world.

Mr. G. Gordon met us at the station, and welcomed us to Rome. A short walk up the Esquiline Hill brought us to his residence, opposite the great church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are Scotch Presbyterians, descended from the nobility, who, having abandoned high life, have studied the Italian language and come to Rome to assist in the evangelization of the people. They have two chapels in their house, one for family devotions and women's meetings and the larger one for public services; both of these are placed at our service, but, thinking we should be weary with our journey and expecting us to remain two weeks, they have arranged the first meeting for Friday evening.

Rome is full of fountains, statuary, architectural remains, and objects of interest. Modern Rome is clean and beautiful, with wide smoothly-paved streets, high buildings, and good water, and has a population of over three hundred thousand. The city has improved in every respect since Sept. 20, 1870, when Victor Emmanuel made it the capital of united Italy. It is still a walled city, and its ancient fountains, arches, columns, temples, forums, and baths are scattered about the city, though most numerous in the southern section. It abounds in costly churches, embellished with marbles, statuary, paintings, and mosaics.

ST. PETÉR'S CHURCH.

THURSDAY, March 31. *St. Peter's* is the largest church edifice on the globe, covering eight acres, and costing fifty million dollars. In front is a large semi-circular court, with a double colonnade on each side, surmounted with figures of the saints. In this court

are two great fountains, and between them an obelisk which once upheld the statue of Nero, but now that of St. Peter, for the church occupies the site of *Nero's Circus*. The outside of this immense building is far from beautiful, as it is built of small, thin brick, painted yellow, and no marbles or ornamentation except that the portico is crowned with statues of Christ and his apostles, and on each side of the broad stone steps are statues of St. Peter with the keys and St. Paul with a two-edged sword.

Plain as is the exterior, the interior is magnificent; the walls, floor, and pillars are covered with a variety of polished marbles. It is six hundred and thirteen feet long without being divided except by the high altar under the dome, before which we can stand and look up four hundred feet. The dome has double walls, within which is a spiral staircase leading to the ball, which will hold sixteen persons. On the ball is a statue of St. Peter, making the total height four hundred and sixty-four feet. The square pillars which support the arches are twenty-five feet in circuit, and those which support the great dome are one hundred feet around—all are embellished with mosaics and statuary.

The bronze figure of St. Peter sitting in a chair is placed to the right, before we reach the rotunda. The great toe of the right foot is partially worn away by the kisses of Catholic men, women, and children. On a high platform in the apse is said to be the old wooden chair of St. Peter, now incased in bronze, and under the dome his tomb, around which thirty-two golden lamps, fed with olive oil, are constantly burning. The chapels and tombs in the aisles contain

some fine paintings, and the mosaics of the Annunciation and Transfiguration, from paintings by Raphael, which are wonderful exhibitions of taste and skill.

THE VATICAN.

FRIDAY, April 1. This morning we visited a small part of the great Papal Palace—the Vatican. This pile of yellow-washed bricks contains eleven thousand halls, saloons, corridors, and private apartments. Since the Italian occupation the pope has secluded himself within these rooms and the adjoining spacious gardens. The Museum, on the west side of the Palace, is entered by a corridor covered with ancient inscriptions, and contains forty rooms filled with statuary of man and beast, allegorical figures, urns, and sarcophagi of porphyry polished like a mirror, baths elaborately carved in marble and granite, columns of alabaster, Egyptian remains, and Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities.

Returning to the east side, or front, we went up two hundred and fifty easy stone steps to the galleries of paintings, and to the *Sistine Chapel*, where the Pope performs mass—a dull room, except its magnificent frescoes by Michael Angelo. The ceiling represents the Creation, and was the work of years. The whole upper end, forty-five feet in width, is covered by “The Last Judgment.” This picture, though a marvel of art, is a strange blending of inspiration and superstition, of Christianity and paganism, like every thing connected with the Church of Rome. It would be impossible to describe the thousands of rare paintings scattered through these great galleries, which have been accumulating here for centuries, and are the masterpieces of the world’s great artists. We only

glanced into the *Library*, which contains twenty-four thousand manuscripts and fifty thousand printed books, and did not desire to see Pope Leo, who expects all to whom he gives audience to kneel and kiss his hand.

MONUMENTS AND REMAINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

SATURDAY, April 2. This morning, with Dr. Vernon for our guide, we visited several places of interest, passing the *Fountain of Moses*, which covers perhaps six square rods, and consists of natural-looking gray rocks, with the water gushing forth from many crevices. Moses stands in the centre with uplifted rod, an angel on each side, one or two horses, and several persons rushing eagerly forward to drink. All the figures seem full of life. Thence we went to the *Forum of Trajan*. It is now many feet below the street, the broken columns still keeping their ancient position, and the great Column of Trajan, of white marble, towering eighty-seven feet, with historic scenes in bas-relief, arranged spirally about it, to the top where stands the emperor. This is one of the most beautiful monuments in this city of monumental splendors.

We then visited the church of "San Pietro-in-Vincoli," or St. Peter in Chains. On the lid of a money-box we read, or rather Dr. Vernon translated for us, "Charity for the worship of the venerable chains." The chains which the church claims once bound the apostle are kept under lock and key, and only exhibited on great public occasions. But the one thing which drew us to the old church was the statue of Moses,—Michael Angelo's masterpiece. This colossal statue is carved from a block of yellowish alabaster, and represents the Lawgiver of Israel descending

from Sinai. His right arm is thrown protectingly around the sacred slabs written with the finger of God. He has caught sight of the camp and beholds the golden calf surrounded by debased and ungrateful Israel. The lofty indignation which wreathes the brow, the pain that trembles in the eyes, and the sublime purpose that speaks in the firm-set mouth, make it no cause for wonder that Angelo, as he gave the finishing touches to his greatest work, in frenzy, struck the eloquent stone and said, "*Speak, thou canst.*"

Passing the *Forum Romanum*, and through the *Arch of Titus*, built to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the golden candlestick and vessels of the temple, and then through the *Arch of Constantine*, recording the triumphs of Christianity, we came to the *Colosseum*. After viewing its vast proportions, and noting its three distinct styles of architecture, marked in the columns and architraves of its successive stories, and the places where its bronze ornamentation was riveted to the immense walls, we entered the arena, surrounded by stalls which seated eighty-five thousand people at the inauguration, when thousands of captives were slain, either in gladiatorial combat or by wild beasts. Many Christians here received the crown of martyrdom, and the prisons, and underground passages through which the wild, hungry lions and tigers rushed into the arena, still remain.

We passed on to the *Thermæ of Caracalla*, an extensive pile of ruins, two stories in height, beautified with marble, porphyry, mosaic pavements, and sculpture,—a monument of the luxurious tastes of the ancient Romans. It was begun by Caracalla in

A.D. 212, and completed by Alexander Severus. Within these immense brick walls were hot, cold, and steam-baths, which would accommodate sixteen hundred bathers at once. There was also a great library, a gymnasium, an arena for trials of speed, a hall for debates and poetic recitations, and a large race-course.

APPIAN WAY AND CATACOMBS.

From the Thermae of Caracalla we passed through the gate, down the straight, finely-paved, rounded *Appian Way*, with the remains of ancient tombs on each side. Up this road came the victorious armies of Rome in triumphal procession, bearing the spoils of conquest, and leading their captives in chains. Over this road came Paul, chained to a soldier, and encouraged by the friends who went out to meet him.

We stopped before the exit to the *Catacombs of St. Calixtus*. After walking across a large field for about a fourth of a mile, we obtained a guide and candles, and descended some steep stone steps into narrow, tortuous passages, with graves cut in the soft tufa, one above the other about four tiers deep. Most of them are very narrow, merely deep enough to slip in the body wrapped in a winding sheet, the back, shelf, and ends being of solid rock, and the opening in front closed by a thin slab of marble, bearing the name, date, and some inscription of faith or love. Most of the cavities are open, having been rifled during the wars that devastated the city. Occasionally we came to a little chapel whose walls were frescoed with emblematic figures. The dove and the peacock predominated, signifying peace and immortality. In the chapel of St. Cecilia are several paint-

ings, and an altar and place for a lamp for the persecuted Christians met in these dark, damp subterranean cells, among their dead and martyred friends, to worship Christ their Redeemer.

ST. PAUL, OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

We next visited the church of St. Paul outside the walls, on or near the spot where the apostle was beheaded. It was founded in 388, burned in 1823, rebuilt and dedicated by Pius IX. in 1854, and cost \$25,000,000. It is built on the exterior of large blocks of hewn stone. The portico in front is embellished with a beautiful and appropriate mosaic representing a wounded lamb upon an altar, beneath which flows the water of life in many channels. Above the altar is the dove, and on each side are six sheep in the attitude of waiting, eager obedience. The interior is lined and paved with costly marbles and stones of various hues. The church is divided into double aisles by enormous columns of polished granite brought from the Simplon. Two columns of cream-tinted oriental alabaster beautifully veined, at the main entrance, and four upholding the canopy of the high altar, were presented by the Viceroy of Egypt. The malachite pedestals of these columns were the gift of Nicholas, Czar of Russia. These brilliantly polished blocks of veined green stone are set with panels of lapis-lazuli, a stone of a deep purple hue, veined with red and gold. Ranged closely together above the columns, and extending four times the length of the aisles, are portraits of all the popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII. These are all mosaics, and appear of life-size, though they must be colossal, as they are placed at so great height. Precious

stones are set in these portraits, and the pupils of many of the eyes are composed of diamonds that glisten like life. Between the pillars are scenes in the life of St. Paul.

ST. JOHN LATERAN AND PILATE'S STAIRCASE.

In the afternoon we went to the church of *St. John Lateran*, the old Lateran palace converted into a Christian church in the days of Constantine. It is a basilica, and the columns, which resemble those in St. Peter's, are adorned with colossal statues of the twelve apostles. In the crypt where one of Rome's noble families and a number of the earlier popes are buried, is a *Pietà* or image of Mary with the dead body of Christ, which is exquisitely touching; a single lamp is so arranged in the dark crypt as to throw a softened light over the white figure, making it solemnly beautiful.

Opposite the church is a chapel devoted to the worship of the *Scala Santa*, or Pilate's Staircase, claimed to have been brought from the judgment hall of the Roman Prefect at Jerusalem. We saw more than a hundred persons moving up these thirty-two steps on their knees. In 1510, while thus doing penance on these stairs, there dawned on Martin Luther's mind the text, "The just shall live by faith," and this, the commencement of the Reformation, gave interest to the place in our Protestant eyes. The stairs have become so worn by the knees that have climbed them for hundreds of years that they are now protected by a wooden covering, beneath which may be seen the old stones.

OUR MEETINGS IN ROME.

Our detention by the Egyptian quarantine prevented our reaching Rome before Conference closed and the preachers left for their several fields of labor, and as we were already advertised to be in England, we only remained in Rome until Monday, holding five services in the meantime. The first and second were in Mr. Gordon's chapel, Friday and Saturday evenings, when nearly all the Protestant ministers of Rome were present, including Dr. Vernon, of the Methodist Episcopcal Church, superintendent of our Italian mission, Mr. Pickett, of the Wesleyans, Mr. Wall, of the Baptist Church, and Dr. Gray, of the Free Church of Scotland.

It was arranged to hold three services in Dr. Vernon's church on the Sabbath. What a change a few years have made in this capital city of Catholicism, where until recently no Protestant public worship was tolerated! Mr. Wood was temporarily disabled, and Mr. McDonald conducted all the Sabbath services. After attending the Sunday school, he preached to the usual Italian congregation, Dr. Vernon acting as interpreter. In the afternoon there was a large union service of all the Italian Protestant congregations, when Mr. Pickett (Wesleyan), interpreted, and in the evening a union English service, which was followed by a season of prayer and consecration. Much regret was expressed that we could not remain longer.

FROM ROME TO PARIS.

WEDNESDAY, April 6. On Monday at half-past ten A. M. we bade adieu to Dr. Vernon, who is doing a

great work in Rome, and to our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and started for Paris, *via* Florence, Turin, and Mont Cénis Tunnel, arriving in the city this morning. The ride from Rome to Florence was up the valley of the Tiber, through vineyards and blooming orchards, succeeded by a varied landscape of mountain and plain, passing the mountain lake Trasimeno, thirty miles in circumference and eight hundred and forty-six feet above the sea. On its shores, B. C. 217, Hannibal, in his invasion of Italy from the north, during the second Punic war, defeated the Romans under the Consul Flaminius, who was slain and fifteen thousand of his army. After passing through four tunnels and seeing a rainbow span the mountains, we arrived at Florence, a beautiful city on the Arno, of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand inhabitants. Here we only stopped a few moments, and then sped onward to Turin, riding through the wild, romantic scenery of the northern Apennines during the night. Though the Po is only a small mountain stream at this point, Turin is a large city, containing nearly a quarter of a million people.

At Turin we took breakfast and changed to a first-class car for our ride through the Alps. The car was warmed by pans of hot water. Wild and wilder became the mountain gorges; high and higher towered the cold white peaks, "Alps on Alps." After passing through tunnel after tunnel, one two miles long, and cascades and waterfalls,—among them that of Chammont, where the water descends two thousand five hundred and twenty-six feet,—at noon we entered the Mont Cénis Tunnel, eight miles in length, and were twenty-four minutes in passing through. This tunnel

is eight thousand three hundred and thirty-eight feet above the sea, and yet four thousand and ninety-three feet below the summit of the mountain.

When we emerged from the tunnel, Mont Blanc towered above and beyond the mountains around us. Nothing could be colder or more majestic than these heights covered with perpetual snow, while the sides of the mountains were clothed with birches, larches, and stunted pines, and around us the delicate green sod was dotted with pale blue crocuses; below us were blooming apricots and prunes, and still lower down were carefully terraced vineyards, showing the changes of vegetation from frigid to semi-tropical zone.

At Modena, on the line between France and Italy, we changed cars, and our luggage was examined by the Custom House officers. Thence we rode onward to Maçon, where we expected to pass the night; but, obtaining a second-class compartment to ourselves, decided to spend another night on the train, and so obtain a *day* instead of only a night in Paris.

PARIS.

Paris, the gay, magnificent capital of France, and the second city in Europe, having a population of two millions, though not properly a walled town, is entirely surrounded by fortifications or earthworks, twenty-one miles in circumference, and entered by gates placed at convenient distances. It lies on both sides of the Seine, which is crossed by twenty-six bridges. Its streets are wide, finely paved, with rounded curbs at the corners, and many shade-trees. It abounds in open squares, arches and columns, fountains and gardens. The Grecian order of architecture

predominates. The government buildings are neat and substantial, and on each we read the motto of the republic,— *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité*.

We rode down the Boulevard du Sevastopol to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is grand in its proportions, and richly ornamented on the exterior; but it appears severely cold and bare within after seeing the gorgeous churches of Rome. We next visited the beautiful Church of the Madeleine, built by Napoleon for a Temple of Fame. It is approached by twenty-eight broad steps, and surrounded by a portico supported by fifty-two lofty Corinthian columns. The interior is decorated in gilt, and with fine paintings, wood-carvings, and statuary. Passing down the Rue Royale, we came to the Place de la Concorde, the most extensive ornamental place in Paris. In the centre is an obelisk, brought from ancient Thebes, resembling Cleopatra's Needle, which covers the spot where the guillotine was erected during the “reign of terror,” when this now lovely square ran with the noblest blood of France. To the north and south are large fountains, and around the place are allegorical statues, representing the eight chief towns of the kingdom. The square is surrounded with beautiful buildings and gardens. On the east is the inclosed garden of the Tuileries; running west is the Champs Elysées, leading to the Arch of Triumph, with the gardens and Palais Elysée, the resort of the gay, to the right, and the Palais de l'Industrie on the left. The Arch of Triumph, probably the finest arch in the world, was erected by Napoleon, the corner-stone being laid in 1800, on his thirty-seventh birthday, and is covered with the names and bas-reliefs of his great battles.

Passing southward through the Avenue du Roi de Roma, one comes to the Exposition Buildings of 1878, on each side of the Seine. As we had not time to visit them, we crossed a bridge to the east near the Hotel des Invalides, a large, fine group of buildings, an asylum for disabled soldiers founded by Louis XVI., and which will accommodate five thousand pensioners. Under the great dome of the Church of the Invalides is the Tomb of Napoleon. Above the entrance to the tomb we read the request of the "Great Captain," inserted in his will made at St. Helena: "I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I so dearly love." The sarcophagus is cut from a single block of red porphyry, weighing nearly seventy tons. It is plain but highly polished, and on it was laid a natural wreath of immortelles. South of the Hotel des Invalides is the Champ de Mars, the scene of many historical events, the last being those of the fiendish communists in 1871. Beyond the Palais du Luxembourg we came to the Pantheon, built for a Temple of Honor by noted French infidels, and the names of Voltaire and Rousseau are inscribed on its walls, though it is now called the Church of St. Geneviève. After seeing the ruins of the Palace of the Tuilleries and the bronze column Vendome, we returned to our hotel satisfied with our outside view of Paris; and persuaded that; notwithstanding its churches are mostly Catholic, and it has half as many theatres as churches, its republican government is becoming stable, and that the leaven of Protestantism is working among the people. Already about one-sixth of its churches, and thirty-six thousand of its population, are Protestant.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

EARLY yesterday morning, April 7, we left Paris for London by the Northern Road to Calais, passing over the cold flats of Normandy, which showed few signs of spring except the absence of snow and ice. After a ride of seven hours we arrived at Calais and went on board a roughly built steamer to cross the Strait to Dover. As soon as the breakwater was passed, the steamer entered a rough sea that sent the big waves over her deck. The little craft rolled and plunged, leaped and dove among the cross currents and contending waves of the North Sea and the English Channel for two hours, until she reached Dover, with its old castle on a rocky bluff overlooking the watery pass to the continent.

After an absence of one hundred and seventy-two days we were once more on English soil, where our native tongue is spoken, and where the people are Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. It seemed like getting home; we felt as though we were no longer in a foreign land, but among our own people, and devoutly praised God for his providential care and goodness. On our arrival in London we were warmly welcomed by Messrs. Senior and Maylott, who conducted us to

a pleasant home in the east of London, where a meeting is to commence on Sunday. We find an advertised programme for more meetings than we can possibly hold.

STEPNEY GREEN TABERNACLE.

THURSDAY, April 14. Our first meeting was at Stepney Green Tabernacle, belonging to the Primitive Methodists. Here we were able to hold only six services, commencing Sunday and ending last evening. Mr. McDonald preached the first sermon, presenting the theme of Bible Holiness in his clear, vigorous, and finished style. The people heard gladly, and the opening service was one of consecration and salvation. In the afternoon we enjoyed a delightful sacramental occasion, closing with an altar service, in which some sought pardon and others purity. Mr. Wood preached in the evening to a deeply interested congregation.

Each service became better and better, and every altar service witnessed the salvation of some souls. The testimonies of Rev. Mr. Maylott and his official members were clear and strong for *full salvation*. The church was prompt and greatly blessed, and in so short a time we have not seen more saved than in this first meeting after our return to England. Although in the midst of a revival, and urged to hold services at other points in London, we must leave this morning to fill engagements at the north, made before our arrival by Messrs. Beckworth and Woolley, prominent lay preachers of the Primitive and Wesleyan societies.

LEEDS.

MONDAY, April 18. We arrived in Leeds last Thursday evening, and the next day being "Good Friday," a series of services was held in Belle Vue Chapel, beginning at half-past two and closing at half-past nine p. m. Though a rainy day, there was a large attendance. The prayers, the singing, and the testimonies evinced that preachers and people had maintained their position as witnesses for full salvation, and been growing steadily in grace during the past seven months since we were here. At five o'clock the first service closed or adjourned until after tea, in the lecture room, where about three hundred persons sat down to bountifully spread tables. After tea a praise service occupied an hour, when the regular evening service began. It was a night of love, consecration and power. Many were saved and retired from the chancel to give place to others, and the altar was filled again and again.

Sunday was a pleasant, spring-like day, and the three services were attended by large and interested congregations. The evening service continued for over three hours, and then the interest was so great and so many were seeking the Lord, it was difficult to close the meeting.

LEICESTER.

MONDAY, April 25. Leicester is an enterprising town of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants in the centre of England. It is famous as being the place where the notorious Richard III. was accidentally killed, and where Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chan-

cellor under Henry VIII., died probably by poison. It is more pleasantly noted for the ministrations of Robert Hall, the renowned Baptist divine, who preached here from 1808 to 1826 in a church still standing.

Our meeting has been held in St. Nicholas Street Primitive Methodist Chapel. The superintendent, Rev. J. Odell, and his associate, Rev. M. Jefferson, entered heartily into the work. Though the weather was unfavorable, the evening services were crowded and those in the afternoon increased daily. At the twelfth and last service, Sunday evening, the chancel rail and nearly all the middle tier of pews in the large chapel were filled with those who were seeking pardon or purity. Not less than two hundred persons testified that they had been either converted or cleansed during the six days of the meeting. We had been announced to spend ten days in Leicester, and greatly desired to do so, as the work seemed only well begun, but felt obliged to divide the time with Sheffield, where we promised to hold our first meeting on our return from India, and it was published to commence April 3, but our detention in quarantine prevented our reaching here at that time.

SHEFFIELD.

SATURDAY, April 30. When passing Sheffield on a train it appears a great smoky place filled with foundries and tall chimneys, but its suburbs are very pleasant, and we have seen much to admire in this active town, noted the world over for its cutlery.

Our services were held in the old Bethel Chapel, as it is central, and the meeting was intended for all the

Primitive societies, which are numerous and strong in Sheffield. It was necessarily limited to five days, commencing on Monday and ending last evening, giving time for only ten services, but these were not without blessed results. The people appeared to think the time was short and they must make the most of it; consequently pastors and people pressed at once "into the inner temple." Revs. Messrs. Fallas, Barfoot, Martindale, Barber, and others rejoiced in the cleansing power of Christ's atonement. At the closing service last evening fully eight hundred persons were present, and the brethren could not close until past ten o'clock, and the people seemed ready to stay till midnight.

The warmth, simplicity, and earnestness of the Sheffield Methodists made us deeply regret that our stay among them must be so short.

GRIMSBY.

SATURDAY, May 7. Southeast of Hull, on the right bank of the Humber, is the neat, growing town of Grimsby, the largest fish-market in the kingdom. The variety and immense quantity of fresh fish landed on its docks are astonishing. We have passed a delightful week here with the people of Flottergate Protestant Methodist Chapel. The house is large, new, and beautiful, and at first the people were undemonstrative, and moved slowly. Our company were not in the best of health. The long journeys, the protracted labors, and the exhaustion incident to going rapidly from point to point, and striving to do the most for God and the people in the least time; and perhaps more than all these, the change of climate

from India to the north of England, have quite disabled some of our company, and are producing their results upon all of us.

The meeting commenced on Sunday with three services, and continued until Friday, with one each afternoon and evening. The afternoon meetings have been attended largely by ministers and Christian workers. Three men professed conversion on Sunday, and some have found the Saviour every evening. The church seems thoroughly roused. Mr. Harrison and his colleague have entered into the spirit of the meetings. The last service was a regular Pentecostal time, when the whole large congregation felt the presence of God, and many were powerfully baptized. We were expecting to go from here to Newcastle, but have been obliged to recall that appointment, much to our regret, and greatly to the disappointment of the people there, but are persuaded that duty to ourselves and families, and to our churches at home, which are anxiously awaiting our return, demand that we cease for a time these exhausting labors, and return to America.

ST. HELEN'S.

MONDAY, May 9. In accordance with a promise made Rev. M. Wilshaw, before we left for India, to hold a few services in the Primitive Methodist Chapel at St. Helen's, we left Grimsby at an early hour Friday morning, and arrived in Liverpool about noon, where we were met by some of the dear friends from Everton Chapel. At four o'clock, we started for St. Helen's, ten miles north from Liverpool. This is the home of Rev. Mr. Pascoe, whose writings on Christian holiness are familiar to many Americans, and who favored

our country with a visit in 1877. Though pastor of the Wesleyan Chapel, he was present at our first service, and welcomed us to his home. The services of Saturday and Sunday were sweet and precious. The church received a blessed uplift, and a number entered into the "rest of faith." St. Helen's seemed to us a good place for revival effort. Its inhabitants are chiefly workmen in the iron foundries and glass furnaces, and no people are more hopeful, or make more sincere and earnest Christians, than those who are engaged in the great industrial pursuits of a civilized country.

FAREWELL MEETING AND FINAL ADIEU.

WEDNESDAY, May 11. Having held five services in St. Helen's, we returned to Liverpool, where we were invited to a farewell meeting on Tuesday evening. Though intended to be a quiet and somewhat private service, at least five hundred persons were present, nearly all of whom were in the enjoyment of full salvation. The testimonies of preachers and laymen showed that holiness had become their life and joy. Rev. W. Tharme, a prominent and talented local preacher, remarked that he believed "the Lord sent Brothers Inskip, McDonald, and Wood to remove the bitter pill from the mouths of the English people that Dr. Talmage put in them by his unfortunate lecturing business." We were sorry anything connected with the visit of one of our American clergymen should have given cause for this and like expressions, which we heard at many places in England.

Since our return from India, we have heard encouraging reports from the points where we labored in the

summer and autumn. One minister said he received a baptism in our meetings which resulted in the conversion of three hundred souls on his circuit during the winter. As we were going to Chapel, a young preacher of the Salvation Army, who was holding a meeting in the street, hastened across the square to clasp our hands, and said, "I was converted in your meeting in Hull, last September, and have been working for souls, as you see." Conventions and meetings for the promotion of holiness have been held in many places during the winter, and the interest in the subject has become far more general than before our visit to England. Rev. J. E. Page, editor of the "King's Highway," said, in reference to the visit of the American brethren, "You and those with you worked hard while among us here. It was no holiday visit, but fruitful of labor and its reward."

The final parting from the dear people of England reminded us of Paul when leaving the church at Ephesus (Acts xx. 36-38). At three p. m., we were met at the landing-stage by a large concourse of friends, to shake hands once more, and bid us farewell, many of whom went on board the ferry-boat, and accompanied us to the ship, remaining with us until she sailed, at half-past five o'clock. The hearty "God bless you," the tearful good-by of these friends, and the waving of hat and handkerchief as they returned on the boat, and we steamed toward the west, impressed our hearts with the kindness, depth of sympathy, and love of these friends of Jesus with whom we have been associated in England. God bless them forever!

HOMeward VOYAGE.

MONDAY, May 23. The steamship *England* resembles the *Erin* in size and build, being also of the National Line. We anticipated another voyage with Captain Andrews, as we understood he had been transferred to this ship, but were surprised and pained to learn, after we came on board, that he died on his last trip, the third day out from New York, and was buried at sea.

We started from Liverpool with thirty cabin and twelve hundred steerage passengers, and took on three hundred more at Queenstown, which made one thousand six hundred and fifty-three souls on board, including officers and crew. Those in the steerage comprised quite a number of nationalities. There were some Welsh and English, who loved the Lord, and sung praises to Him on Sunday and other days. There were steady, order-loving Scandinavians, and many excellent people among the Irish and German emigrants; but we are sorry to say there were some who neither feared God nor regarded man, but danced and played cards on the Lord's day, and were a grief to all the sober and respectable people on board.

We have seldom met with a more agreeable class of saloon passengers. The first Sabbath was a cold, rainy day, and the sea was rough enough to cause some sea-sickness, but Mr. Wood preached to quite a congregation, as those in the steerage who understood English were permitted to come into the saloon. The second Sabbath was a mild, beautiful day. All were feeling well, and the congregation was large. Mr. McDonald preached a sermon which seemed inspired

with truth and light, and which few who heard will forget, — certainly not those who had advanced skeptical sentiments at the table and elsewhere. Among the saloon passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, missionaries of the American Board, who have been laboring in Armenia. In Mrs. Reynolds we found an earnest, working Christian, who assisted Mrs. McDonald and the writer in conducting some meetings in the cabin, which nearly all the ladies attended.

The shores of our own country came in sight at eight o'clock this morning. Four hours and a half later we stopped at quarantine, but were not detained long, as there had been no death or contagious disease on the ship, and very little sickness. Notwithstanding the steerage was so crowded, the emigrants looked better when they arrived at New York than when they left Liverpool and Queenstown.

After twelve days on the sea, the view of Staten Island was most enchanting. The beautiful villas embowered in blooming orchards, the shady lawns, and waving grass in the meadows and on the sloping shores, made it look like an earthly paradise. When we left England the grass was short and the buds were only beginning to unfold their leafy treasures. We seemed suddenly to pass from the first dawn of spring to the luxuriance of summer vegetation. A little English lady, who had been sea-sick all the voyage, after gazing on this beautiful view of the new world, exclaimed, "I am paid already for all I have suffered, and am afraid if I could live there, I should never want to die." When we had passed the forts that guard the Narrows, the lovely panorama of New York bay was spread before us, with its flowery heights,

its beautiful islands, and its wealth of shipping, carrying the flags of all nations, and our own Stars and Stripes predominating; and as we approached the metropolis of the Western World, with its church-spires the most prominent objects among its piles of buildings, our hearts were too full for words. We sought our staterooms to weep tears of grateful joy. To our American eye the Bay of Naples, with its smoking Vesuvius, its rocky promontories and volcanic islands, its orange groves and vine-covered terraces, and the city crowned with the old castle of St. Elmo, was less beautiful than New York harbor this lovely May day.

At two o'clock we stepped on shore without needing to be transferred to a row-boat or steam-tug, and did not find our custom house officers less courteous or more exacting than those of foreign lands. Three hundred and thirty-one days have passed since we sailed out of this dock. We have spent eighty-two nights on the sea in nine different steamers, yet there has been no death on board of any, and no accident that endangered the life of a single passenger. We have travelled over six thousand miles by rail without accident or detention; we have not been dangerously ill, though subjected to a great variety of climate, and taxed by more than four hundred and thirty exhausting religious services. Truly the promise on our title-page has been fulfilled:—

“Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places, whither thou goest, *and will bring thee again into this land*, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.”

CHAPTER VIII.

AROUND THE WORLD.

CALCUTTA.

MONDAY, Jan. 17, Mr. and Mrs. Inskip left us at Lucknow for a journey of seven hundred and forty-five miles through the valley of the Ganges, passing near Benares, with its five thousand pagan temples and shrines, and arrived at Calcutta, the capital of British India, early Wednesday morning. At Allahabad they broke their journey and obtained a night of rest in the hospitable Union Zenana Mission. Then succeeded twenty-four hours on the hard seats of a second-class East Indian car, cheerfully endured for Christ's sake, and soon forgotten in the warm welcome of Dr. Thoburn and Rev. Mr. Oakes, and in the delightful home of the lady who was the first to seek a clean heart in the Tabernacle meeting at Bombay.

Calcutta is situated on the Hoogly river, the principal channel of the Ganges, and is the largest city in India, having a population of eight hundred thousand. Though a hundred miles from the Bay of Bengal, it is next to Bombay in commercial importance. It abounds in parks and avenues, and is called the "city of palaces," because of its varied and costly oriental and fine government buildings. Its inhabitants are chiefly Bengalees, though there are other Indian nationalities and many English and Eurasians. The work of the Methodist Episcopal

church in Calcutta includes the largest Methodist church in India — built by Dr. Thoburn, and having a large English-speaking congregation, — a flourishing native church, the self-supporting boarding-school of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, under the charge of Miss Layton, a Home or Orphanage, and the finest and most efficient Seaman's mission perhaps in the world. During the year 1880, eight hundred seamen sought the Lord at its chapel services.

Mr. Inskip opened his meeting at the large Drum-tollah street Methodist Church on Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, and it continued for three weeks, during which he preached twenty-two sermons to large and attentive congregations, beside holding several early morning meetings for prayer and consecration. The church had been passing through a season of trial such as comes to most churches at some period of their existence, and consequently was not in a hopeful state for revival effort, but prayer, faith, and faithful preaching prevailed. A prominent church member, who had been decidedly opposed to special meetings for the promotion of holiness, was among the first to express his desire for a clean heart, and other influential members of the church and congregation followed, some seeking restoration and others purity. As the meeting progressed the chancel rail and front pews were crowded with those desiring pardon or purity, Mr. Inskip's host being among those happily converted. The work was quiet, deep, and thorough, moving forward with increasing interest, and at every service some were saved. The opposition to *holiness* melted away as the people came to understand that it was received by *faith*, and its life was *love*. Sabbath

evening, Feb. 6, fifty persons came to the altar, and thirty of them testified to having found the Saviour, of whom several were Mohammedans.

Mrs. Inskip assisted her husband, leading the people as at other places in hymns of praise, and pointing seekers to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." She also held four very precious children's services, in which some scores of young people professed conversion. At the closing service, Wednesday evening, fully two hundred rose to testify that, during the meeting, they had been converted or wholly sanctified, and the services closed with a tide of solemn gladness no words can describe.

A tea-meeting was arranged for Friday evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Inskip were to leave on the morrow. The room was beautifully prepared for the occasion, being festooned with the flags of several nations, and the most prominent position given to the Stars and Stripes. An abundance of flowers of richest hues and sweetest fragrance added to the beauty of the scene. It was a pleasant and useful gathering, which old and young enjoyed, though there was the sadness incident to a parting, to meet no more until death is swallowed up of victory. The following from Mr. Inskip's pen expresses his feelings when leaving India:—

"From the time we were so cordially received and hospitably entertained by Brother J. Morris and his family in Bombay until we left the princely home of brother and Sister Atkinson in Calcutta, we were treated with the greatest kindness and fraternal attention. Preachers and people everywhere have given us the right hand of fellowship and aided us in our work. Bishop, presiding elders, pastors, missionaries and Christian work-

ers of all denominations have smiled upon our humble endeavors, and all the members of our party will ever remember their visit to India. The friendships contracted during our brief sojourn here will never be forgotten. The memory of the precious seasons we were permitted to enjoy, and the glorious triumphs of grace we witnessed will encourage and embolden us to further efforts in our Master's cause. In one sense we never can leave India. India will remain in our mind and heart evermore. Of these workers and their work we shall never cease talking, and for it and them we shall devoutly pray that God may send prosperity and success."

VOYAGE TO CEYLON.

SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 12, the same day and almost the same hour that we sailed out of the harbor of Bombay, Mr. Inskip and wife, accompanied by Mr. Gardner, went on board the steamer Indus at Calcutta for a voyage to Point de Galle, in Ceylon. As they were sailing down the Hoogly the next day they passed the American ship "Daniel I. Tenny," of Newburyport, Mass., carrying the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Inskip, not thinking any except his party of three would respond, proposed "three cheers for the red, white, and blue," but no small number of the passengers caught the inspiration. The flag was gracefully dipped, and the crew of the Tenny answered the cheers in characteristic style. After the affair was over, a number of the passengers came and introduced themselves, among whom were two clergymen from Philadelphia and one from Boston. Though of other schools of theology, they all believed in the Bible, and gloried in the flag of their country.

A sail of a few days with pleasant company on the Bay of Bengal, and our friends landed at Galle, where they anticipated enjoying a much needed rest of ten days before the Australian steamer would arrive with Rev. W. B. Osborn and wife, who were to accompany them to Australia.

CEYLON.

Galle is a pleasant town on the southern coast of Ceylon, and has been for two thousand years an important trading post. Mr. Inskip stopped at a hotel within the old Dutch fort, directly in sight of the Indian Ocean, while to the north he could look off into a great tract of jungle where elephants and tigers roamed in wild freedom. Some of his associates at the *table d'hôte* had come for an elephant hunt, and Mr. Inskip was invited to join them, but he was out on a different expedition and did not care to spend his leisure days in the jungle unless he could hunt men to bring them to Christ, and with the thermometer at 95° the old stone fort was probably more comfortable than the jungle.

The island of Ceylon is separated from the mainland of India by the Gulf of Manaar, sixty miles in width. The island is shaped like a pear, and contains about three times as many square miles as the whole of Palestine, and has two and a half million inhabitants, while Palestine has less than four hundred thousand. Mount Pedrotallagalla and some other peaks are over eight thousand feet in height, being more elevated than the highest points of the Alleghany Mountains. Its leading products are coffee, cocoa, rice, cinnamon, and tropical fruits. Strange

incongruities meet in this island of the tropics,—poisonous reptiles and beautiful birds, a sultry, humid atmosphere and refreshing sea-breezes. Its rivers and shores swarm with crocodiles and sharks, and are rich in sapphires, rubies, and pearls; its homes are infested by repulsive insects, and surrounded by delicate shrubs and gorgeous flowers. Surely it is a country of striking contrasts.

Mr. Inskip is always intending to rest, and always ready for work. An invitation had been received to hold a meeting among the mountains, but the distance was too great with the meagre facilities for travelling in Ceylon. On the Sabbath, by request of Rev. Mr. Wickramsinghe, who acted as interpreter for Rev. William Taylor during his labors in Ceylon, Mr. Inskip preached in one of the native Cingalese churches, and Mrs. Inskip addressed the young people. These native Christians love class-meetings, as was shown by their class-book, where not one was marked absent. The pastor of the Wesleyan Chapel being away, Mr. Inskip occupied the pulpit in the evening, it having been supplied in the morning by Mr. Gardner.

During the week the way opened, and a number of interesting services were held. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Inskip held a parlor meeting for Cingalese women, who appeared deeply moved, and almost fifty expressed a desire to give their hearts to God. A Portuguese congregation requested that Mr. Inskip preach to them on "purity of heart." Though he spoke through an interpreter, the interest was so great that a service was appointed for the next day, when the house was filled with people. He was led to invite them forward, and nearly a hundred and

fifty responded; many were hopefully converted, and some obtained purity through the blood of Christ. A third service was appointed; Mr. Osborne, who had just arrived, preached, and a number more were saved.

VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

SATURDAY, March 5, they sailed on the steamship "Catha" for Australia. The voyage across the Indian Ocean was safe and pleasant, excepting, soon after crossing the equator, they struck the trade-winds, and for five days the passengers were compelled to pay the customary tribute to Neptune. There were about fifty on board, nearly all of whom, except the American party, were connected with the Church of England. The public religious services were monopolized by an archdeacon, who assumed his surplice every sabbath morning, and consumed forty-five minutes on the ritual, and fifteen in delivering a sermon. After this effort, he and thirty-five of his fellow-churchmen sat down to dinner with a bottle of wine, brandy, or whiskey marshaled before each plate, thus showing that he believed in being filled with *spirit*, and the majority followed his *ardent* example.

On the tenth day the rocky western coast of Australia came in view, and a few days later they reached King George's Sound, and cast anchor opposite Albany, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants. Messrs. Osborn and Gardner went ashore, and were warmly received by Mr. Mowland, the Wesleyan preacher, who returned with them to the ship, and endeavored to persuade Mr. Inskip to stop a week or two and hold a meeting in his church, which he would gladly have done had there been time. The gentlemen

brought back a quantity of fresh fruits, such as are abundant in early autumn, March being the first fall month in Australia. Everything is reversed in this southern continent. Summer is in our winter, and spring is in the fall; it is hot when the north wind blows, and cool when the wind is from the south.

AUSTRALIA.

As the ship sailed along the southern coast, day after day the appropriateness of designating Australia a continent became apparent. Eight thousand miles of coast-line, and an area of three million square miles,—twenty-six times as large as Great Britain and Ireland,—ought to be sufficient to constitute a continent. The first English settlement,—the penal colony of New South Wales,—was in 1788, less than a hundred years ago, and its growth has been mainly since the discovery of gold in 1850; still, its present population is nearly three million, and the exports in 1878 amounted to two hundred and twenty million dollars.

MELBOURNE.

WEDNESDAY, March 23, after a voyage of seventeen days from Point de Galle, the steamer sailed into the estuary of Port Philip, and the company landed at Melbourne, where they were heartily welcomed by Rev. Messrs. Horsely, Binks, and Wells, Wesleyan ministers of the city. A formal reception had been arranged before their arrival for Thursday evening, and, notwithstanding a heavy rain, the Lonsdale street church was well-filled, galleries and all. A large number of clergymen, representing different denominations, were present, and the welcome extended by

pastors and people was so cordial that the strangers felt immediately at home.

The site of the present city of Melbourne was selected and occupied in 1835, and the settlement named for Lord Melbourne three years later. It now contains about two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and many costly and elegant public and private buildings. Its rapid growth is due to its location on the Yarra-Yarra River, in a rich agricultural district, whose wheat-fields sometimes yield thirty-four bushels to the acre, but perhaps more because it is the port of entry to the gold region of Victoria.

On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Inskip visited the great Melbourne Exhibition, and listened to a children's concert, when hundreds of youthful voices, blended in joyous song, filled the large building, and delighted "Auntie Inskip," the children's friend.

The first meeting in Australia commenced Sunday, March 27, in the beautiful Lonsdale street Wesleyan church, located in the centre of the city, and one of the finest churches belonging to the denomination. It is a Gothic edifice, with lofty spire, stained-glass windows, a large organ, and it will seat fifteen hundred people. Mr. Inskip preached in the morning, and again at night. Mr. Osborn preached in the afternoon, and at the same hour Mrs. Inskip, assisted by Mr. Gardner, held a service for young people in the Brunswick street church, whose Sunday-school numbers eight hundred; and nearly or quite eighty came forward, seeking Christ. From this opening-day to the close of the meeting, Thursday, April 14, nearly three weeks, there was a continual manifestation of

the presence and power of God. Two services were held daily, and three each Sabbath, beside three services conducted by Mrs. Inskip, which were owned of God in the hopeful conversion of nearly two hundred youth.

Rev. Mr. Clarke, pastor of one of the Baptist Churches, postponed a series of meetings that he and his people might attend those at Wesley Church. The tenth day was observed as an all-day meeting, and was a Pentecostal time, fully one hundred professing to be saved at the five services. The influence and power of the Spirit of God was displayed in the sanctification of some of the leading men in this and other churches, and in the conversion of some who had been long the subjects of earnest prayer.

Mrs. Osborn, being ill, her husband was able to preach but four times, and the burden of these protracted and solemn services rested upon Mr. Inskip, who preached twenty-eight sermons.

While at Melbourne, the sad tidings were received of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Inskip's daughter-in-law, who, for more than twenty years, occupied a child's place in their heart and home, since the death of their only son, soon after his marriage.

BALLARAT.

The second meeting was held at Ballarat, a mountain town four hours by railroad from Melbourne. Though less than thirty years old, Ballarat has ninety miles of well-made streets, and the same of gas and water pipes, two large public libraries, fifty-six churches, twenty large public schools, and a population of forty thousand. In and around the town are extensive gold

mines, some of which are very deep, and worked by steam-pumping and other machinery. The miners descend in buckets to a depth of five hundred feet, and are relieved once in eight hours. The richest of these mines has yielded over half a million dollars annually for the last twelve years.

Though wearied with his labors at Melbourne, Mr. Inskip commenced a meeting at Lydiard street Wesleyan church the following Sabbath, which continued for nine days, with blessed results. The crowds were excessive; in some instances hundreds went away, unable to get into the church. Mr. Cope, the pastor, led the way in seeking purity, and was followed by ministers of his own and other denominations, and by his class-leaders and official members. Mrs. Inskip held meetings for the young each Sunday at three p. m., when scores made their way to the communion rail and front pews, and very many were converted. Among interesting cases of conversion were the son and daughter of the Sunday-school superintendent, aged respectively nineteen and fifteen years; and a young infidel, who felt the influence of the Spirit, came forward, knelt among the children and found the Lord: It was estimated that seven hundred persons were blessed during the meeting, of whom five hundred were converted.

GEELONG.

The meeting closed at Ballarat Monday evening, and the next morning Mr. Inskip and wife left for Geelong, forty-five miles west of Melbourne. It is delightfully located on Corio Bay, and with its populous suburbs, contains about the same population as Ballarat. The meeting was held in the Yarra street

Wesleyan church, and continued for one week, during which Mr. Inskip preached twelve sermons, and his wife held her customary children's meeting. Every service increased in interest and power. The pastors, Rev. Messrs. Bath and Butchers, at an early period in the meeting, took decided position in favor of the work of entire sanctification, and led the people in seeking it. The congregations were large and attentive, and increased until the church was packed to overflowing. Some two hundred and fifty were saved up to the time when Mr. Inskip left for Sidney. Mr. Osborn and wife came and carried on the meeting for two weeks longer with great success.

SIDNEY.

From Geelong Mr. Inskip and wife returned to Melbourne, *en route* to Sidney. After a visit of two days with the friends who first welcomed them to Australia, they proceeded by rail to Sidney, in New South Wales, a distance of five hundred and eighty-six miles, requiring a wearisome journey of twenty-six hours in "a sleeping-car as little like an American Pullman car, as (to use Mr. Inskip's words) a dilapidated old ox-cart is like a comfortable carriage."

Sidney is the oldest and most important city in Australia, and has an excellent harbor. Being somewhat removed from the feverish excitement of gold speculation, its growth has been steady and solid, and its University is the largest and oldest in Australia. The services in the York street church, commenced Sunday, May 8, and continued twice each day, excepting Saturday, until Wednesday evening, the 18th. The opening service was not auspicious, the pastor

occupying fifty minutes with the ritual—a strange thing in a Methodist church. The work of salvation opened in the young people's meeting in the afternoon, and as the meetings progressed the interest became general; all classes were moved, and all denominations of Christians. At one service, six Episcopal clergymen were present, beside several Presbyterian ministers, and Methodist preachers from the adjacent country. Among the converts were a number of young men connected with the University.

Over two thousand were present at the second meeting for young people, and a large number sought the Lord. The interest steadily increased to the last, and it required little entreaty to persuade the people to come forward. From one hundred to two hundred and fifty knelt at a time around the altar of prayer. One of the preachers stated that not far from a thousand persons had obtained pardon or purity, and he judged that two-thirds were new converts.

THURSDAY, May 19, Mr. Inskip and his helpmeet, accompanied by Mr. Gardner, bade good-by to Australia, and started on their homeward voyage. Of his brief visit Mr. Inskip wrote: "During the eight weeks we remained in Australia, we travelled by rail about eight hundred miles, preached eighty sermons, and saw about twenty-five hundred people saved, about two-thirds of whom were converted, and the balance wholly sanctified. Among the last-mentioned class, were a large number of ministers of the gospel, traveling and local. Besides attending and actively participating in seventy-eight of the eighty-four public services held by us during our stay in Australia, Mrs. Inskip held eight large meetings for the benefit of

young people, and was graciously sustained and encouraged in her work. Not less than one thousand precious souls were converted at these meetings for young people. To God be all the praise. Our visit to Australia will never be forgotten, but will be kept in grateful remembrance by us during the balance of our earthly sojourn."

The following, taken from the "Southern Cross," is an Australian account of the work, and will enable the reader to judge of its depth and stability:—

"A remarkable wave of revival influence has been passing over the Ballarat district during the last four months. Commencing with the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Inskip, the work has gone on wonderfully. At that time, over four hundred were brought in at the Lydiard street Wesleyan church alone, of whom the greater part are still standing firmly. The awakened spiritual life there caused a number of the young men to band themselves together, and the result was a very blessed one. About one hundred and ninety were brought in at the Rubicon street Church, and then, with the Rev. E. A. Edgar as leader, the work was still further carried on at Sebastopol, Macarthur street, Pleasant street, Black Lead, Buninyong, Clarendon, Scotchman's Lead, Wendoree, and again at Lydiard street, the result being that five hundred and sixty-two names were given in of those who had made either a fresh consecration of their hearts to God, or a first resolve to seek His face and walk in His law."

"At Geelong special services were begun in the Yarra street Wesleyan church in connection with the visit of the Rev. J. S. Inskip and his companions. Two or three points are worth noticing in connection

with these services; and, first, it is worthy of remark that after all the so-called excitement has passed away the fruit remains. This is the surest test of a genuine work of grace. The young have been brought to decision for Christ, backsliders reclaimed, and the whole church lifted to a higher plane of enjoyment and power. A second proof of genuineness is the fact that the work continued after the evangelists had gone, being carried on by the circuit ministers and lay workers in a dozen places, with more or less success everywhere. Geelong has not been so visited for many years, and the fruit of the work will only be known on the great day of account."

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The mail steamship Australia, on which Mr. Inskip sailed from Sidney to San Francisco, was a first-class vessel, though, as he said, "a notorious *roller*." Religious services were held regularly on the Sabbath, in which, after the usual church ritual, Mr. Inskip gave a short sermon. Evening devotions were observed daily in the second-class saloon, when health and circumstances permitted. The run to Auckland, the principal town in New Zealand, was pleasant and comparatively smooth. Here they stopped for a few hours to take on board twenty-seven rough appearing "*latter-day saints*."

Then succeeded a long tedious voyage over the mis-named Pacific ocean, whose gales and hurricanes are too well known to the mariner. Early in the morning of June 6th, they arrived at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, where they stopped several hours, and enjoyed a delightful time on shore.

SAN FRANCISCO.

TUESDAY, June 14, the Australian entered the Golden Gate, and our friends landed safely at San Francisco, twenty-two days later than the remainder of the company landed at New York. Here Mr. Inskip passed a few days, and held several meetings in the Central Church, and preached once at the Howard street church, which services were attended with the presence and power of God, proving a help and encouragement to many.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 29, Mr. Inskip and wife arrived at their home by the sea at Ocean Grove, and the long tour was over. They had circumnavigated the globe to encourage a trustful, joyous, active life of holiness, and God had crowned their labors and those of their associates with abundant success. All had returned without accident or impaired health, furnishing living witnesses to the power of prayer, such as no Tyndal could disprove.

Two weeks later the whole company met in the tented grove at Round Lake, where thousands of the friends of holiness, whose prayers and sympathies had followed them, joined with them in grateful songs of thanksgiving for the gracious *presence, providence and blessings of God*, which had attended them through all their journeyings and labors.

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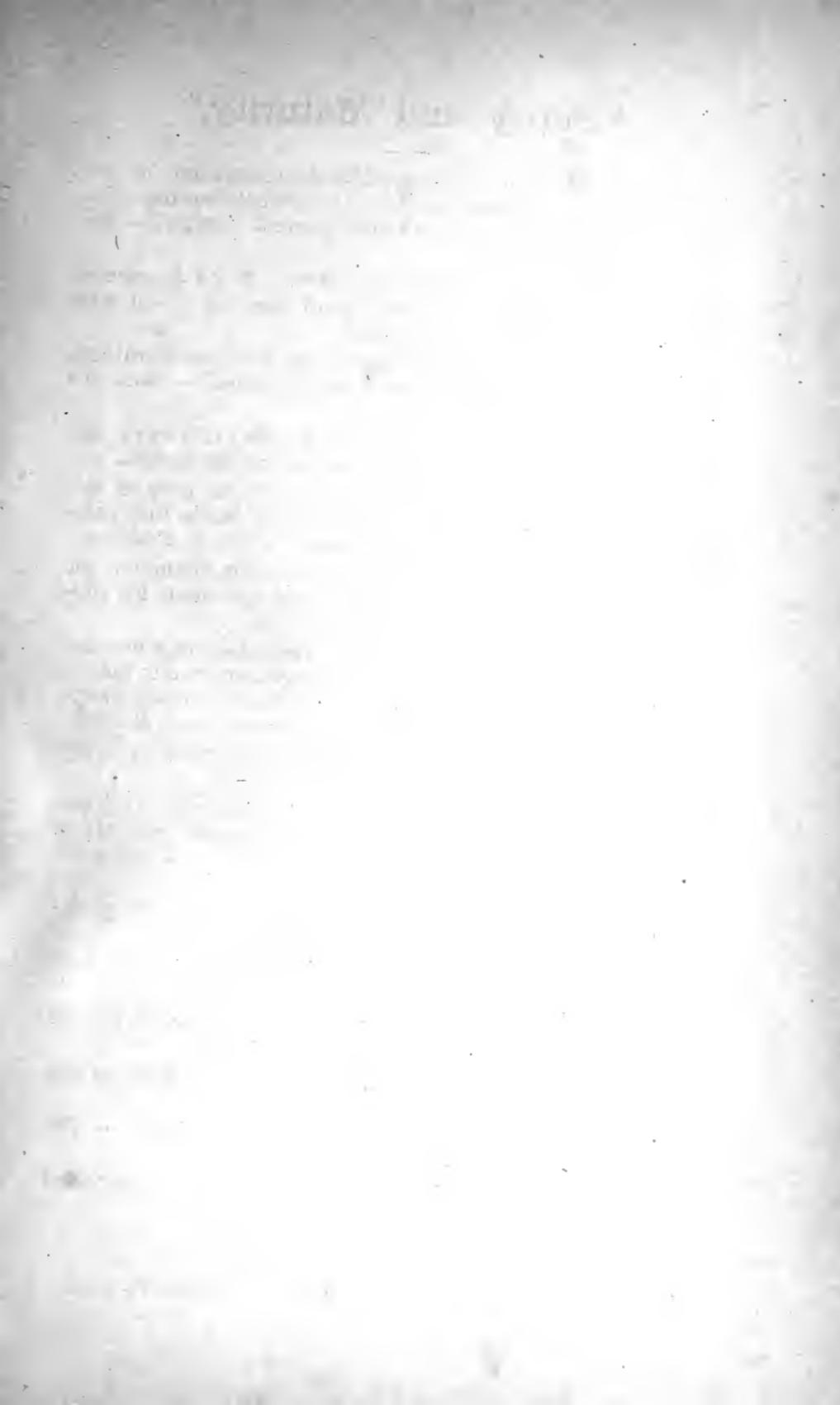
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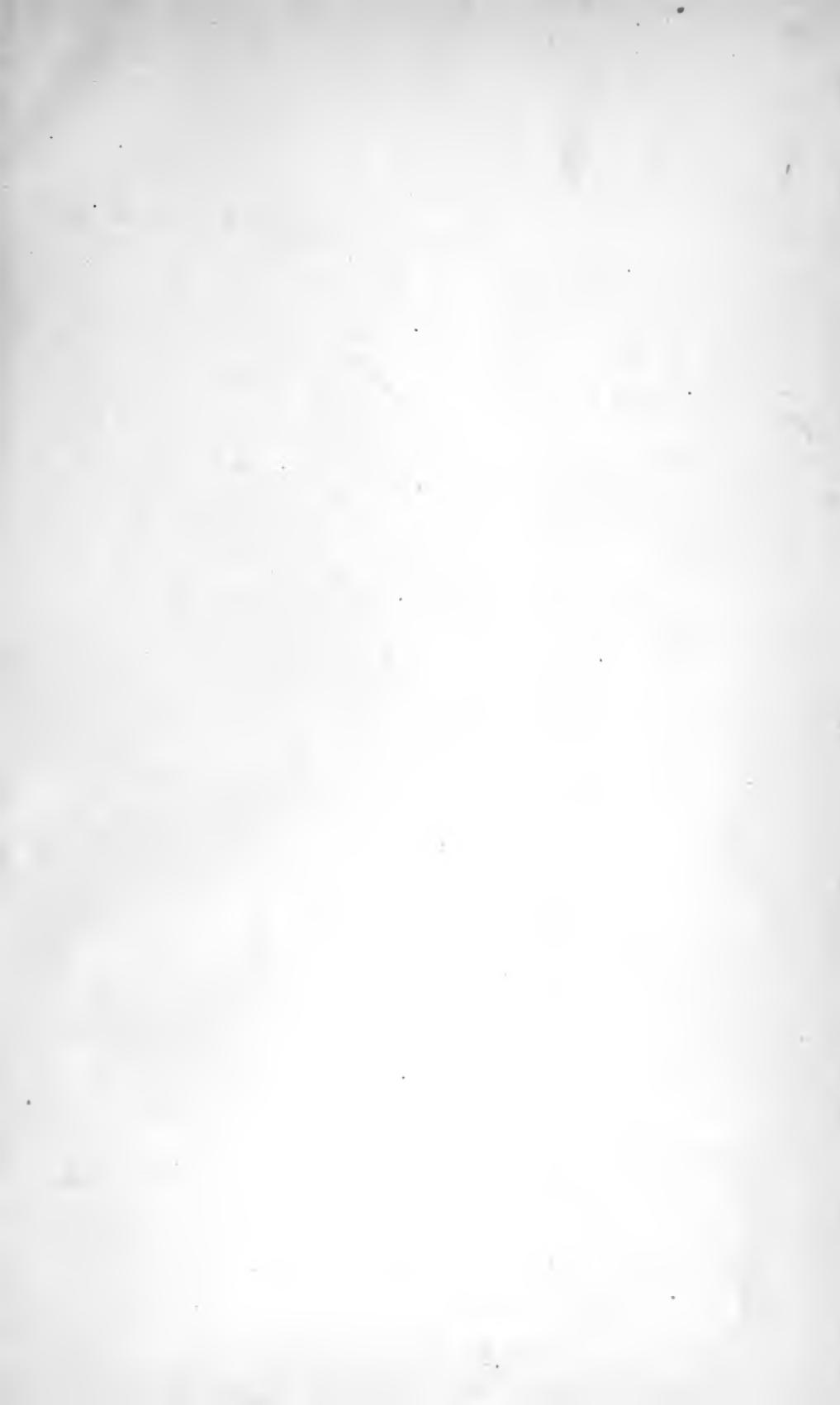
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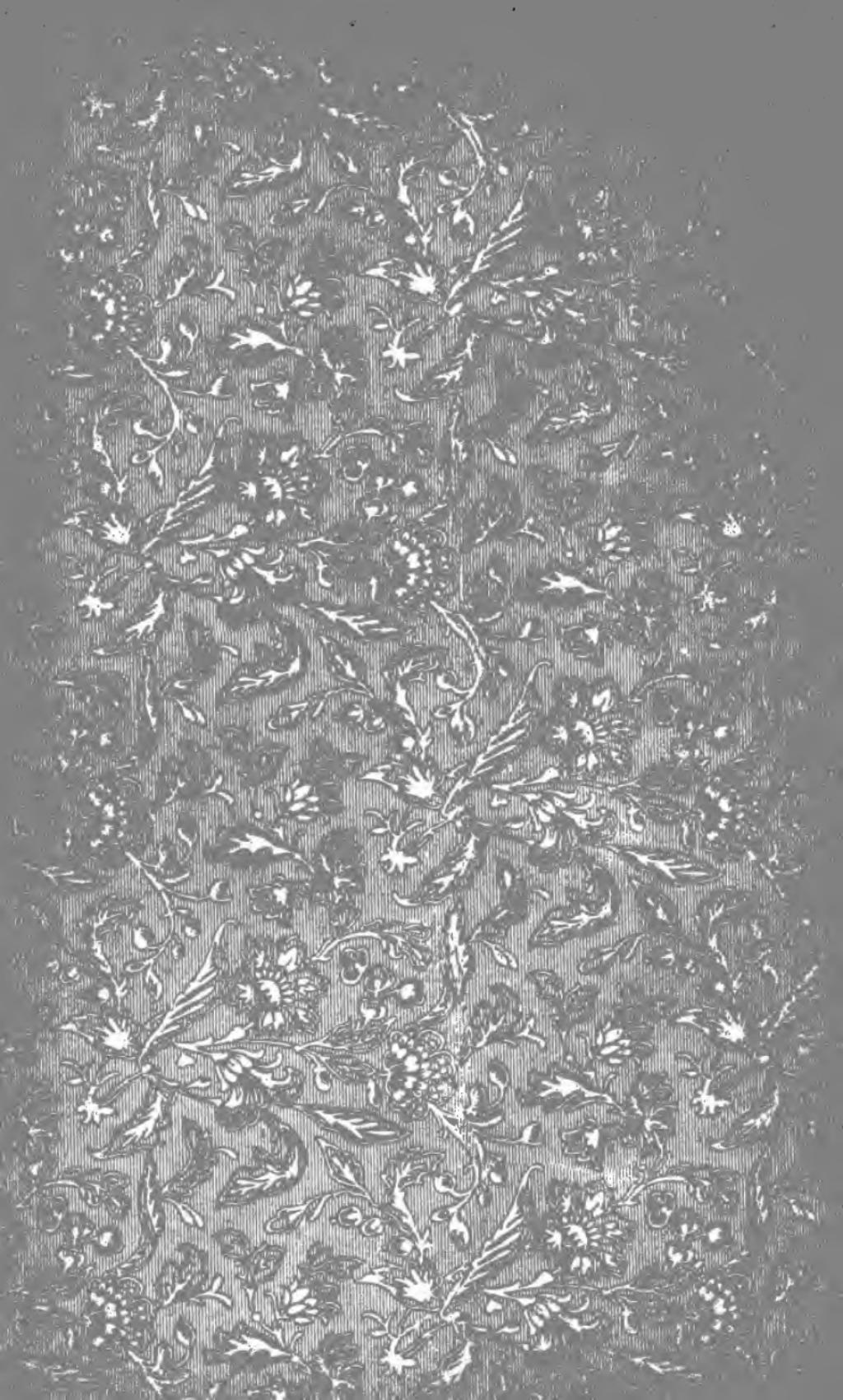
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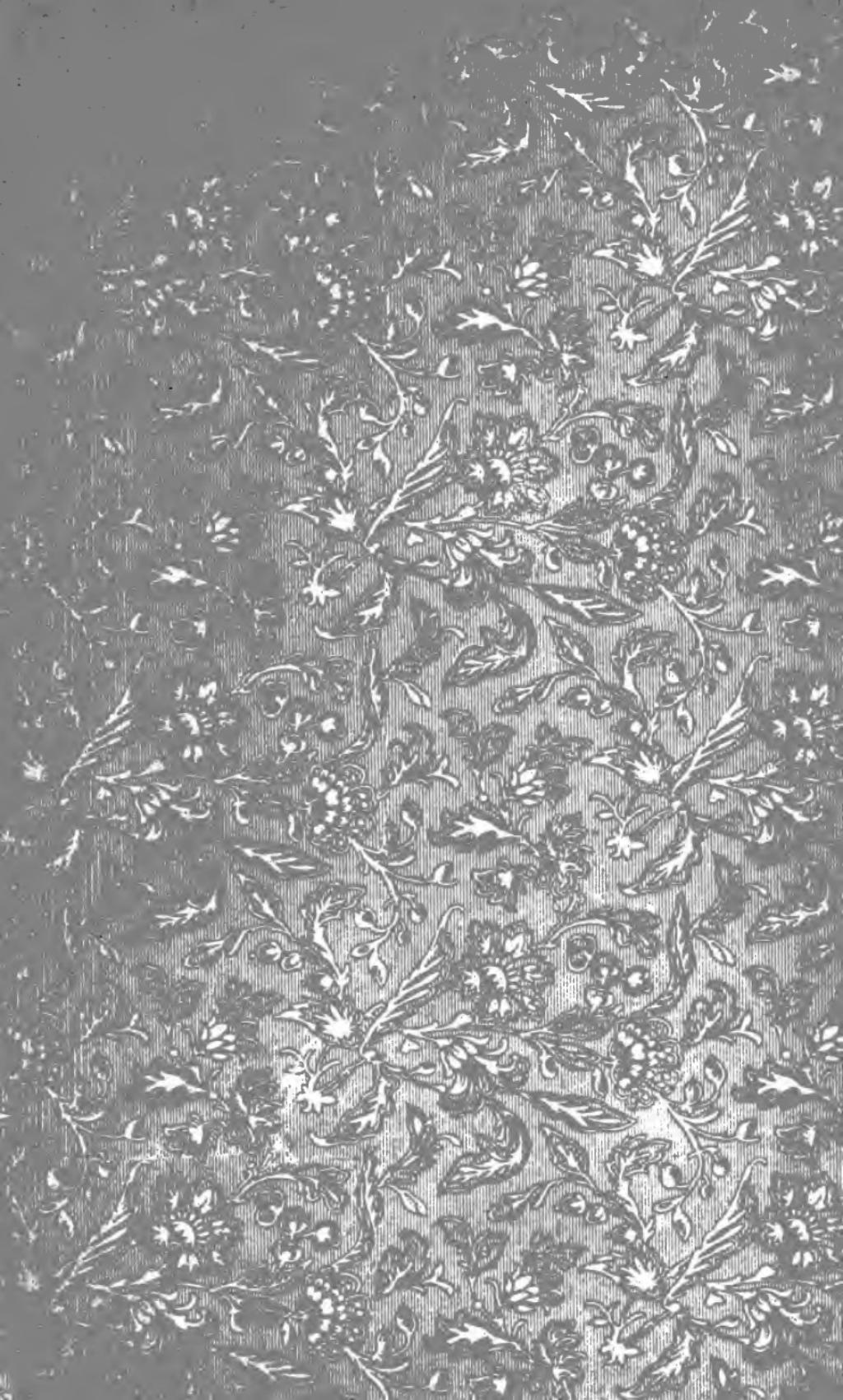
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